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MAXIM

FOR MEN

OCTOBER 2000

DARK ANGEL

JESSICA ALBA SPREADS HER WINGS p. 108

SCORE AT WILL!
Pillow-bursting sex in one date or less

FALL TV GUIDE
Rest your thumb—here's Maxim's take on all 31 new shows

CHERNOBYL, USA
Couldn't happen here? Scare yourself silly p. 144

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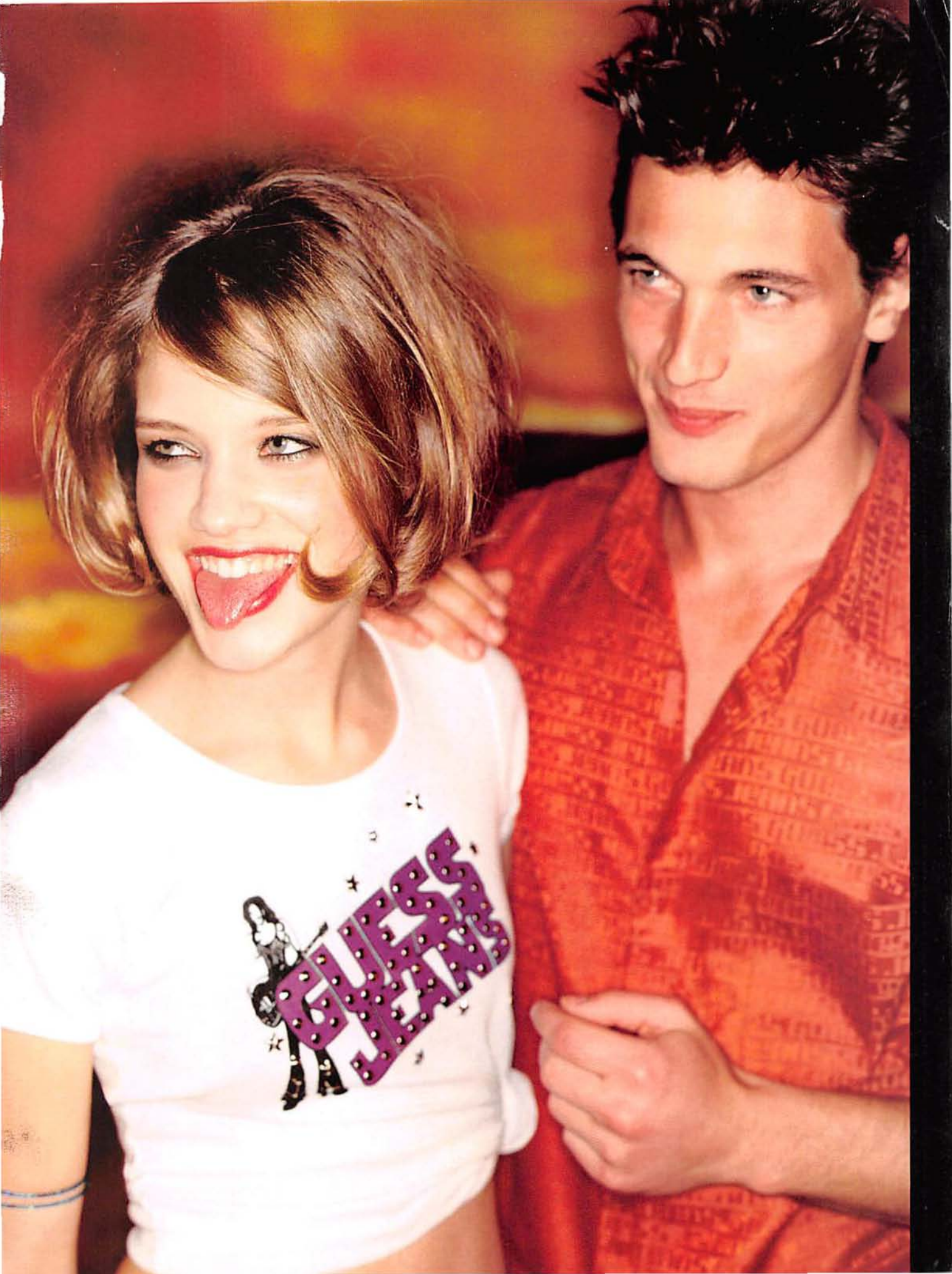
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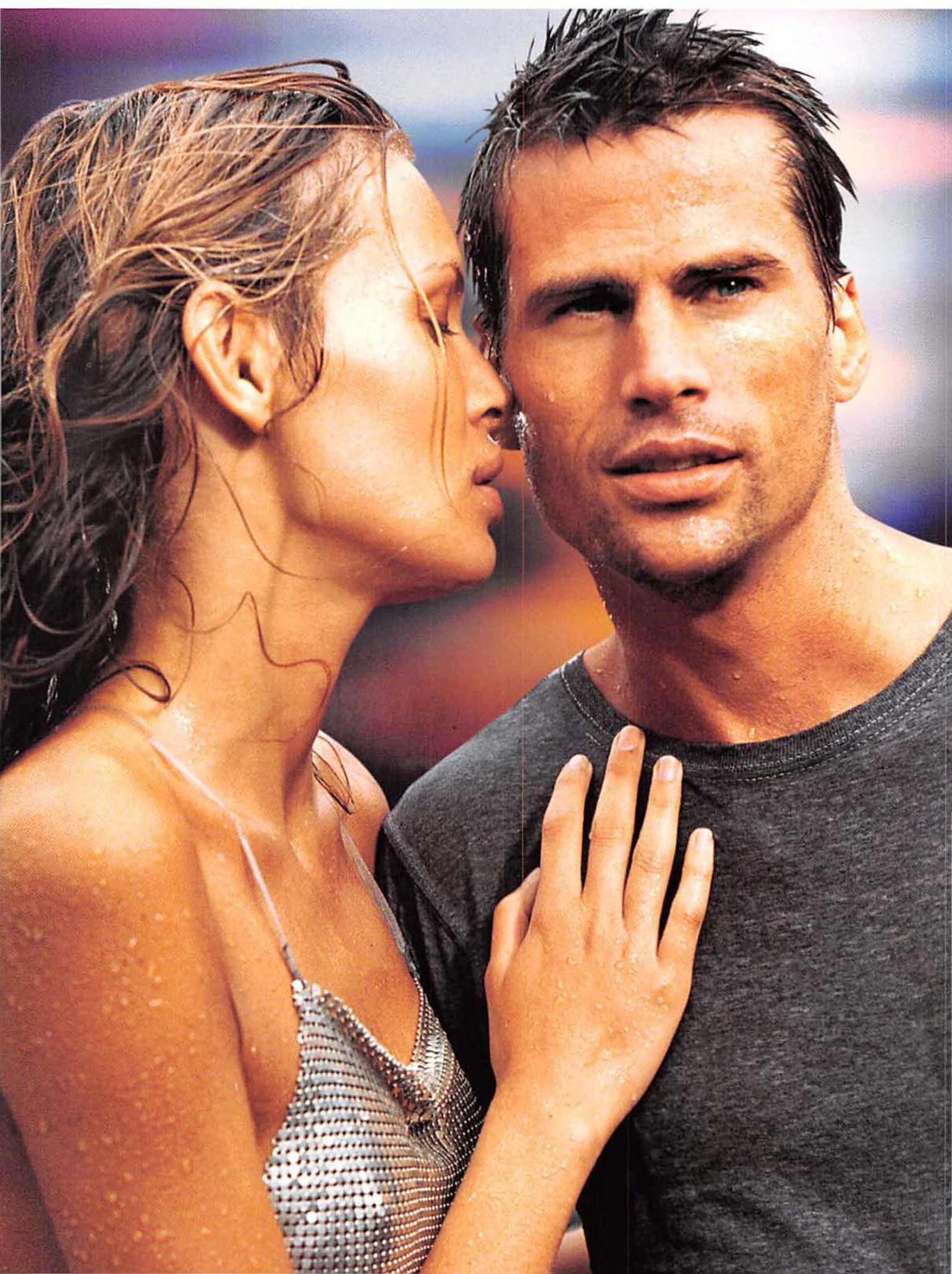

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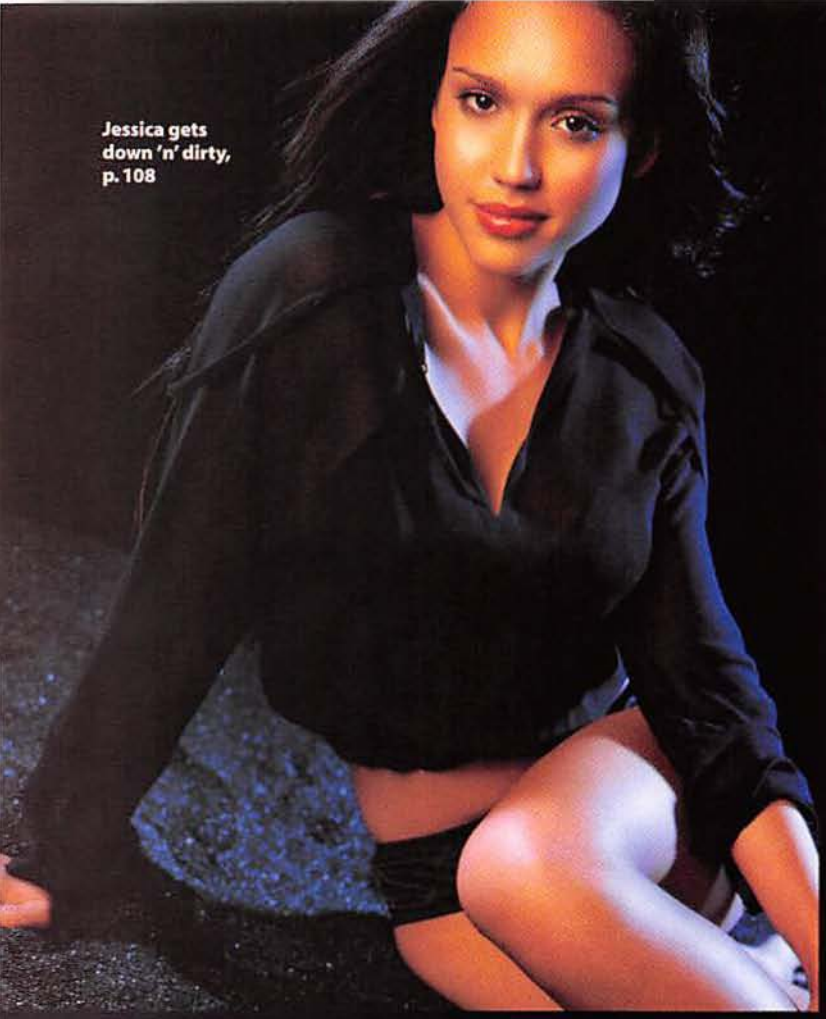
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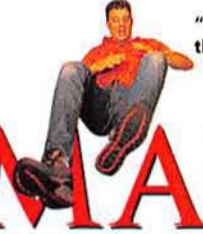
Borrow this towel, p. 136

Where we're going we won't need roads, p. 118


"Hey, buddy. Get off the logo," p. 142

OCTOBER 2000

MAXIM

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Hollywood's randiest bachelor holds court on hookers, collecting women's underwear, and replacing Michael J. on *Spin City*.

COVER GIRL

108 JESSICA ALBA

The star of the new series *Dark Angel* spreads her wings across seven glorious pages.

AUTO EROTICA

118 THE FUTURE OF CARS

A 12-page blowout on the future of wheels: cool concept cars, performance enhancers, on-board movie theaters, and futuristic cars you can buy this year. Ride to live!

JUNGLE LOVELY

136 GENA LEE NOLIN

In her new show, *Sheena*, this former *Baywatch* star's ample charms are always hidden in that tight buckskin jungle suit. We took care of that.

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142 DO YOUR FRIENDS HATE YOU?

Sure, you may *think* you have friends. Take this quiz and find out what your "pals" *really* think about you.

SMOKEY'S PISSED!

144 CHERNOBYL, USA

Back in May a New Mexico park employee set a "controlled burn" to get rid of some brush. The result: a blaze that torched 80 square miles and nearly melted down the Los Alamos nuclear plant. Here's the whole story, straight from the firefighters who put their asses on the line to save yours.

RACK 'EM UP!

154 THE GAME OF WIFE

Before you hit her up for sexual favors or bail money, you've got to earn some points. Here's how to *really* score with her.

TUBE TOPS

164 FALL TV GUIDE

Our staff of qualified couch potatoes took a load off and eyeballed almost all of the 31 new network TV shows. Here's what's hot, what sucks, and what (*on your life!*) you won't wanna miss.

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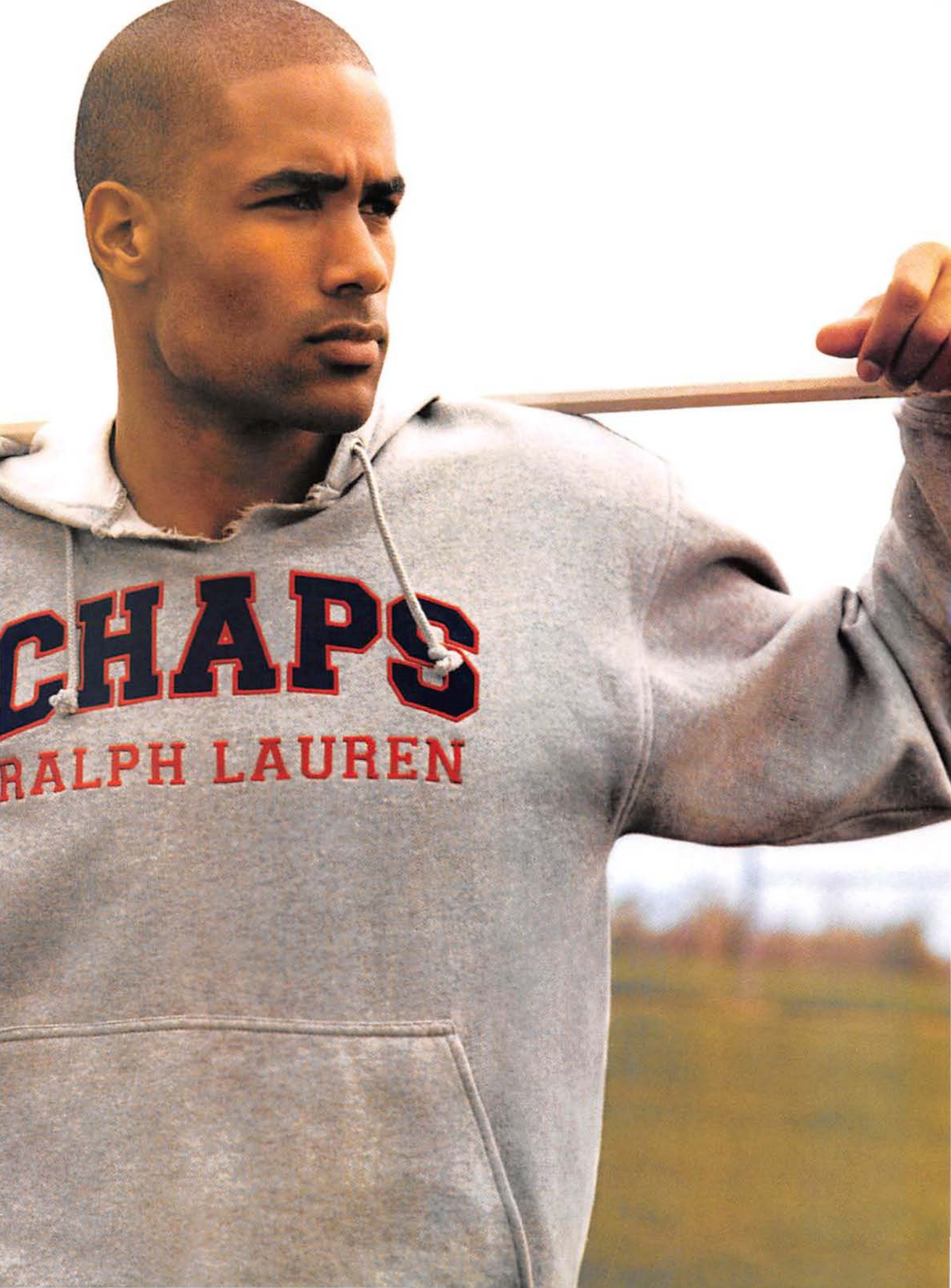
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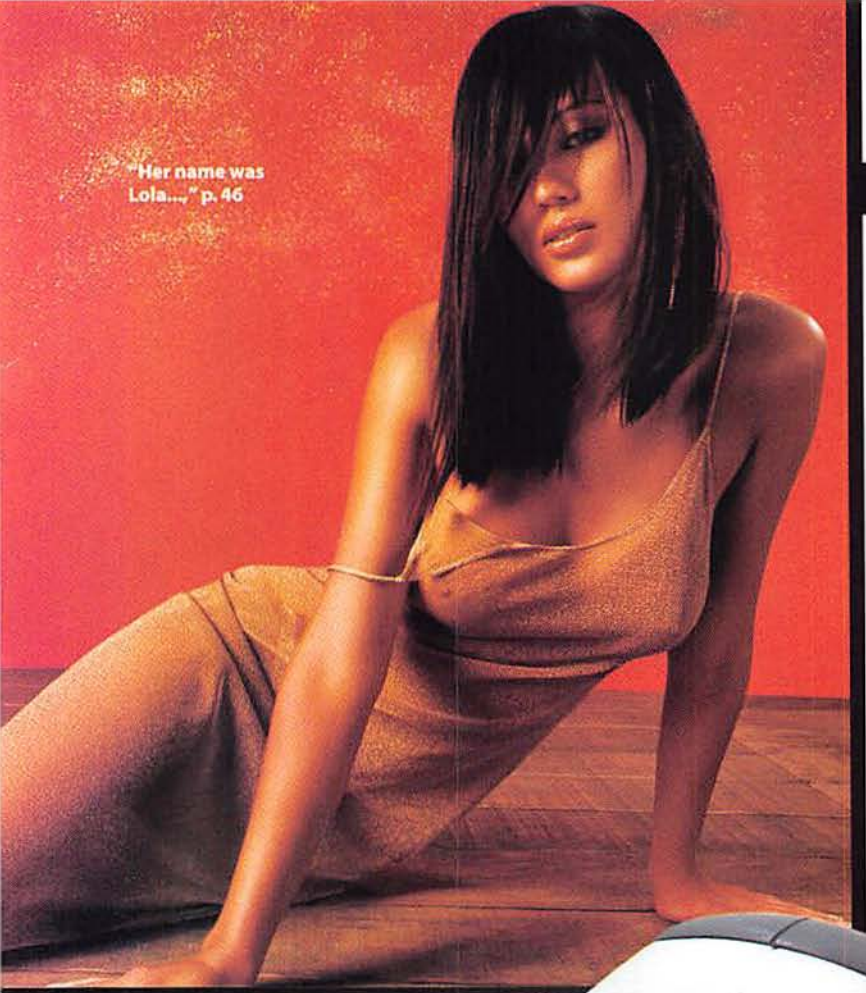
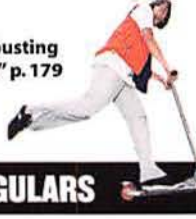
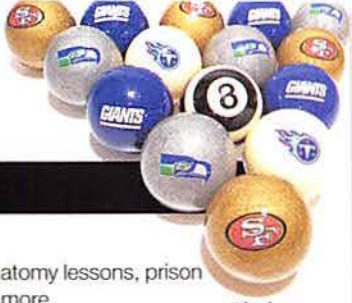
RALPH LAUREN







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26 LETTERS
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34 JOKES
Wanna win a cool $150? Show us your wits!

38 CIRCUS MAXIMUS
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68 HOW TO
Take sexy pix of your girl, roll sushi like a pro, negotiate a minefield, and simplify your closet (note: Start with the rotting body parts...).

SAYS HER
76 SCORE AT WILL!
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82 NIGHT OF THE $500 LUBE JOB!
Talkin' 'bout shaft. Our auto repairman explains how you get screwed at the garage and how to make sure it never happens again.

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88 GROUND ZERO AT WACO
Now that the smoke has cleared, ATF agent Robert White looks back and gives us a firsthand play-by-play of the raid that turned deadly.

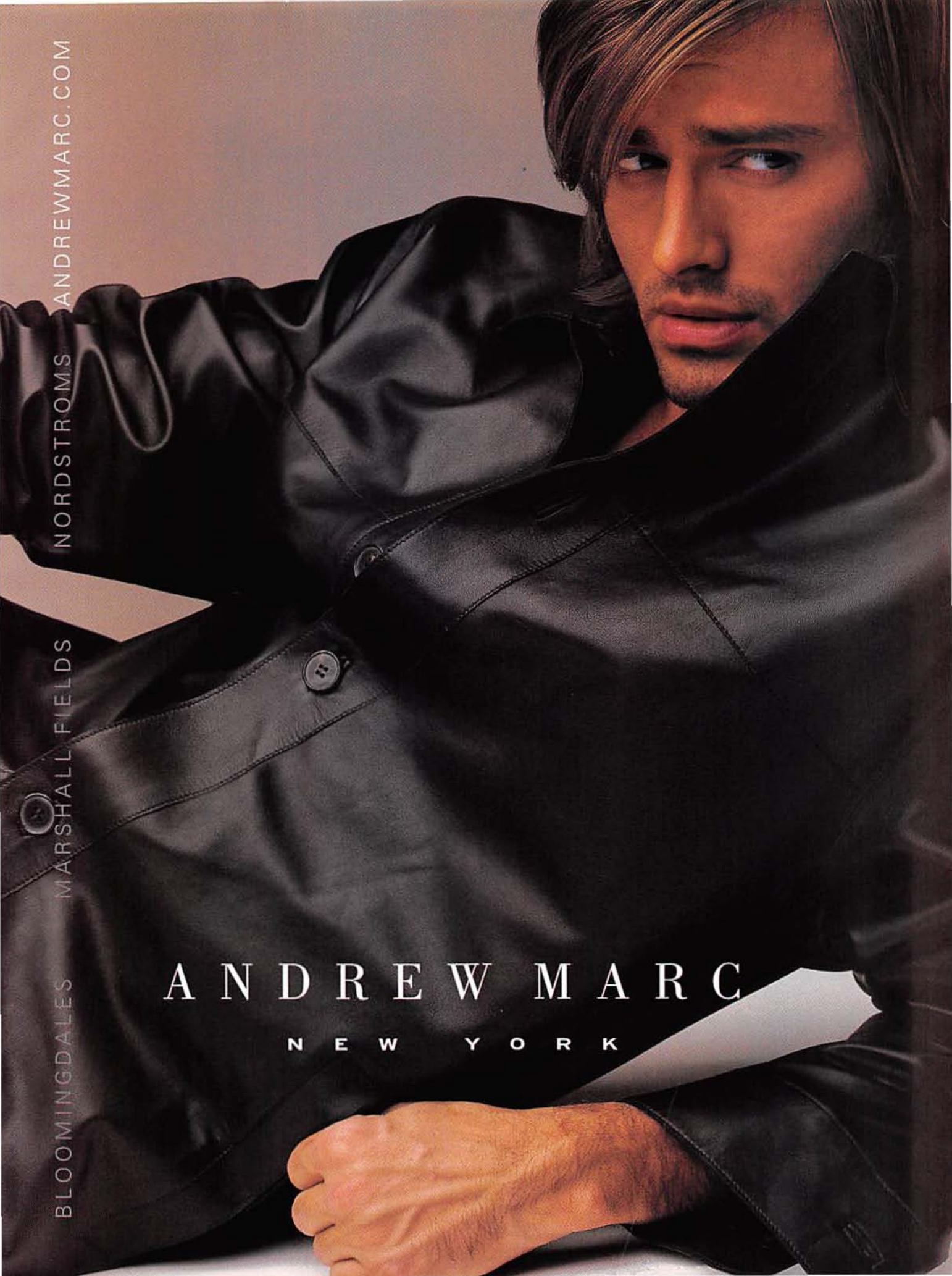
BODY SHOP
94 ASK DR. MAXIM
Got a case of postcoital narcolepsy? Joints that are hooked on crack? Outta-shape testicles? Our delicious doctor handles your health questions.

SPORTS
98 HARD BALLS
Busted nuts! Bloody head wounds! Sexy baseball groupies! Get behind the plate with star catcher Mike Piazza and you'd better have some aspirin.

179 MAXIMWEAR
Sweaters she'll wanna rip right off you, shopping for threads with a *Maxim* allowance, and a towering skyscraper full of cologne.

207 REVIEWS
Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous*, the long-awaited followup from the Wallflowers, and horror-movie video games to waste your Halloween with. We also torture-test monster leaf blowers and fondle the hottest new gadgets in our Amish Porn electronics blowout!

240 WHAT IF...
...marijuana were legal?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What the *!#&!%@!

Keith Blanchard
Much taller in person

Can someone please explain why *Fight Club* only occupies one shelf at Blockbuster while *Anna and the King* squats its fat ass across four? A third of a rack, right there at the front of your alphabetical trip around the store. What a seriously screwed-up world we live in.

But hey, let's talk about cars. My first set of wheels was a 1980 Camaro. Classic muscle car: two-tone brown, "AM-jam" radio, total chick magnet—in my wildest dreams, anyway. Every town's got its stupid mating ritual: In Phoenix ours was to cruise the oval access road around the mall. It was every bit as thrilling as it sounds: clockwise, clockwise, clockwise all night long, just you and Pink Floyd cranking out your open windows, with no chick ever remotely close to getting into your car. Ah, memories...

What is it about driving that's so compelling? A car conveys instant superpowers. Man in his natural state is just a bag of meat crawling across the planet. But turn the key and presto: Suddenly you can travel at 100 miles per hour, you can crash through walls, you're impervious to wind and rain and Stinger missiles. OK, not the missiles. But you get the drift.

Curious as to where this greatest American pastime was headed next, we took a long, hard look at the future of cars: the styles, trends, and innovations you'll soon be seeing on the road. After decades of crappy, boxy, cookie-cutter models, we're finally starting to see breakthroughs: affordable sports cars, insane futuristic designs, mad-scientist gadgetry. Getting lost, running out of gas, and being decapitated by bridge abutments will soon be relics of the past, it seems. But in our mad race for comfort and security, are we trading in too much of the loud, dangerous experience that made driving fun in the first place? Judge for yourself, page 118.

Enjoy the issue. Me, I'm renting *Road Warrior* just one last time.

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MAKEUP BY
Garret Gervais for NARS at Profile

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Troy Hansen

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Black top, Ripcosa
Bottom, Costume National

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Cost, in dollars, of bachelor party "gift" for Sr. Assoc. Editor Charles Coxe	500
Percentage of gift paid for by Dennis Publishing management	100
Editors caught dancing to "Livin' la Vida Loca" at Coxe's wedding	5
Editor-in-chief's mini-bar bill, in dollars, after post-wedding debauchery	112
Customs officers who took a bullet for a *Maxim* editor	1
Months spent preparing Maxim Motel party in Los Angeles	3
Duration of party, in minutes, before being shut down by riot police	90
Female midget Kiss impersonators secured for party	4
Employees decked at party for slagging off a band member's girlfriend	1
Beers downed while testing leaf blowers	120
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Photograph, Christian Lantry for Exposure NY

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Stamp It Out!

As *Maxim* grows, so does our mailbag. This month we laboriously sifted through hundreds of letters and responded to these select praises, threats, thought-provoking questions, and shameless pleas for employment. Want to be one of the chosen few? Then send your rants to the address on page 30.

Coyote Wild!

The *Coyote Ugly* cover [August] is amazing. It's just missing one thing... the fifth Coyote Ugly girl! Why isn't Piper Perabo on the cover? Besides Tyra Banks, she's *the best* Coyote girl. But don't worry too much. The Jell-O shots [Letters] made up for everything!

Jonathon Bennett
Ottawa, Ont.

What a photo shoot! They poured liquor down our throats, yanked their clothes off—got us good and loaded. At least that's what they told us when we woke up in the state troopers' barracks. Piper had to snap all the pictures.

Wanted: Lazy Drunk

Do you fellas have a need for a drunken unemployed writer whose ideal job is wandering the country searching for the American Dream in a massively overpowered red 1969 Camaro with a year-old basset hound and a 12-gauge shotgun? If so, do not hesitate to contact me. I will supply said car, dog, and gun. We can discuss titles and pay later.

Patrick Roy
Floral Park, NY

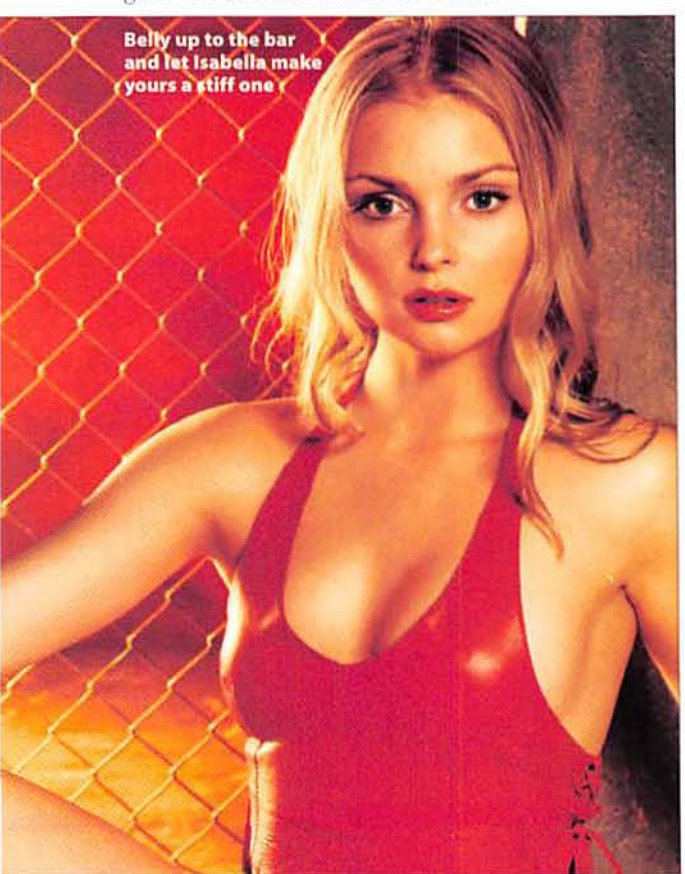
Sorry, Pat. We've got more gun-totin', muscle-car-gunnin' drunks on staff than we know what to do with now. But send us a resumé anyway—you types don't tend to live that long.

Spain Killer

On the "Maxim Calendar" in the August issue, you say Mexico won its independence from Spain in 1821 on the 23rd of that month. It's actually September 16, 1810. Can I still trust the other advice you give out?

Oscar Sañudo
Mexicali, Mexico

Hey, smarty! The Mexican people revolted September 16, 1810, the date they now celebrate. But independence wasn't won until August 23, 1821...11 years later. But hey, thanks for Texas!



The Juicy Center

A few of us at the E.C.P. were talking about cannibalism. Is human meat red or white? Closer to beef or pork?

Raymond Stockman
#2004
Erie County Prison
Department of Corrections
Erie, PA

There's a typo in your letter: The Chinese regional cooking style you refer to is Hunan. *The meat can be brown (beef), white (pork), or black (Labrador). Get that spell checker fixed!*

Money for Nothing

I would like to know if *Maxim* offers scholarships or financial opportunities for college-bound students. If so, please forward the corresponding materials to my return address.

Jason I. Ortiz
Los Angeles, CA

Why bust your ass earning scholarships when you can snag an instant $150 for cracking wise (see page 34)?

Zod Almighty

Andrij Witiuk has my vote. I agree with every one of his political platforms (including roller skating monkeys) and would love to be His Most Gracious Majesty's running mate in November. My only request: As Vice-President, my official title must be The Almighty General Zod. It's about time a real third (keg) party candidate stepped up to the plate, unlike nutcases Perot and Forbes.

Rick Fielding
Cleveland, OH

Thanks for the offer, Zod, but Susan Ward had a nicer set of assets (see our campaign update, page 60). How about ambassador to Mexico? Seems they're about to declare independence or something. Could be trouble... ▶

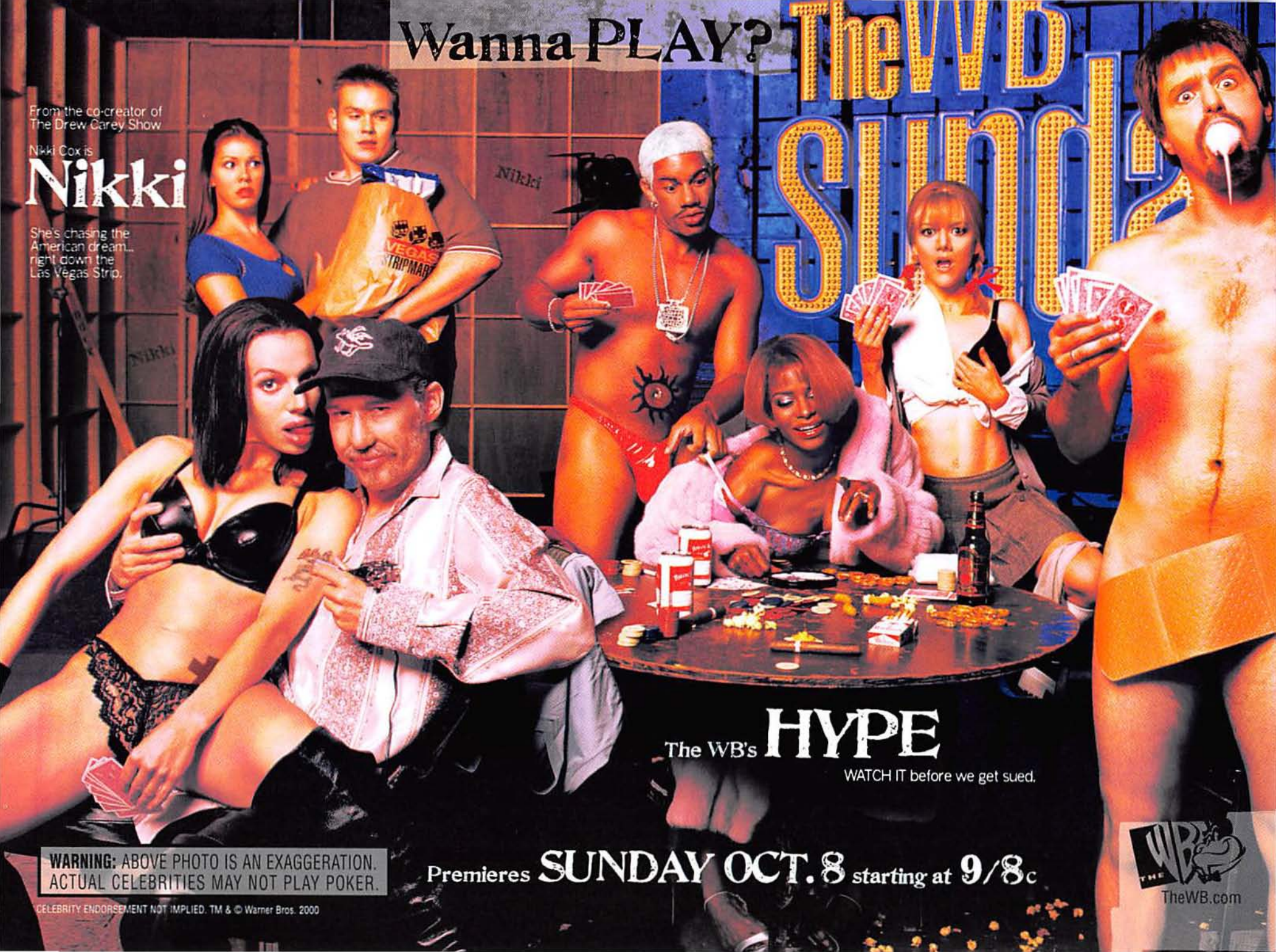
PUT ME IN MAXIM!

Burning Man 2000

Please find a photo taken of me by Brenden Gray. The picture is authentic: no computer imaging used and no protective gels worn. White gas (camping stove fuel) was poured onto me. Friend Justin Hamilton lit the match...then I ran like hell and dove into the lake.

Nathan Wnuk
Kamloops, B.C.

To protect the stupid, we're announcing a moratorium on photos like this...Apologies to all planning to photograph themselves BASE jumping with a stack of Maxims.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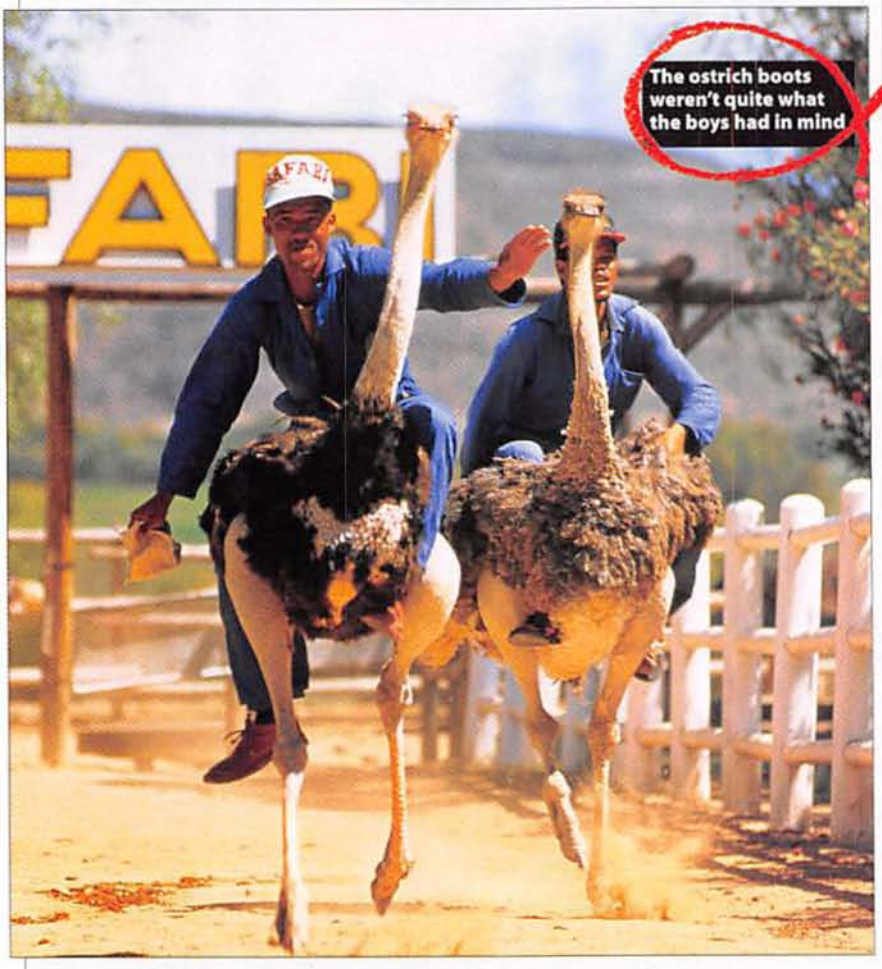


Beat This Caption!

As you read through *Maxim*, do you ever get the feeling you could come up with wittier captions than us? Prove it. Look at the photo of two guys parading on poultry. Drum up a caption that beats the one circled and we'll send you rosary beads worn by Charlie Sheen (see Q & A, page 106). Comes in an autographed box. We'll also frame your caption on this very page in an upcoming issue. E-mail your best shot to caption@maximmag.com or snail-mail it to "Beat This Caption!" Dept. 20, P.O. Box 3065, Edison, NJ 08818-3065.

▲1st Prize: Charlie's beads

August's Winning Captions

Winner:
The difference between love and like.
Eric R. Baker, Anchorage, AK

Runners-up:
Takes a tough man to raise a tender bird.
Michael Lee, Greenfield, MA

As if the finger in his behind weren't humiliation enough.
Brian Arnold, Atlanta, GA

Under Cover Cop

I bring your magazine to work (at the county sheriff's department) for everyone to read. Great articles, damn good advice, and we all agree—beautiful women. I've got a problem. My ex bought me some silk pajamas a while ago and I want to get another pair, but she can't remember the name of the Web site that sold them. I don't want to end up spending a fortune because my cats like to nibble on them when I am not around (hence the need for new pairs). Any help would be appreciated.

James Barkoff
Sweitzer, PA

Well, Sheriff, we don't know where you can find another pair. But we do know that once the criminal element of Sweitzer finds out its sheriff wears silk jammies, you'll be at the top of everybody's bitch list.

Skin Head

Why do you have all those ads for baldness cures? I'm only 26 and my hair is already starting to fade noticeably. Yet I don't care whether or not I go bald. Bald men don't need baldness cures; they need therapy to help them cope with the fact that they aren't kids anymore. There's nothing wrong with being bald, but there is everything wrong with pretending to be something you're not.

Jim Heckel
Arlington, VA

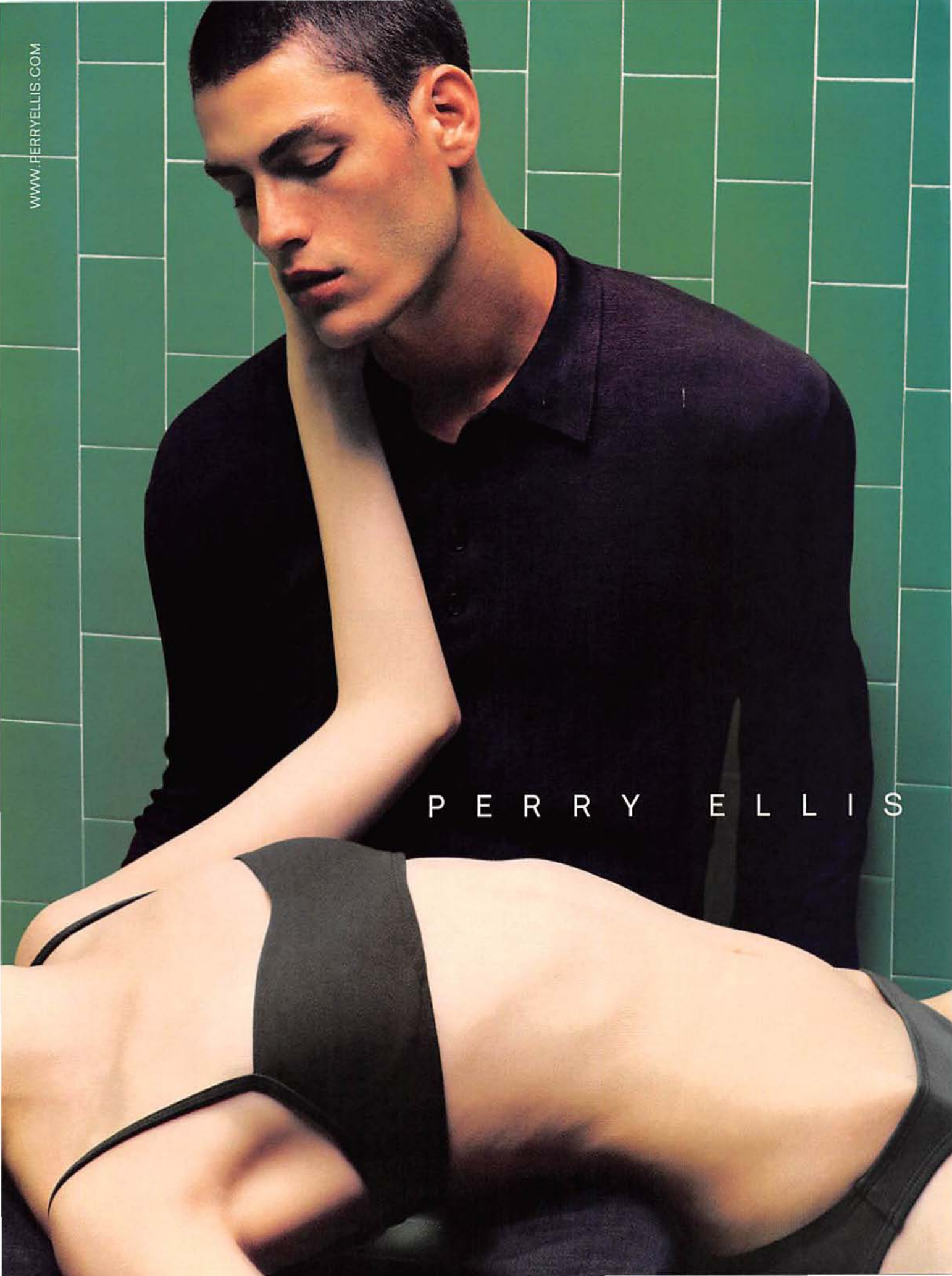
Arlington, eh, "Jim"? Is it possible you're really...Dwight D. Eisenhower?

Nickel Bag

What's the deal? You guys published my joke as your May $150 Joke of the Month and promised me a "fat bag of wooden nickels." It's been two months and I haven't received jack from you guys. Where the hell is my cash? You've got to be turning a profit on your magazine by now. Fork over my dough (and include a free T-shirt for my trouble). Your disgruntled subscriber.

Mark W. Harris
Berlin, CT

We're on it, Mark! We fired the lingerie model in our customer service department responsible for this travesty. Then her husband called, asking for your address. It looks like things will be taken care of—one way or the other. ▶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PERRY ELLIS

LETTERS FROM LADIES

It's been a long time coming, but the latest batch of letters from ladies is finally in. We've got a pick-up trick, a strange bedfella, a good chastising, and (sigh, sweat) girl-on-girl action.

She Mail

Amy Spencer's article titled "Talk Me into Bed" [Says Her, August] encourages the sissy boy type, and your expert, Geoffrey Miller, after a good cry from watching *The Wizard of Oz* for the 56th time, decided to devote his life to understanding the human psyche. *Boys don't cry!* Especially over movies. Once your date weeps over a movie, you wonder how many cats he has. Also, the tip about helping Mom hook up the computer is a huge no-no. A guy can dis you for any other family member and look like Gandhi, but his mom is our archrival. A better idea: Say you're taking your nephew shopping or helping your brother-in-law install something manly.

Heather Richardson
Tallahassee, FL

Ms. Spencer's weaned herself off the teary-eyed mama's boys and now favors greasy bohunks who lust for blood and crack cans of WD-40 with their manly incisors. Which is probably why she won't return our calls.

Going with the Flow

My husband and I have sex often. However, there is a certain time during the month when "George" is visiting that my husband refuses to make love to me. Any suggestions on how I can change his mind?

Deb M.
Logan, WV

Sounds to us like it's this George fella. Does he sleep in your bed?

Bush League

Your author overlooked something in the "Feng Shui Your Bedroom" piece [How To, June]. On top of one of the end tables, there are plants with pointed leaves. The art of Feng Shui promotes plants with *rounded* leaves in the bedroom, which keep a continued line for love. She'll come back again because of the subtle message of rounded leaves!

Ellen Lewis
Atlanta, GA

All it takes is shrubbery to get her into the sack? All that time we wasted on sex-and-relationship features for nothing...

Model Release

I'm pursuing a future in modeling, and I hoped *Maxim* could springboard my career. I am 5'5", 112 lbs, with dark blonde mid-back-length hair and green eyes. My measurements are 36-23-33. I promise I will captivate your male readers.

Alison Lindsey
Richmond, B.C.

What will you do once you've captivated our male readers? Put radio transmitters in their buttocks and release them into the wild? Please advise.

Get Your Jolies

I just wanted to thank you guys for the Angelina Jolie interview [June]. When I read "...I'd probably be the one actress who would say yes [to another woman]," I immediately screamed to my husband that I had a chance!! Even though I'll never meet this beauty, it's nice to know I have something else to fantasize about! Thanks!

Trish
Enterprise, AL

No, thank you, Trish. Now we have something to fantasize about.

Bombs Away

Thanks for your article on "World War III" and Operation Sun-tzu (August). After reading your articles I ran out of the house faster than Don King could start a fight and bought 1,000 shares in the Acme gas-mask company.

Tyler Morgan
Washington State University
Seattle, WA

If our story proves true, you'll be one rich bastard. One rich, dead bastard.

Teton Crossing

Recently, while reading your magazine at work, a question came to me. You know when a woman wears those tight T-shirts and there is that stretch in the shirt between her breasts? What is that called? Is there a special name for it? I was thinking, "breast-hold" or the "good stretch mark." Thanks.

Brett Halladay
Regina, Sask.

Our copy department found this entry in the Wassup Dictionary of Neologisms: *boobridge (boo brij), n. a structural span joining two peaks of highly valued real estate. [from the Latin* boobustus, *a decorative melon rack] Usage:* "Hey, nice boobridge."

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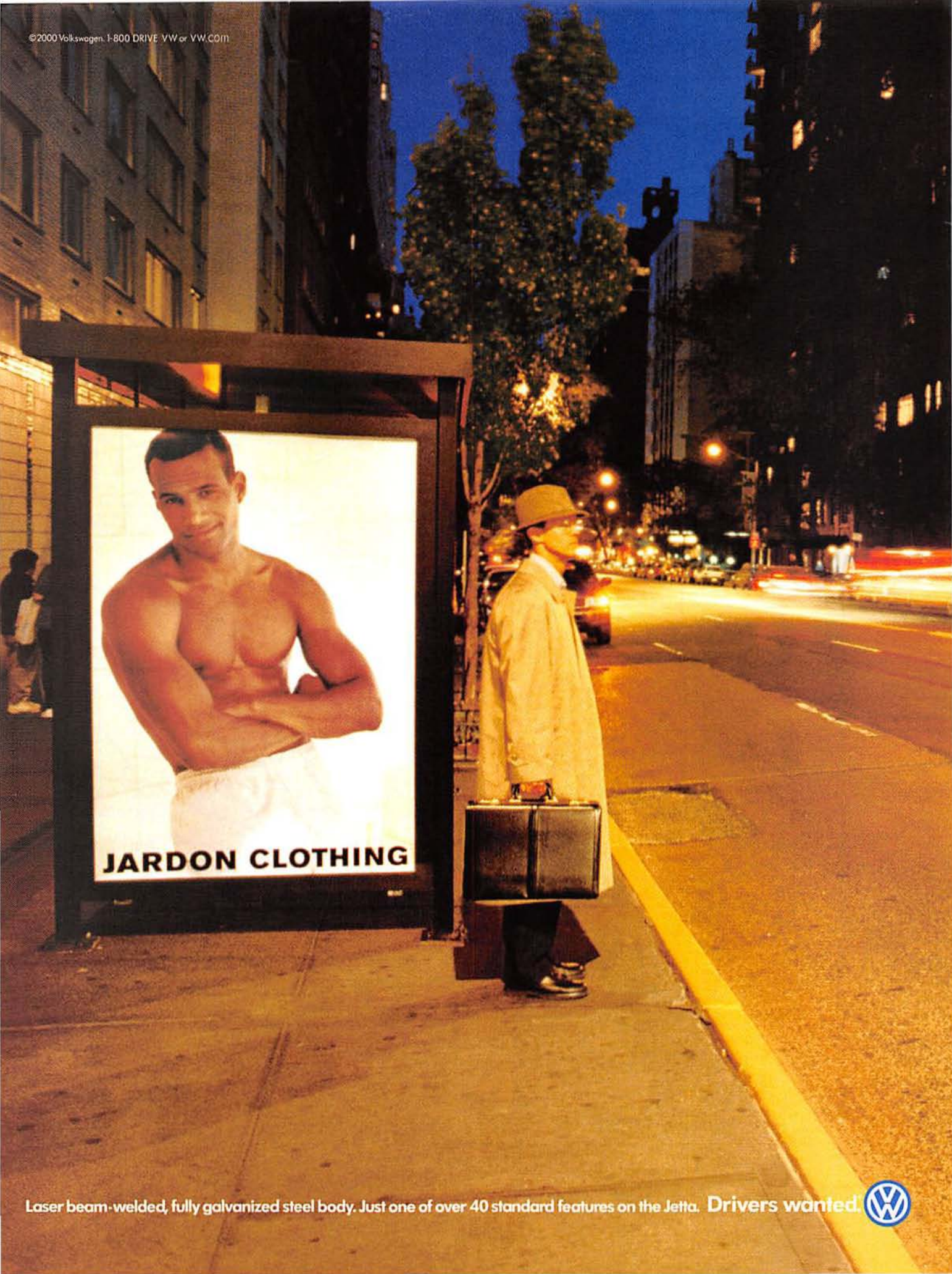
Photographs, previous page and this page, Robert Glasgow (beds, magazines)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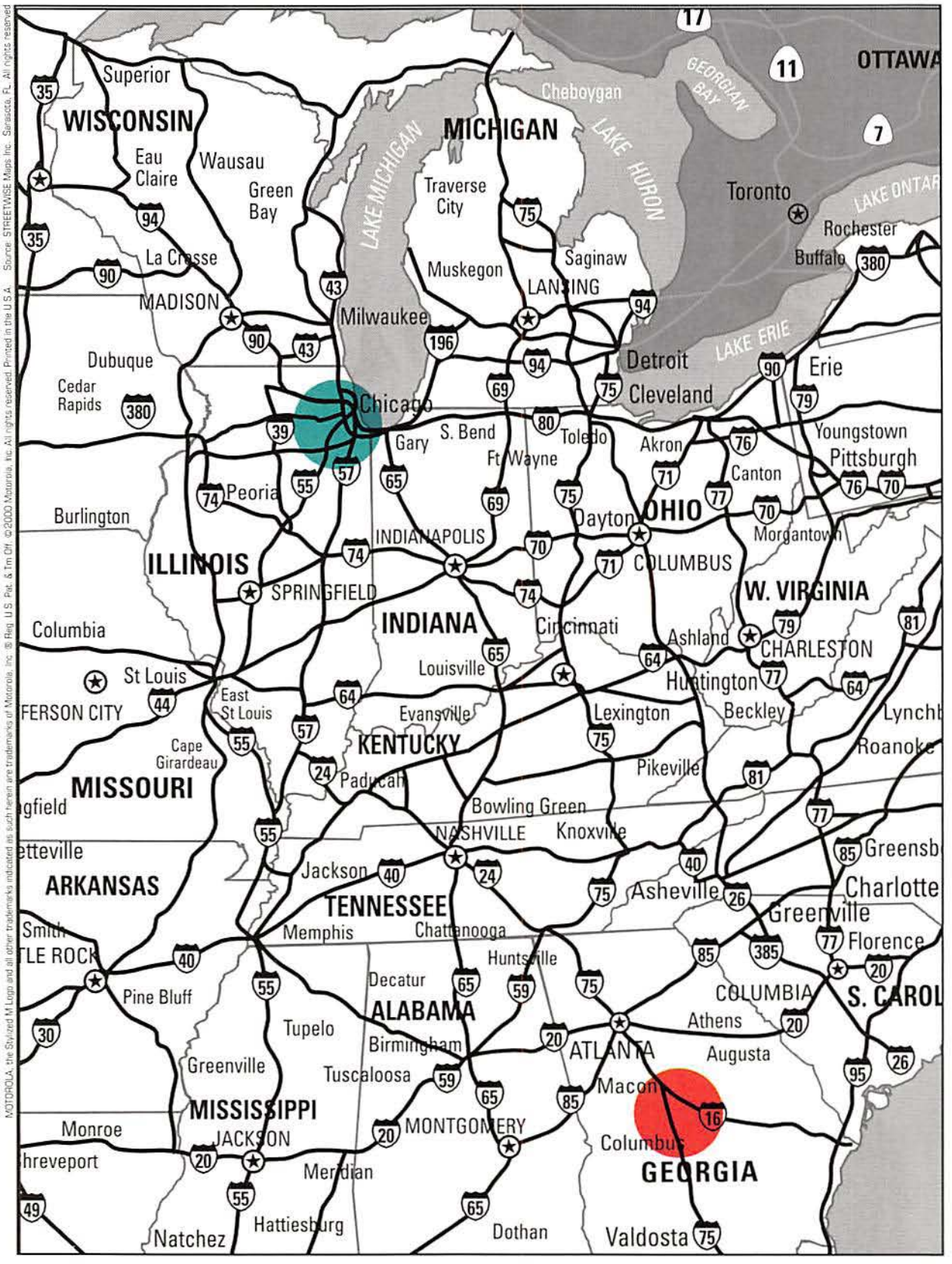

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Smokin' and Drinkin'

Q: What's the difference between a drunk and a stoner?
A: A drunk drives *through* the stop sign; a stoner waits for it to turn green.

—Robert Nashwick, Canonsburg, PA

Lip Lock

A guy takes his date to his place. As they arrive at the door, she stops him. "You know," she says, "I can tell how a man makes love by the way he unlocks the door."

"Really," says the guy, a little skeptical. "How do you mean? Give me an example."

"Well, if a guy shoves his key in the lock and opens the door hard," she explains, "that means he's a rough lover, and that isn't for me. Or if a man fumbles around and can't seem to find the hole, that means he's inexperienced, and that isn't for me, either," she smiles coyly. "So, how do you unlock your door?"

"Before I do anything else, I lick the lock."

—Aaron Grupe, St. Louis, MO

Sign Language

A team of archeologists is excavating in Israel when they find a cave with the symbols of a woman, a donkey, a shovel, a fish, and a Star of David on the wall. The head archeologist points to the first drawing. "This indicates that these people were family oriented and held women in high esteem," he says. "The donkey shows they were smart enough to use animals to till the soil. The shovel means they were able to forge tools. Even further proof of high intelligence is the fish: If famine hit the earth, they would take to the sea for food. The last symbol is the Star of David, telling us they were Hebrews."

The second archeologist shakes his head. "Hebrew is read from right to left," he explains. "It says, 'Holy Mackerel, Dig the Ass on that Chick!'"

—James Lui-Yee, Mississauga, Ont.

Same Old Story

A woman walks up to a little old man rocking in a chair on his porch.

"I couldn't help noticing how happy you look," she says. "What's your secret for a long, happy life?"

"I smoke three packs a day, drink a case of whiskey a week, eat fatty foods, and never, ever exercise."

"Wow, that's amazing," says the woman. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

—Jason Burton, Greenfield, MA

The Gloved One

Q: How do you know when it's bedtime at Michael Jackson's house?
A: When the big hand touches the little hand.

—Walter David, Richmond, VA

Doggy Chow

A little man walks into a biker bar and clears his throat. "Um, which of you gentlemen owns the Doberman tied to the parking meter?"

Big biker guy turns slowly on his stool. "It's mine. Why?"

"Well," squeaks the little man, "I believe my dog just killed it."

"What?" bellows the biker in disbelief. "What the hell kind of dog you got that can take my Doberman?"

"Sir," answers the little man meekly, "it's a Chihuahua."

"A Chihuahua! A Chihuahua?" shouts the biker. "How could a little *Chihuahua* kill a *Doberman*?"

"Well, it appears that he choked on it, sir."

—Jeannine Price, Virginia Beach, VA

Switch-Hitter

A Canadian, an American, a blonde, and a fat lady are on a train. It passes through a tunnel, and a slap is heard.

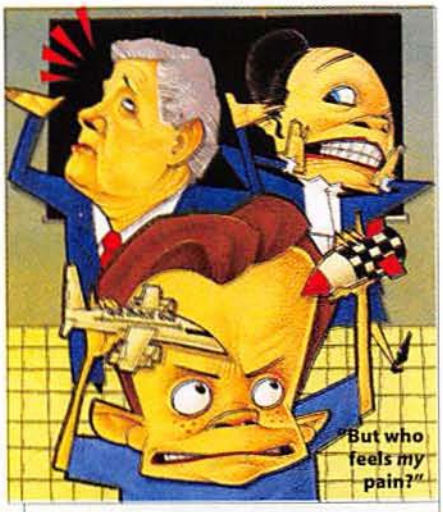
Blonde thinks: "That American son of a bitch wanted to touch me but put his paws on the fat lady by mistake, and she slapped his face."

Fat lady thinks: "That dirty rotten American manhandled the blonde, and she hit him for being so rude."

American thinks: "That damn filthy Canadian swatted the blonde on the behind, and she thought I did it and cracked me upside the face."

Canadian thinks: "I sure hope there's another tunnel so I can smack that stupid American again."

—Neil Brunton, Ottawa, Ont.



Illustration, Kevin Febriany

THE $150 JOKE

Tragically Flip

President Bill Clinton walks into a fourth grade classroom.

Teacher, to Clinton: "Would you like to lead a discussion with the class on the word *tragedy*?"

Clinton: "I'd love to. Can anyone here give an example of a tragedy?"

Davy: "A car runs over a boy playing in the street. That is a tragedy."

Clinton: "No, that's an accident."

Missy: "A school bus crashes, killing 50 children on board. That would be a tragedy."

Clinton: "Sorry, honey, I'm afraid that would be a great loss."

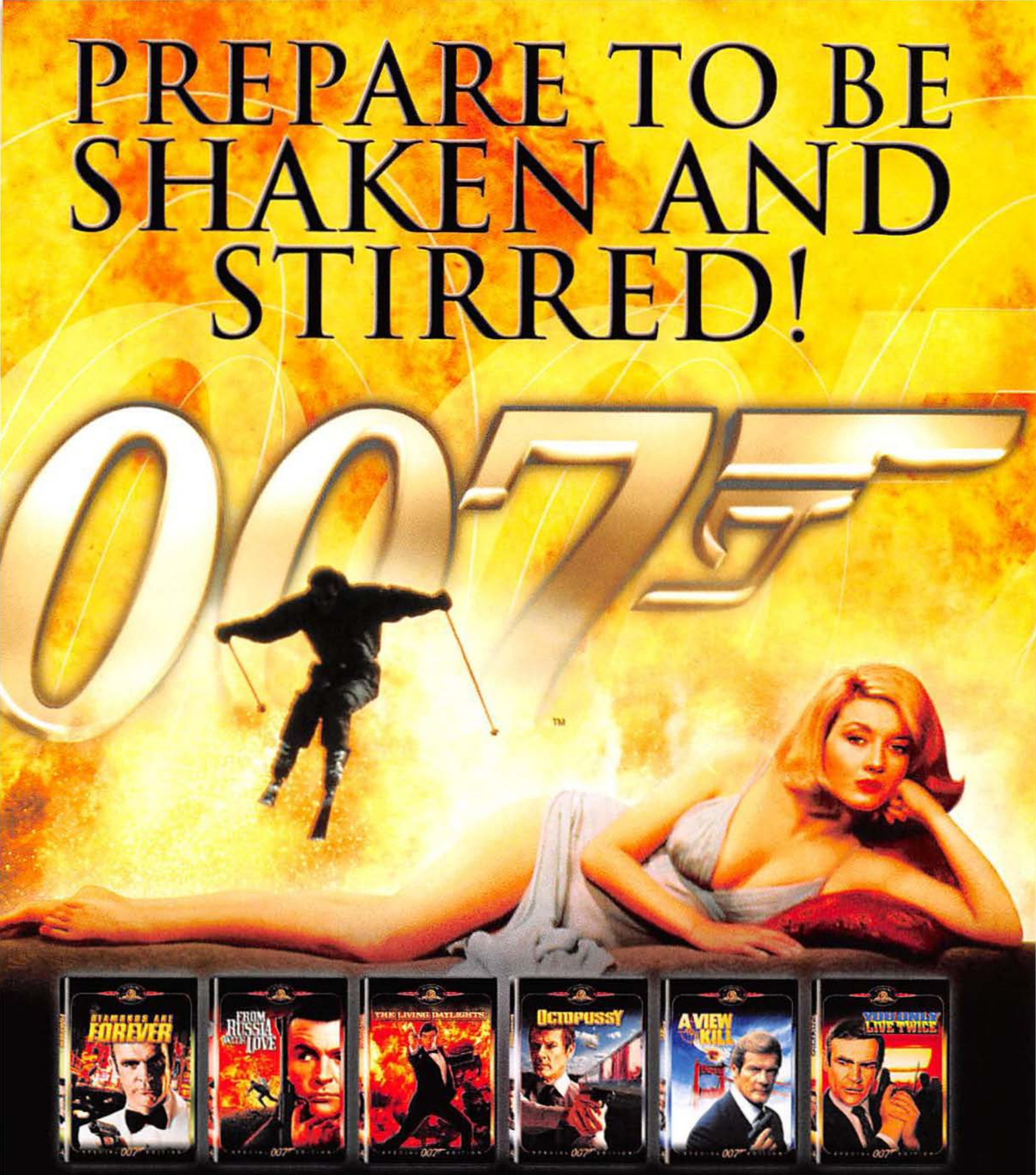
Little Johnny raises his hand: "If Air Force One, carrying Mr. and Mrs. Clinton, is struck by a missile and blown to smithereens, that would be a tragedy."

Clinton: "Fantastic! Can you tell us why that would be a tragedy?"

Little Johnny: "Because it wouldn't be an accident, and it's certainly no great loss."

Congrats, Felix Feliciano of Norfolk, MA! You've won presidential candidate Andrij Witiuk's dirty sweat socks. (And the dough.) Enjoy!

PREPARE TO BE SHAKEN AND STIRRED!



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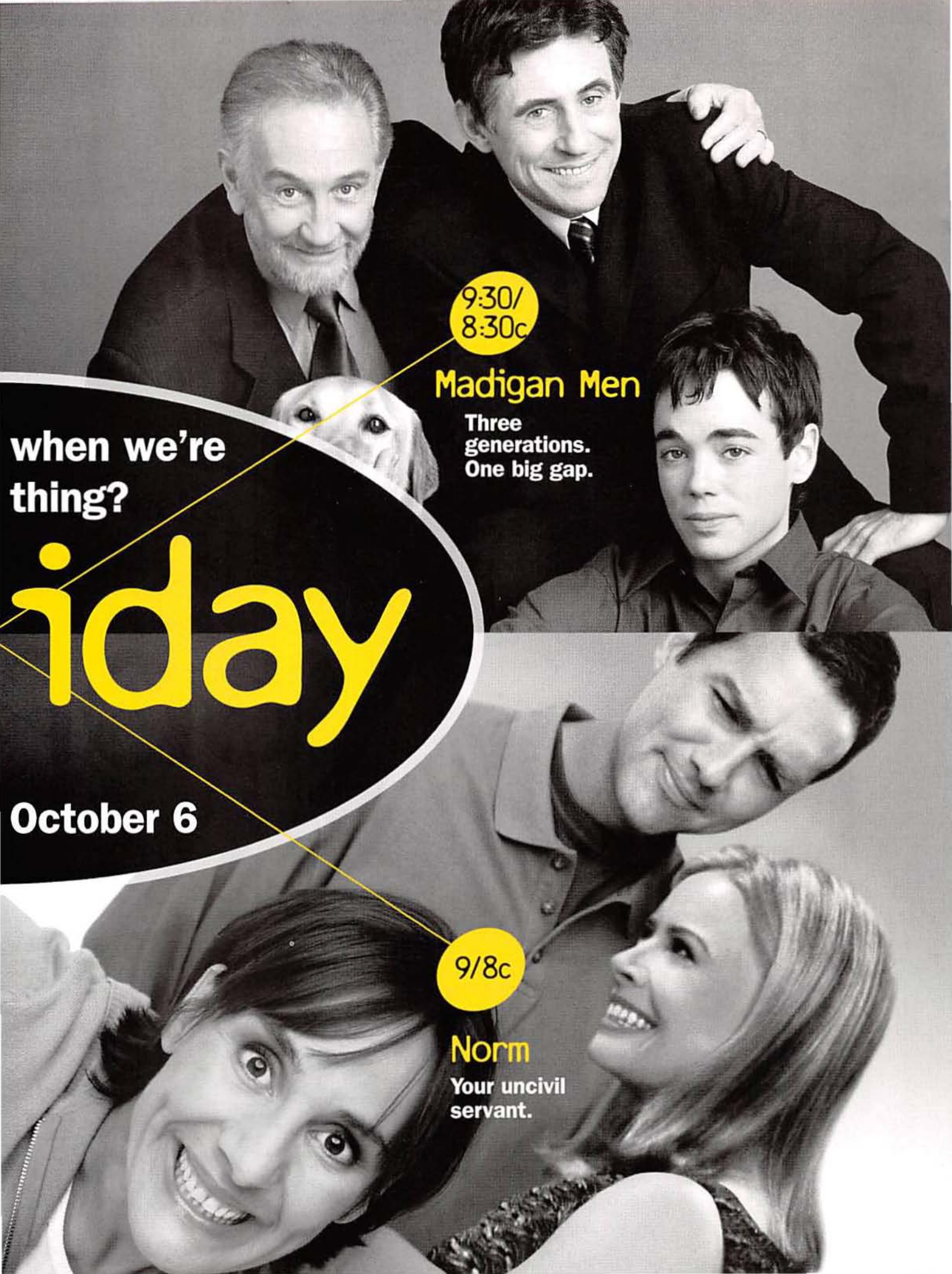
8/7c
Two Guys & A Girl
Too bad they don't have guidance counselors for adults.
Why date
a sure
abc Fr
Starts
8:30/
7:30c
The Trouble with Normal
Most of their problems are in their heads.
The others are right next door.


when we're
thing?
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October 6
9:30/
8:30c
Madigan Men
Three
generations.
One big gap.
9/8c
Norm
Your uncivil
servant.

Circus M

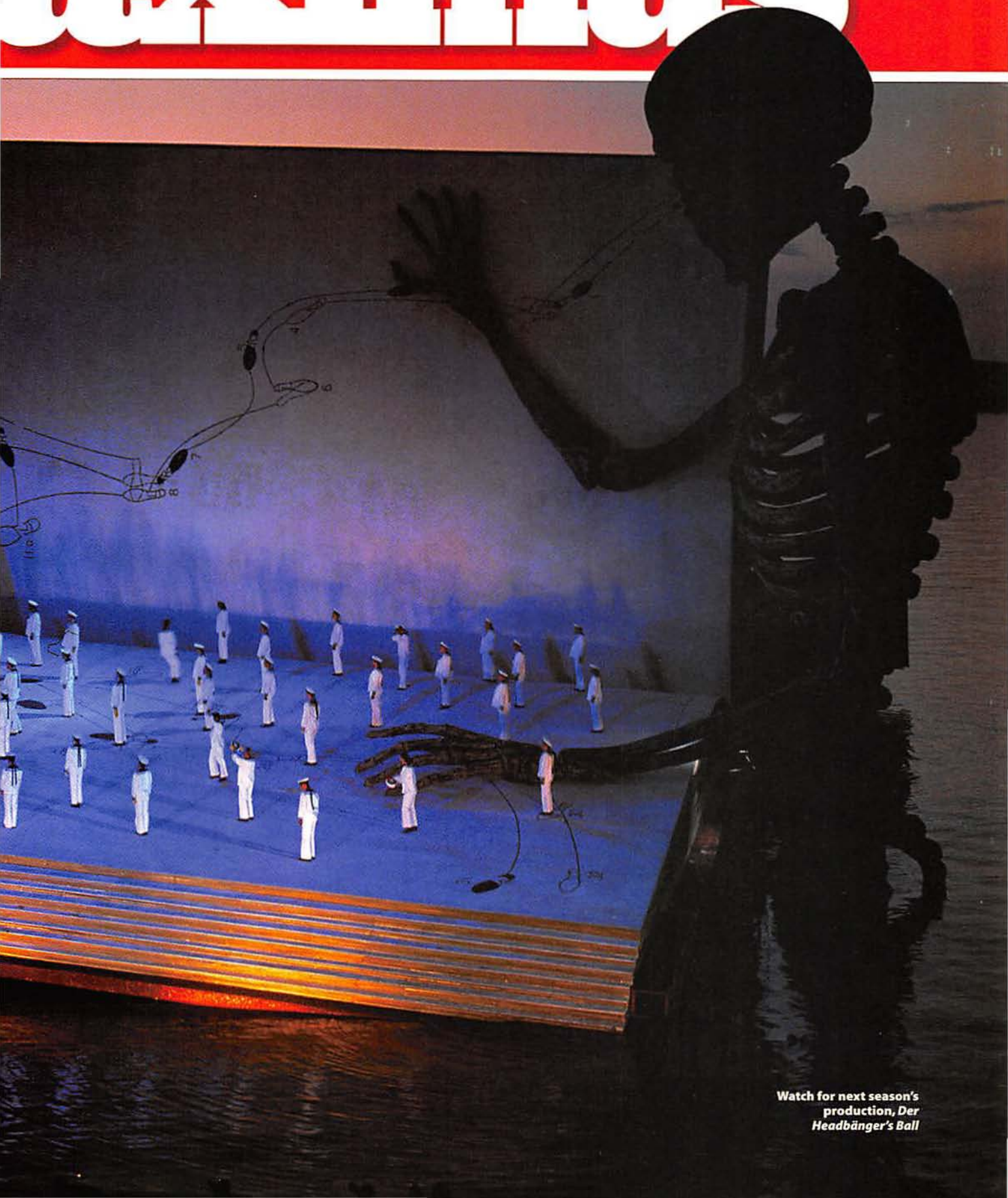
THE BIG PICTURE

Lake Eerie

An opera production turns a picturesque scene into Aria 51.

Will mankind ever be able to relieve the brain-crippling dullness that is opera, short of giving the audience haggis launchers? In summer 1999, set designers for a production of Verdi's *A Masked Ball* at the annual opera festival in Bregenz, Austria, tried to liven things up. First they built a 50-ton stage that "floated" on 200 pylons in Lake Constance, then transformed it into a gigantic Book of Life. (No explanation of why the book was open to the "How to Merengue" chapter.) Finally they erected a 77-foot plastic skeleton to represent the specter of Death. Whether the $5.5 million set rendered the opera (about the assassination of Sweden's King Gustav III) less sleep-inducing than a truckload of Halcion is uncertain, but the fireworks-packed finale, in which the skeleton swept the king's coffin into the lake, surely woke people up. When the show closed this August, it was a financial success despite an unorthodox production, clouds of mosquitoes, and the fact that it was still, in spirit, fat Aryan women screaming incoherently for three friggin' hours.—*Ky Henderson*

axiomus



Watch for next season's production, *Der Headbänger's Ball*

SHELF LIFE

Trickier Treats

Ingredients: sugar, high-fructose corn syrup, yellow dye No. 40...and stardust.

Traditionally Halloween is a time of fun, wilding, and clandestine demon worship for the youngsters. But the holiday isn't as wholesome as it seems: Behind the occult tomfoolery lies a billion-dollar candy business, and jockeying for market share of that big, delicious pie means—sooner or later—celebrity endorsements. Yes, even the confectionary industry must turn to celebrities, well-known for their ability to shill for sports drinks, long-distance carriers, and stainless steel trusses. The products below are still on the drawing board, but don't be surprised if you see 'em showing up in the kiddies' bags around this time next year...

DELLA REESE'S PIECES
We never bought that peanut-butter-as-candy business. So, with so much of the pumpkinesque *Touched by an Angel* star to go around, why not sell off her excess in bite-size chunks? It's certainly much easier to swallow than New Age theology!

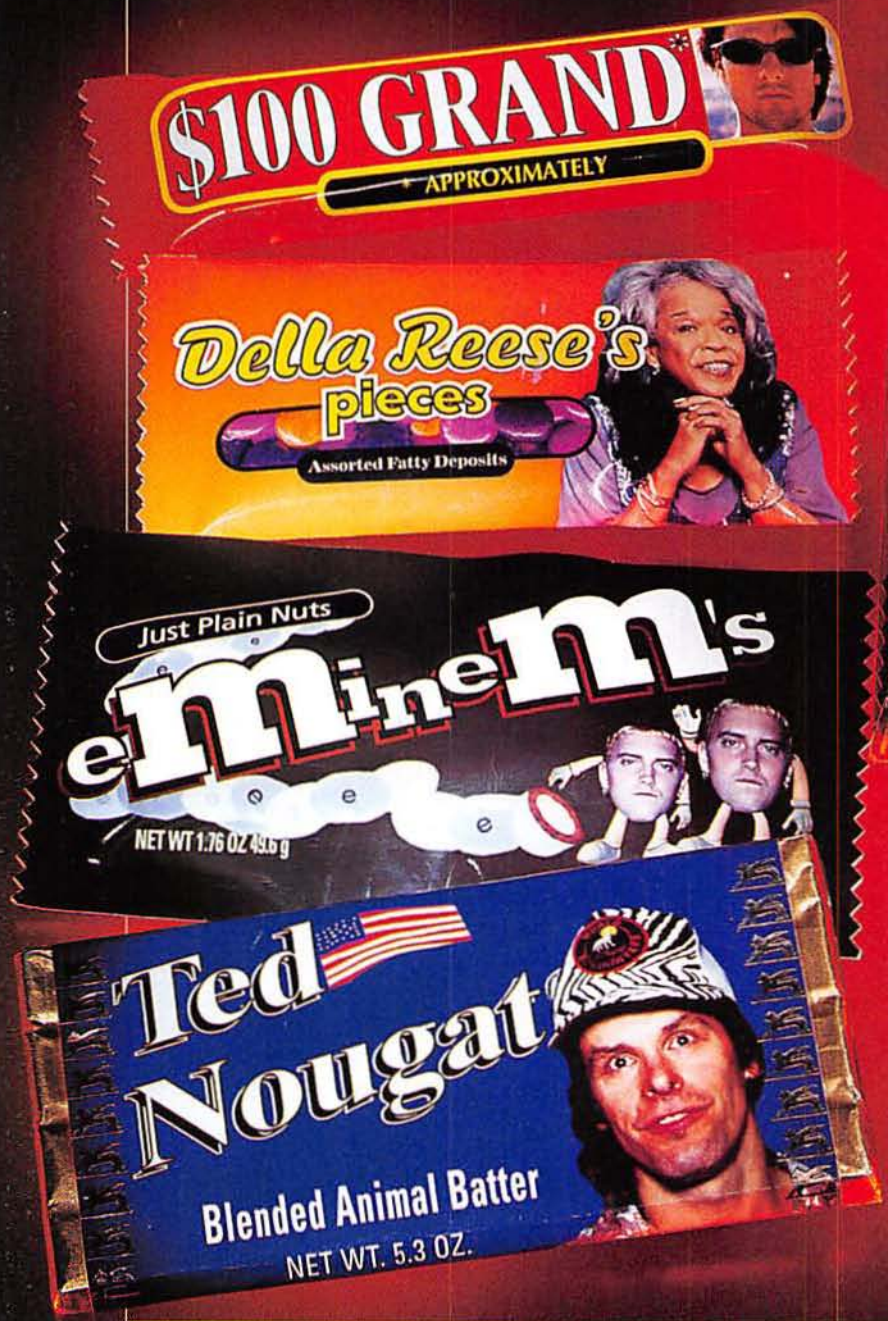
TED NOUGAT
What the hell is nougat, anyway? The hunting enthusiast/guitar god sure doesn't know. His chewy delight is composed of equal parts caramelized sugar, nuts, and chewy beast entrails—all hunted down by the Motor City Madman himself.

JENNIFER LO-PEZ
The Latin bombshell has conquered television, film, music, archery, coin collecting, metalworking—and now the candy counter. The idea of having the sugary treats dispensed by a plastic representation of her bodacious booty was deemed intriguing but dismissed.

EMINEMS
An overdose of old-school M's would usually result in bouts of acne and prolonged horniness. But fill up on these Em's—all colored white, of course—and you'll be left feeling bigoted, with a profound sense of hatred for pretty much everyone and everything.

CRACKER JACK
The crunchy, caramel-coated confection that's as stale as Nicholson's performances have been for the last decade. Enjoy some as you watch an L.A. Lakers game; they're perfect for snacking on while you let your career—and your sanity—slip slowly away.

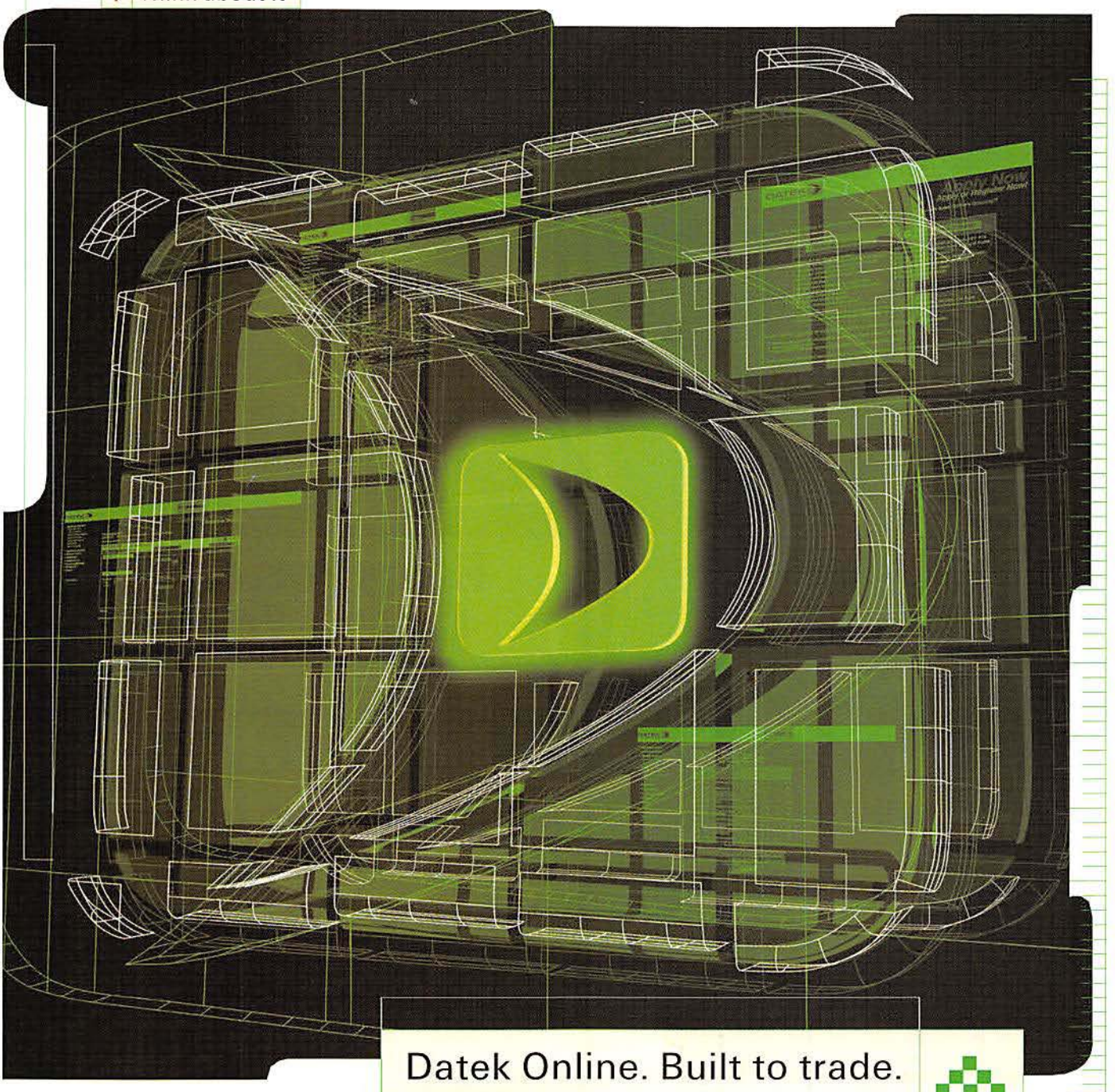
$100 GRAND
Sure, $100,000 may not sound like a star salary for a major movie these days; that's why they changed the candy's name in the first place. But figure in Tom Cruise's back-end deal—he gets 20 percent of the gross—and he gets more like 30 mil. Ain't that grand?



Older folks might enjoy some Jack Lemmon Drops

Packaging: www.sosnovsky.com; photograph, Satoshi

? Think about it



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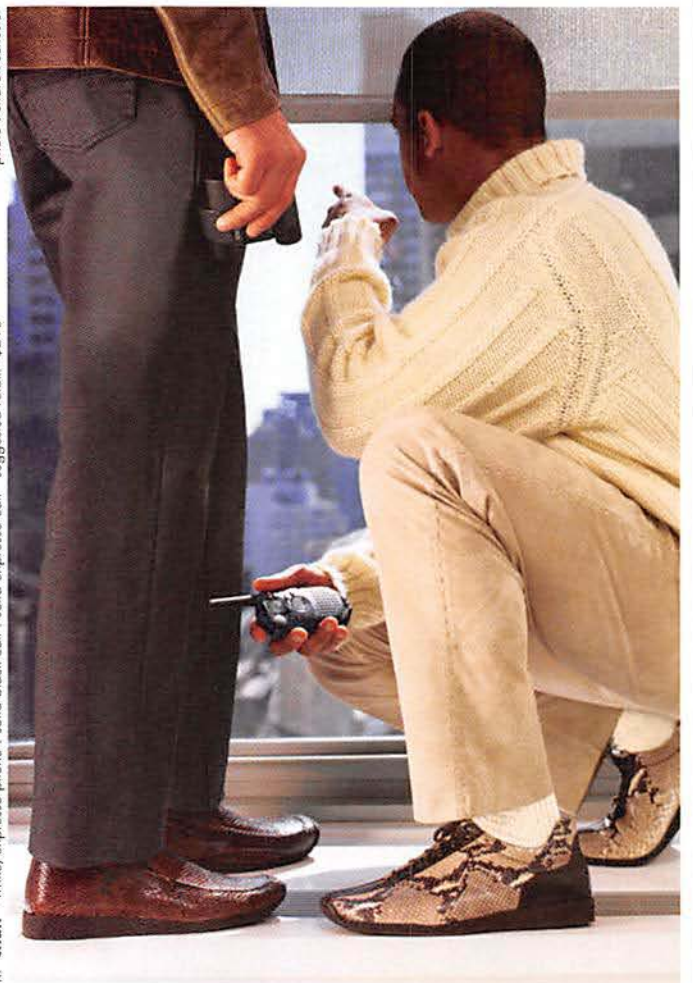

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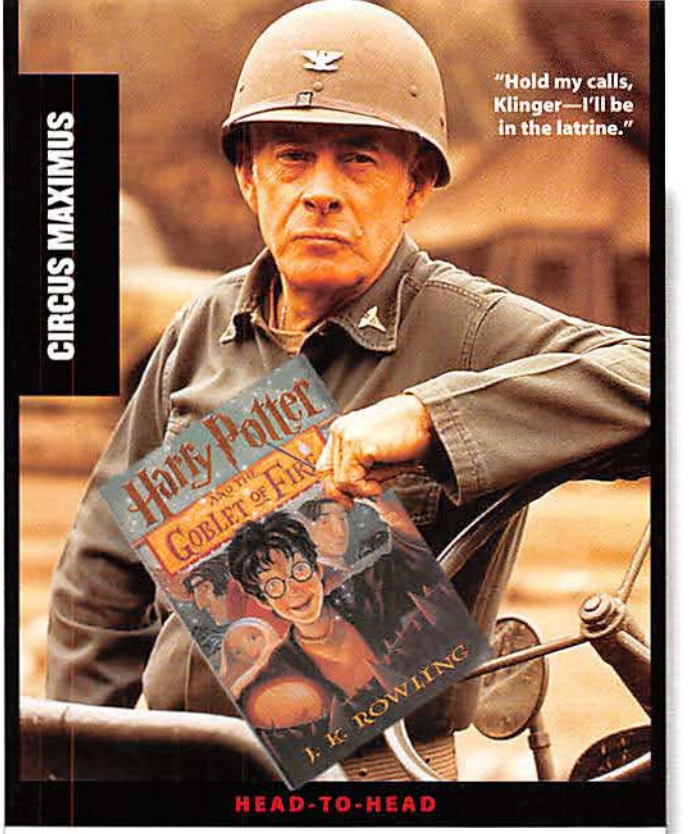


CIRCUS MAXIMUS

HEAD-TO-HEAD

Harry Potter vs. Colonel Potter

One's a kiddie magician; the other's a gritty physician. But who's really got the magic touch?

THE FORMULA

1 part Encyclopedia Brown, 1 part Sorcerer's Apprentice, dash of whimsy

1 part Dwight Eisenhower, ½ of that *American Gothic* painting, whiskey to taste

Edge: Colonel

SUPERPOWER

Can make squealing children sit still and read until Mommy gets back with the Ritalin

Can abide Alan Alda for 30 straight minutes

Edge: Harry

SEX LIFE

Aloof Asian darling and presumed perma-virgin Cho Chang

Stateside wife, Mildred; cross-dressing sergeants; and, possibly, a horse

Edge: Colonel

ULTIMATE DESTINY

Final showdown with Voldemort, the villain who killed his parents

A brief, embarrassing stint on *AfterM*A*S*H*

Edge: Harry

MERCHANDISING

Action figures, board games, etc., as inevitable as a Robert Downey, Jr., relapse

"Colonel Sherman T. Potter Mentholated Rub" not exactly flying off shelves

Edge: Harry

FANTASY HE PERPETUATES

Adolescence is a time of fun, wonder, and self-discovery

The Korean War came with a laugh track

Edge: Harry

HOLLYWOOD CLOUT

Will headline probable billion-dollar movie franchise, due to kick off in 2001

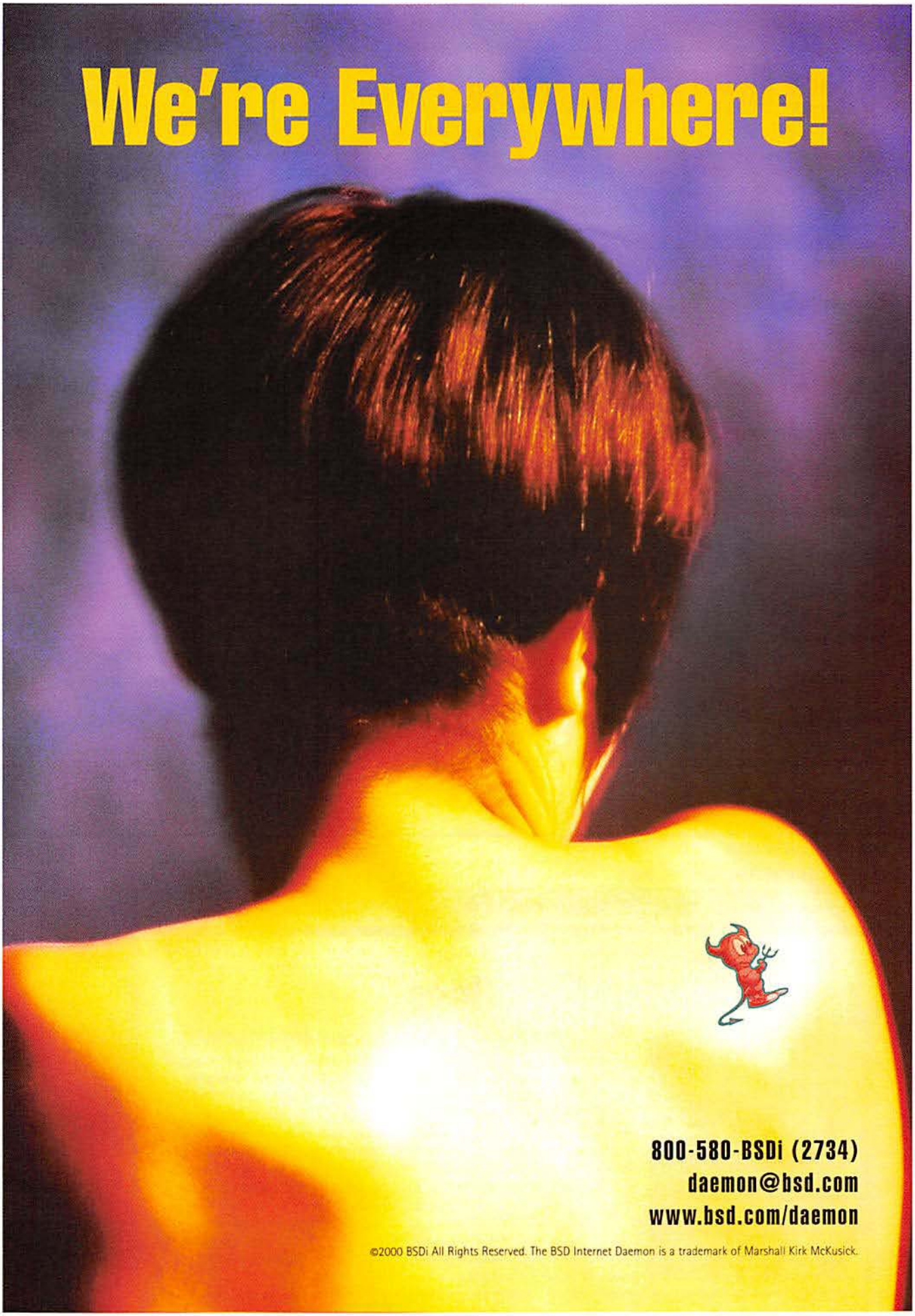
Was once accidentally patched directly through to a gaffer on the set of *Just Shoot Me*

Edge: Harry

AND THE WINNER IS

By a masterful score of 5–2, the young wiz kid makes the old soldier fade away.

Photograph: Robert Glasgow (book)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HEDGING OUR BETS #2

The Maxim Fund

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From hearing aids to marital aids, we check in on our stock picks.

You heard it here first, folks: Every single one of our initial picks went up! OK, more than half of 'em went *belly* up. But after one month of this "investing" thing, we're only down 25 grand, which ain't so bad—it's not like we needed to send *all* our kids to college. Here's hoping you didn't take a bath with us—as Confucius say, "Man who let girlie magazine pick investments deserve to lose house, eat squirrel for food." Here's what we're doing this month, in case you've got any scratch left.—*David Jacobson*

COMPANY	PRICE $	SHARES	CHANGE	TRANS.	COMMENTS (Stock quotes supplied by Money.net)
Cash America International PWN	7 11/16	7,000	▲ 7/16	SELL	Our opening pawnshop gambit failed to make us kings. Check, please.
Carter-Wallace Inc. CAR	21 1/2	3,000	-----	BUY	Makes Trojans and First Response pregnancy test kits; we win no matter what happens.
Daxor Corp. DXR	11 3/4	5,000	▼ 1/4	SELL	Our sperm-bank investment left a small stain on our portfolio. We're pulling out.
Kimberly-Clark Corp. KMB	59 1/2	2,000	▲ 15/16	SELL	Our adult- and baby-diaper investment only made us a tiny pile. It's time for a change.
Linens 'n Things LIN	29 3/8	2,500	-----	BUY	Talk about hot: We see demand for *things* soaring as busy consumers try to fill their inner emptiness.
QSound Labs Inc. QSND	1 3/32	60,000	-----	BUY	Develops audio technology for video games and hearing aids. Sounds like big bucks to us.
Quixote Corp. QUIX	14 1/16	3,500	▼ 3/16	SELL	Highway-crash-barrier stock blocked our access to the on-ramp to runaway profits.
Response USA Inc. RSPN	7/32	250,000	-----	BUY	Installs electric monitors for the elderly. "I've fallen and I can't get up" will be the "You smokin' that?" of the 21st century.
Scope Industries SCP	46	1,500	▲ 2 1/2	SELL	Our stake in this breadcrumb maker just feels stale, so our investment's toast.
Riddell Sports Inc. RDL	4 3/8	15,000	-----	BUY	Hot new niche? Makes cheerleader uniforms, which, as Web-porn fans know, ain't just for cheerleaders anymore.
TRW Inc. TRW	47 5/8	1,500	▲ 5 5/16	SELL	Rocket-ripping lasers were able to hit our growth target. We're cashing out before alien countermeasures arrive.
Unilever UN	45 1/8	1,500	-----	BUY	Recently bought both Ben & Jerry's and Slim-Fast, so our bottom line stays fat through thick and thin.
Universal Electronics Inc. UEIC	19 3/16	2,000	▼ 3 15/16	SELL	This remote-control maker zapped us with a high-volume loss, so we're switching channels.
Wackenhut Corp. WAK	13 1/2	5,000	-----	BUY	Lots of cons means lots of pros: Its security guards catch 'em, its cafeterias feed 'em. Bonus: Wacky name!

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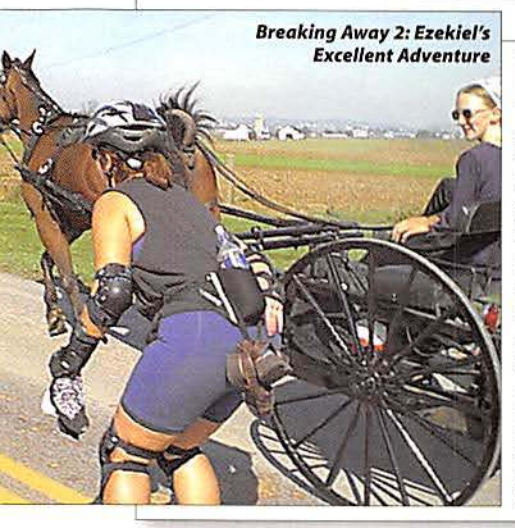

Breaking Away 2: Ezekiel's Excellent Adventure

ROAD TRIPPING

Holy Rollers

Strap on thy skates—'tis time to tear it up in Amish country!

Things we associate with the Amish: butter churning, a stifling social order, cutting-edge 17th-century technology. Things we don't: wet T-shirt contests, e-commerce, in-line skating. But wait! Turns out some of those wacky Mennonites blade like champions. Despite their reputation for avoiding modern innovations (cars, electricity, fire), the Amish allow their youth to experiment with in-line skates before the kids take their soul-crushing vows as elders. Gawk for yourself on a Rollerblading trip through Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, offered by Zephyr Inline Skate Tours. "They're friendlier toward skaters than they often are toward other people," says Allan Wright, president and founder of Zephyr. "When we come through, *we* are the tourist attraction." At $495 a person, the three-day tour includes meals, lodging, and an Amish skating guide named Matthew. For more info, hie thee to www.skatetour.com. —*Bryan Walsh*

13%

Percentage of teenagers wearing Disney logos who admit they've tried the drug Ecstasy at least once.

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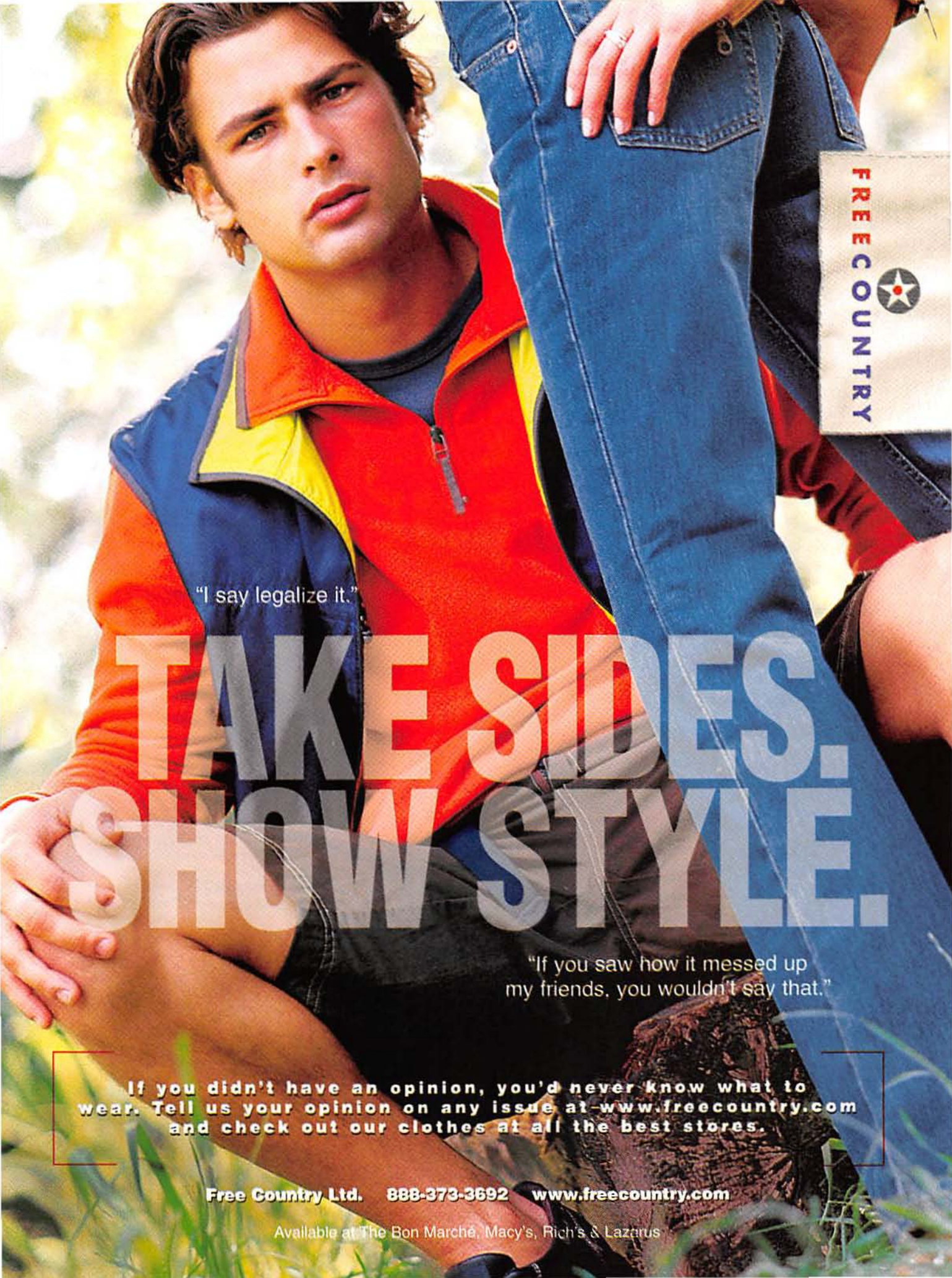
HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Lucky Star

Real name: Lola Corwin
Better known as: The dirty dancer in Madonna's new video, "Music"
Her story: Like the old song says, "Whatever Lola wants, Lola gets." But it's Madonna who gets what *we* want in the video for her latest rave-up, "Music." "All I want is to make people happy," says the 24-year-old model turned actress. A former Hawaiian Tropic girl and model on the popular Bikini.com Web site, altruistic Lola was only going to be a featured dancer in the video until the Material Mom singled her out. "We were supposed to make a path for Madonna to walk through," Lola recalls, "but when she got to me, she just stopped and stared into my eyes." Not that Lola minded the attention or the hours of bumping and grinding that followed. "There were about a hundred people watching Madonna seduce me on the dance floor," Lola recalls. "I've never been more excited." Still, she's happy to go incognito again. "I'm trying to enjoy being anonymous," she smiles. "I don't have a lot of friends, so I put all my energy into my work." And a fine body of work it is.
—Alex Straus

Swing, Lo!

Photographer: Craig deCrosta; styling: Dana Maraona for Celestine; hair: Lalini Morrison for Profile LA; makeup: Lina Vasquez for Profile LA


FREECOUNTRY
"I say legalize it."
TAKE SIDES.
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"If you saw how it messed up my friends, you wouldn't say that."
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"Don't you *ever* say that about the Backstreet Boys again."

GAME ON!

Codes of Dishonor

The PlayStation 2 cheats they don't want you to know about.

PlayStation 2 isn't due in stores for a couple of weeks, but once the games hit the shelves, you'll want to be prepared. These secret codes for the top upcoming titles will make your friends look old and loserish.—*Alex Porter*

Tekken Tag Tournament (Namco)
Game: Chop-socky action for up to four players
Special moves (all characters):
▲+ ↑ + [L1] Donkey punch ■ + ↓ + [L1] Bitch-slap
● + ↑ + [R2] Sit down and quit; cry like baby
Pro boxing mode: Pause, ●, ●, ▲, ▲, [R1 + R2], Unpause
(After each fight, 40 percent of your score is deducted and given to Don King Productions, Inc.)

Silent Scope (Konami)
Game: Sniper simulation in which you rescue hostages while taking terrorists out with telescopic rifle
Voyeur mode: ×, ●, ×, ●, ▲ x 4, [L1], [L2], [L1], [L2]
(Use scope to spy into windows of local all-girls college.)
Reversal-of-fortune mode: ↑, ↓, ↑, ↓, ● x 3, ■ x 4
(All hostages turn into Justin Timberlake of 'N Sync. Forget about terrorists and terminate with extreme prejudice.)

Midnight Club (Rockstar Games)
Game: Illegal racing through urban environments
White-trash mode: ● + ▲, ■ + ×, hold [Select] 3 seconds
(High-performance car replaced by '81 Ford Granada with differential trouble and loose fan belt)
Realism mode: ■ + ×, ● + ▲, press both analog sticks
(Driver must pause to find bathroom every 2.2 miles so incontinent girlfriend in passenger seat can tinkle.)

Time Splitters (Eidos)
Game: Postapocalyptic shooter in which you blast monsters while wearing full priest garb
Hidden in-game movie (enter code at title screen):
×, →, ●, ←, ▲, ■, ▲, ■, ↑, ↓, ←, →, say four rosaries, 10 Our Fathers, make act of contrition
(Catholic liturgy delivered by the Creature from the Black Lagoon accompanied by choir of howling wolf-boys.)

23%

Percentage of Internet CEOs who admit they'd resort to cannibalism if necessary. Among CEOs of traditional companies, only 6 percent would be willing to chow down on people.

WANNA DATE?

The Maxim Calendar

Nine reasons to be thankful you lost your job.

October 3 In 1998, a 1,092 lb pumpkin wins the Ontario PumpkinFest. It answers to the name Star Jones.

October 11 Bill and Hillary Clinton mark their 25th anniversary with champagne and caviar. Hillary vetoes the cigars.

October 12 It's Destiny Day! The good people at Hallmark said your destiny is to buy at least 15 greeting cards.

October 13 Taoist Lent is celebrated on the island of Phuket. (If you're asked to give up Thai dancers, reply, "No—Phuket!")

October 14 Chuck Yeager breaks the sound barrier in 1947. Remember this as you rev your Iroc-Z at the stoplight.

October 21–22 Banner Elk, NC, hails caterpillars with the Woolly Worm Festival. Expect delays on woolly-gore-slicked roads.

October 22 Good thing Tim Leary didn't live to turn 80 today—who needs a flashback in the middle of dialysis?

October 26 1785: The king of Spain sends mules to George Washington. 200 years later, our capital is overrun with jackasses.

October 30 It's Devil's Night. Forward-thinking arsonists attempt to burn down the city of Detroit but are thwarted by pesky firemen.

"Who dares call me hood ornament?"

The World's Best Tasting Vodka Presents. . .

In 1998, the Beverage Testing Institute of Chicago conducted a blind taste test of more than 80 vodkas. They awarded points based on smoothness, nose, and most importantly, taste. Of all the vodkas, Grey Goose® Vodka emerged victorious, receiving 96 points out of a possible 100.

Now Grey Goose®, the world's best tasting vodka, presents Grey Goose® Vodka L'Orange. Like each careful brush stroke in Paul Cézanne's painting "Fruit and Jug on a Table." Each bottle of Grey Goose® L'Orange is created with precision. Infused with the sweetness of fresh oranges, L'Orange captures the essence of orange and artistically blends it with the world's finest vodka.

Score	Vodka	Country
96	GREY GOOSE® VODKA	FRANCE
93	Stolichnaya Gold Vodka	Russia
91	Stolichnaya Vodka	Russia
90	Tanqueray Sterling Vodka	England
90	Rain 1995 Harvest Vodka	USA
89	Ketel One Vodka	Holland
88	Wyborowa Vodka	Poland
86	Finlandia Vodka of Finland	Finland
85	Skyy Vodka	USA
80	Absolut Vodka	Sweden
74	Belvedere	Poland
74	Smirnoff Vodka	USA

NOTE: THIS REPRESENTS A SAMPLING OF 80 VODKAS TESTED IN 1998.
SOURCE: (BTI) BEVERAGE TESTING INSTITUTE INC.

www.greygoosevodka.com

Grey Goose® Vodka L'Orange 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof) Orange flavored vodka imported exclusively by Sidney Frank Importing Co., Inc. New Rochelle, NY 10801

Curious George W.

Because somebody's got to make a monkey out of him. By Dave Itzkoff

George W. was a happy little monkey.
He lived on an estate in Texas
without a care in the world.

1

One day George W.'s father, the man with the big
trust fund, sat him down to have a talk.
"George W.," said the man, "I am going to take you
all the way to the White House.
Now, run along and raise lots of funding,
and remember to embrace the center
without alienating the radical right."
He made George W. promise to behave.
But curious little monkeys often get into big trouble.

2

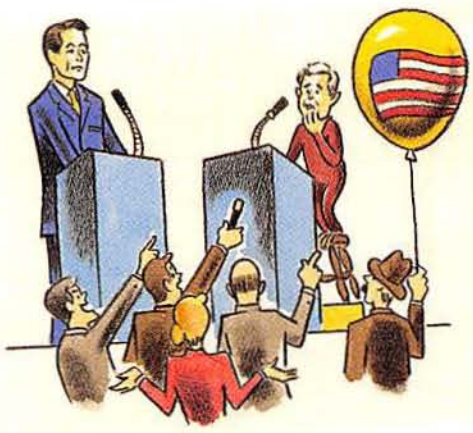
At school George W.'s fraternity brothers
told him to put powder up his nose.
George W. was very curious.
The powder made his nose all tingly!
Suddenly his heart was pounding.
Then he was the biggest monkey on earth!
Then everyone was out to get him
and a million locusts were devouring his face.
Then his memory went fuzzy...

3

Soon George W. had so much work to do!
He had to sign his name to long pieces of paper.
He had to appear at department store openings.
He had to choose who lived and who died!
They told George W. a man could live
if he would just sign his name to a piece of paper.
Instead George W. had ice cream!
The lights in his mansion flashed on and off.
But then they came back on again.

4

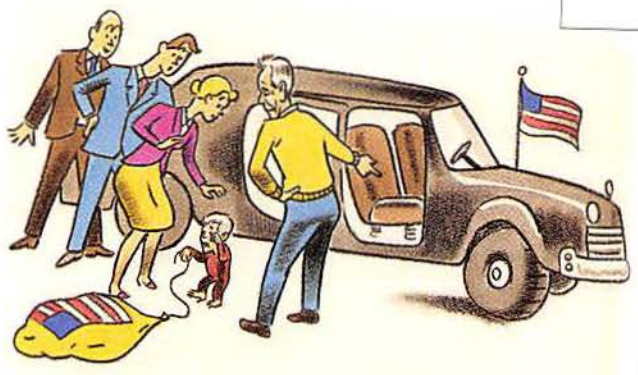
Illustrations, Lyman Daly



Some men asked George W. to debate the vice president.
They sure had a lot of questions!
"Mr. Governor, could you elaborate on your plan for campaign finance reform?" asked Sam Donaldson.
"How do you respond to accusations that your Social Security numbers don't add up?" asked Tim Russert.
"How would you address a potential conflict between Taiwan and a new, militant China?" asked Bernard Shaw.
They asked and asked and asked and ASKED!
But George W. didn't know. He was just a monkey, after all!

So George W. grabbed onto a balloon
and flew off into the sky.

"Won't you answer our questions?" asked the reporters.
But George W. was too high to hear them.
And so he flew all over the country, way up in the sky,
where it was nice and quiet,
until he finally landed in early November.



George W. knew he had been naughty, and he was sad.
But it was hard for anyone to stay angry with George W.
because he was so curious!

And so the man with the big trust fund forgave George W.
And the Republican National Committee forgave George W.
And 46% of all registered voters forgave George W., too.

So George W. and the man with the big trust fund
got into their limo and drove away...

to the White House!

Now, isn't that the perfect place
for a monkey to live?

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NO BULL

HIROKI! IS THIRSTY!

Liquid Diet

Is it true our Japanese art assistant will drink anything? Let's find out.

Chef's surprise: He's out of his mind

SoBe Lizard Blizzard

We paid $1.79 **Calories** 130 **Sugar** 28 g
Comments: A liquid tribute to the American snowboarder, this saccharine concoction tastes like the milk left in your bowl after a serving of Frosted Flakes. Diabetics should run screaming.
Hiroki says: "Like Gatorade milk version. Soap. Soap."

Go-Go Passion

We paid 99¢ **Calories** 80 **Sugar** 20 g
Comments: This neon-yellow carbonated drink, which tastes like liquefied lemon drops, is supposed to give you extra stamina for peak performance in the sack—as demonstrated by the scantily clad anime girl on the long, slim can.
Hiroki says: "Before I get laid take this one. Sexy!"

Dr. Brown's Cel-Ray

We paid 99¢ **Calories** 100 **Sugar** 24 g
Comments: While this celery-based soda somehow perfectly complements a corned beef on rye from a deli near our office, when served by itself, it's merely a milder version of ginger ale. Resist the urge to smell it; trust us on this one.
Hiroki says: "Celery? Like drink pill. Medicine."

Pedialyte Oral Electrolyte Maintenance Solution

We paid $5.99 **Calories** 100 **Sugar** 25 g
Comments: Though it didn't cure our vomiting or night sweats, we found this mildly orange-flavored, somewhat salty infant formula cool and refreshing. The diapers fit nice and snug, too.
Hiroki says: *[runs to sink, spits]* "It is going to kill baby! This company is an idiot."

Ultra Slim-Fast

We paid $1.19 **Calories** 220 **Sugar** 35 g
Comments: How does this thick, gritty, molasseslike milkshake help you lose weight? Easy: One sip and you too will want to purge the entire contents of your stomach. Damn you, Tommy Lasorda! You've misled us once again.
Hiroki says: "Bean! *[chokes]* It's like a barium."

Arizona Rx Stress Relief Elixir

We paid $1.39 **Calories** 60 **Sugar** 16 g
Comments: This tasty tea couldn't relieve our stress, but the bottle was easy for our shaking hands to hold. Then we chased it with bong hits and everything was *groovy.* Hey, just kidding, Officer.
Hiroki says: "Water looks like whiskey. My teeth is melting!"

Photographs, from top, Satoshi; makeup, Ozzie for Mark Edward, Inc.; Michael Kraus (x6); Robert Glasgow

DESERT OF THE REAL

Urban Legend Watch

"Doctor, is it... a killer app?"

Sounds too good to be true? We'll dig up the dirt.

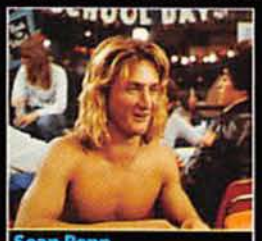
Myth: The latest generation of computer viruses can infect your hard drive even if you don't open the E-mail or run the attached files.

Reality: Consider backing up your pornography in at least three places: Newly developed E-mail viruses could wipe out your files the instant someone sends you an infected message. "They can be executed simply if they appear in your in box," says John Vranesevich, the founder of AntiOnline, a computer security research firm. "They're not really malicious yet. But all they require is someone with the motivation and skill to make them so."

Despite the efforts of benevolent dorks to safeguard our files, we'll never be completely out of the woods: Security experts must decode a virus before creating software that disables it, leaving us at the mercy of the mad hacker until he makes his first move. Sleep tight, everyone!—*Molly Ginty*

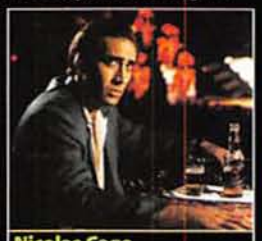
Best of 'Times,' Worst of 'Times'

Whatever happened to...the cast of *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*?

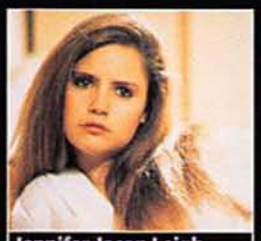


Sean Penn

Phoebe Cates



Nicolas Cage



Jennifer Jason Leigh

Judge Reinhold

RESPECTABLE

FAST TIMES

EMBARRASSING

1984 *Beverly Hills Cop.* A star is rising, and its name is Judge Reinhold.

1985 Marries Madonna, reportedly shoots at helicopters that were trying to film the ceremony. Who doesn't bring a gun to their own wedding?

1987 *Beverly Hills Cop II.* The time has come for Judge Reinhold to be a leading man.

1984 *Gremlins.* Again teamed with Phoebe Cates; no masturbation scene this time.

1985 *The Falcon and the Snowman.* Hey, that Spicoli kid can act!

1987 *Raising Arizona.* Who thought kidnapping could be this funny?

1984 *Gremlins.* Goofy and gory, but no topless getting-out-of-the-pool scene

1990 *Last Exit to Brooklyn.* Plays a prostitute who has serial sex with dozens of drunks. Don't look for it in the comedy section.

1985 *Flesh and Blood.* Plays a maiden, gets brutally raped.

1986 *Peggy Sue Got Married.* Thanks, Uncle Francis!

1984 Goes on a rampage in a toy store to prep for his role as a psycho in *The Cotton Club.* Makes sense.

1986 *Shanghai Surprise.* Just 'cause you marry Madonna doesn't mean you have to be in a movie with her.

1988 *Vice Versa.* Goes from the A list to the C- list overnight.

1989 *Heart of Midnight.* Plays a child-abuse survivor who is sexually abused. Bring the kids!

1989 Divorces Madonna. If these two kids can't make it, who can?

1991 *Drop Dead Fred,* about a woman and her imaginary friend. It draws an imaginary audience.

1992 *Single White Female.* Mischievously gives head to her roommate's boyfriend. Happens to us all the time.

1992 *Honeymoon in Vegas.* Hard to dislike a movie with flying Elvises.

1991 *Rush.* Plays a heroin-addicted cop. Get the feeling she'd be an easy date?

1991 Directs *The Indian Runner.* Slow and depressing. Lighten up, Spicoli.

1994 *Princess Caraboo,* with husband Kevin Kline. Still no toplessness!

1995 Wins the Best Actor Oscar for *Leaving Las Vegas.* Despite high spirits, avoids the impulse to tear up a Toys "R" Us.

1995 *Dead Man Walking.* Dubbed the best actor of his generation, especially by those who do not want him to hit them.

1996 *Bastard out of Carolina,* a TV movie about incest. If there's a sex crime, Jennifer's played the victim.

1994 *Beverly Hills Cop III.* Judge Reinhold + Eddie Murphy = no guarantee of anything

1995 "My body is what it is. I've had two children, and my lifestyle cannot accommodate working out."

1999-2000 Standout performances in *Sweet and Lowdown* and *The Weight of Water* leave him little time for his hobby (beating up paparazzi).

1999 *Bringing Out the Dead.* We liked it better when it was called *Taxi Driver.*

2000 Next project unknown...perhaps *Rape of the Drug-Addicted Virgin Prostitute?*

2000 *Gone in 60 Seconds.* Can an Oscar be revoked?

2000 Guards on the set of *The Nutty Professor II* are given his photograph and instructed to shoot on sight.

2000 Kevin Kline resorts to slo-moing through *Fast Times* pool scene.

'82 '83 '84 '85 '86 '87 '88 '89 '90 '91 '92 '93 '94 '95 '96 '97 '98 '99 '00 '01 '02

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Andrij: channeling Mussolini

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Beautiful "backers"

From White Castle...

...to the White House?

PRESIDENTIAL OPINION POLL*

Assuming you can be bothered to get off your fat ass, who will you vote for in the coming election?

GORE	40%
ANDRIJ	40%
BUSH	10%
BARNEY	10%**

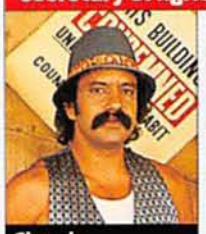
*Poll conducted 7/13–7/14 with 10 of Andrij's relatives. Margin of error: 83%

**Unclear if Andrij's two-year-old nephew was responding to the poll or singing along with the bouncing ball.

MAXIM ONLINE
Find more at: www.maximonline.com

MAKE YOUR CHOICES!

Secretary of Agriculture


Cheech

Chong

Secretary of Commerce

Ronald McDonald

Darva Conger

Secretary of Energy

Storm

Houston

Sec. of Health and Human Services

John Goodman

Heidi Fleiss

Secretary of Labor

McCaughey babies

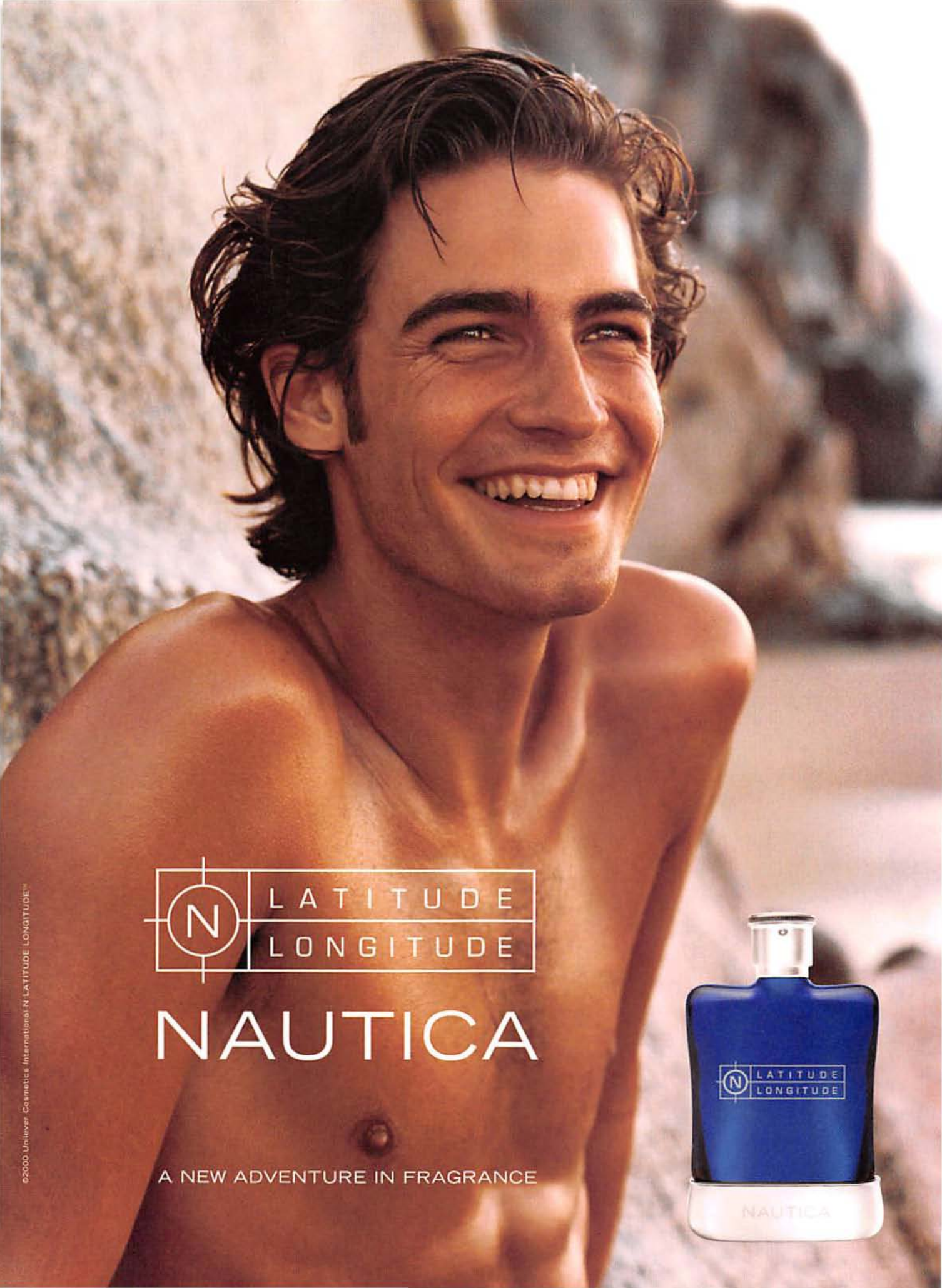
Jeff Spicoli

Secretary of the Treasury

Bill Gates

That leprechaun

Photographs, charlessamuels.com (Andrij at lectern, crowd scene), Michael Grelli (Andrij backers, face mens), Robert Glasgow (Lucky Charms)



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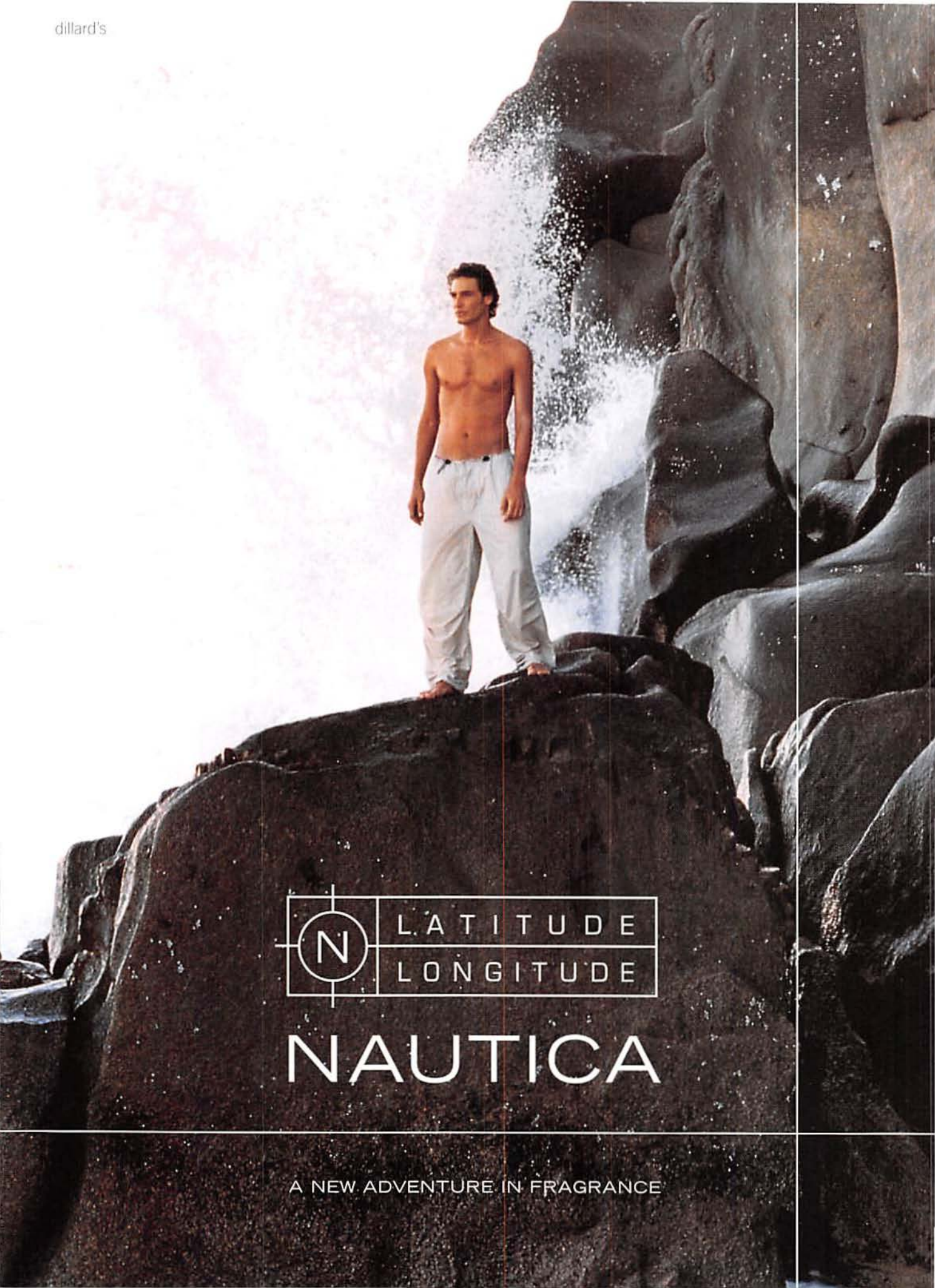
THE ADVENTURE
BEGINS HERE

dillard's



CELEBRITY PUZZLE

Let's Break a Deal!

Hey, kids! Can you get poor Mike Myers out of his $20 million *Sprockets* contract without hitting any dead ends?

MASS HYSTERIA

Dick Nixin'

Are penises going the way of the dodo? Grab your crotch while you still can.

When financial woes, a tepid love life, or your crummy associate editor's salary gets you down, cheer up: At least your penis isn't shriveling away. Not so for victims of shrinking-penis panics that crop up now and again...due, in some cases, to koro, the psychological delusion that Mr. Happy's saying bye-bye. Some examples:

India 1982

Spurred by the rumor of a shrinking-penis epidemic, thousands of concerned mothers bring their sons to hospitals en masse. First, however, they bind the poor boys' penises with string to prevent further shrinkage—"Aw, Mom! You're embarrassing me!"—a preventive measure that produces a multitude of lacerations and ulcers. Quick-thinking docs quell the possibility of further embarrassment and hysteria by staging large-scale public penis measuring...

United States 1996

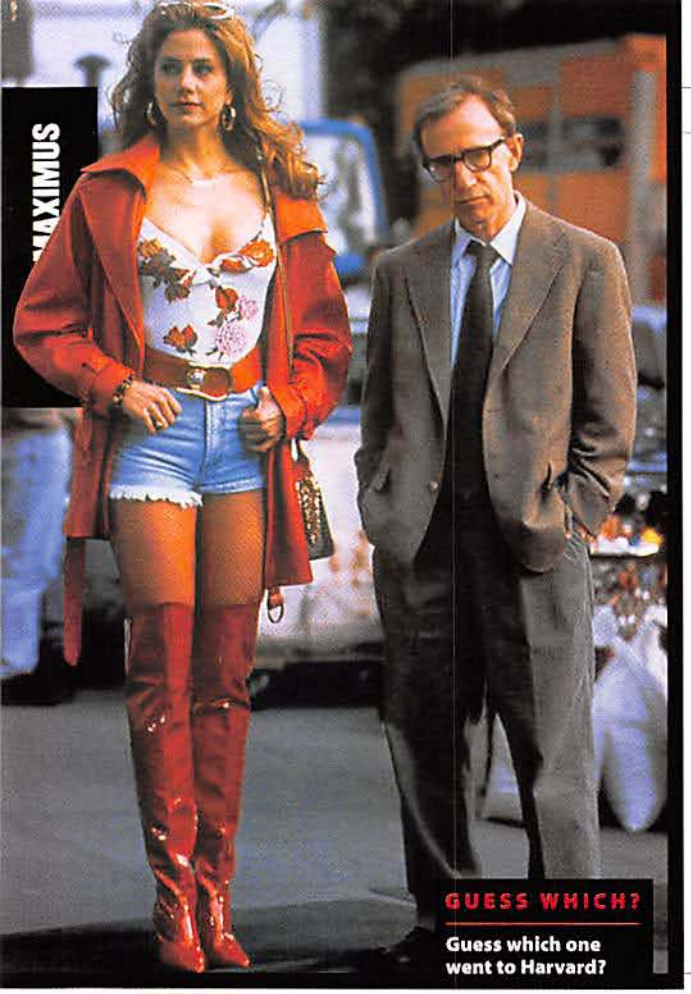
An immigrant from Guinea, enraged by the prosecution of O.J. Simpson (who turned out to be innocent, by the way), comes to believe that his penis is shrinking. To raise public awareness of his predicament, he does the only sensible thing: He kidnaps a nursing-home patient. (Anyone else smell sitcom here? Get UPN on the phone...)

Western Africa 1997

A mob from Senegal and Ivory Coast rounds up 20 or so "magicians" accused of casting penis-shrinking curses on villagers. When a quick demo proves that everyone's penis is in fact perfectly normal, the "victims" counter that the magicians obviously repaired the, ah, shortage when no one was looking. And without further ado, the mob burns the bastards alive. Hey, better safe than sorry...—*Bob Smiley*

"Sure. Cold mustard. Right."

"Watson, the game's a foot—well, 11 inches, anyway..."



Answer: Mira Sorvino

Textbook Excuses

Can a $100,000 education help you out of a jam?

Gal just caught you red-handed ogling another woman? Relax, padre—your old school's gonna help you out. Here are five surefire excuses, straight from college courses, that'll have you back in the saddle in no time. (Next time wait till she's in the ladies' room to let your eye wander...)

Excuse from gender studies:
You weren't mentally undressing the girl; you were quietly *judging* her.
Say: "Poor thing—it's clear she's unwittingly buying into a patriarchal view of women's beauty by choosing modes of dress that contribute to her own oppression. Thank God you've got more personal power than that."

Excuse from art history:
You were trying to place her in the correct historical period.
Say: "Can you believe that in the post-Renaissance baroque era, a hefty woman like that was considered the representation of ideal female beauty?"

Excuse from solid geometry:
She's simply a solid object that's piqued mathematical curiosity.
Say: "I was just formulating equations to calculate the space occupied by that particular set of three-dimensional curvilinear objects and developing methods for testing my hypotheses. Hey, have you lost weight?"

Excuse from sociology:
You're a clinical observer in the field.
Say: "Shh...I'm checking out her nonverbal cues as a way of studying female behavior. Weren't you the one who said I needed to get in touch with my feminine side?"

Excuse from psychology:
The whole ugly scene was merely a ruse to test your girlfriend.
Say: "Interesting...So that's how you'd react if I were to feign interest in a less attractive girl. Let's see what happens when I try to get her phone number."
—*Jon Seder*

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Tip it.
Sip it.
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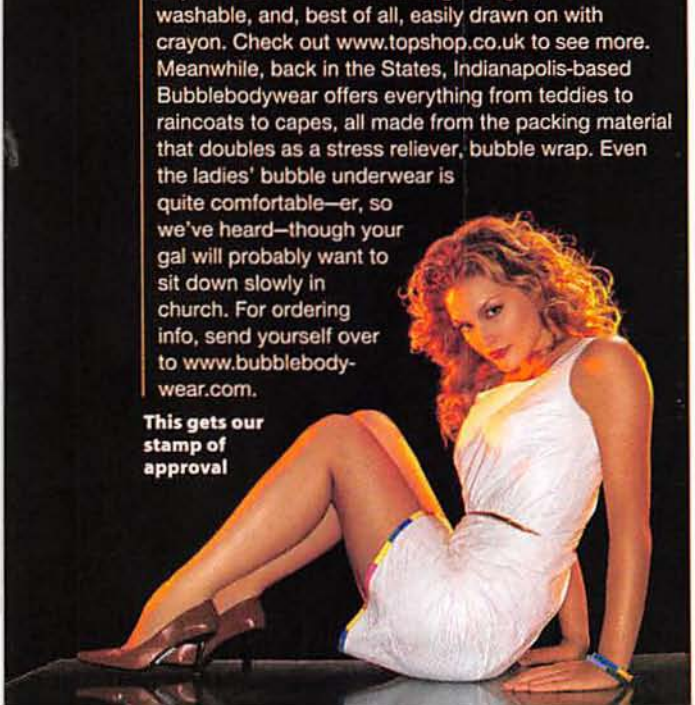
Addressing Up

These clothing trends push the envelope.

If you haven't played Post Office since it started including a body count, the fashion industry's latest efforts might bring you back into the fold. British clothing retailer Topshop offers a full line of women's wear made of Tyvek, the same heavy-duty paper used in business envelopes, so its customers can, ah, express themselves. The shirts and dresses in the Paper Touch Fabrics line are lightweight, hand-washable, and, best of all, easily drawn on with crayon. Check out www.topshop.co.uk to see more. Meanwhile, back in the States, Indianapolis-based Bubblebodywear offers everything from teddies to raincoats to capes, all made from the packing material that doubles as a stress reliever, bubble wrap. Even the ladies' bubble underwear is quite comfortable—er, so we've heard—though your gal will probably want to sit down slowly in church. For ordering info, send yourself over to www.bubblebody-wear.com.



This gets our stamp of approval

"We're not eager. We're *motivated*."

PHONEY BUSINESS

Beaver College

Would a school by any other name smell as sweet?

The closest most college freshmen get to a woman's nether regions is to steal a deep breath from a panty-filled dryer. But at Beaver College, a 2,700-student college in lush Glenside, Pennsylvania, students are drowning in innuendo. After 150 years of the school's being the butt of everyone's jokes, its trustees have agreed to change its name. Seizing our last chance, we sent our intrepid reporter to get to the bottom of the situation.

"Beaver College, Office of Enrollment Management. How may I help you?"

"Hi, I'm looking to transfer from, uh, Ball State, and I was hoping you could answer some of my questions and help ease my entrance into Beaver."

"*[puzzled silence]*"

"What's your financial aid package? How much will I have to pay to get into Beaver?"

"Hmm...That depends on all sorts of things: your income, whether you're an independent or dependent student. So I couldn't really give you an answer to that."

"What's your retention rate? Is it a quick finish for most students at Beaver, or do they like to take their time down there?"

"I'm sorry, I don't know the statistics on that. I know that some people leave, but I don't know the exact numbers."

"Is Beaver primarily a commuter school? I mean, is there a lot of in-and-out at Beaver?"

"I think it might be 60-40 or 70-30, most of them residents."

"Let's talk about athletics. Does Beaver have a swim team? Because I'd really like to dive for Beaver."

"We have a swim team. I don't know if that includes a Beaver diving team. I know we have a pool."

"Does Beaver have its own barber school?"

"*[without hesitation]* No."

"What's the climate like in Beaver? I've heard it can get really hot and moist down there, especially in the summer. Is that true all year long?"

"Well, no, we're on the East Coast. So we have summer, spring, *[long pause]*...fall, winter."

"That'd be all of them. Do students need to bring protection with them when they go into Beaver?"

"It's a very safe campus."

"If traditional methods of getting into Beaver should fail, could you recommend a strategy for a backdoor entrance?"

"I'm not quite sure I know what you mean."

"Oh, shoot—my mom's coming. See ya...*[click]*"

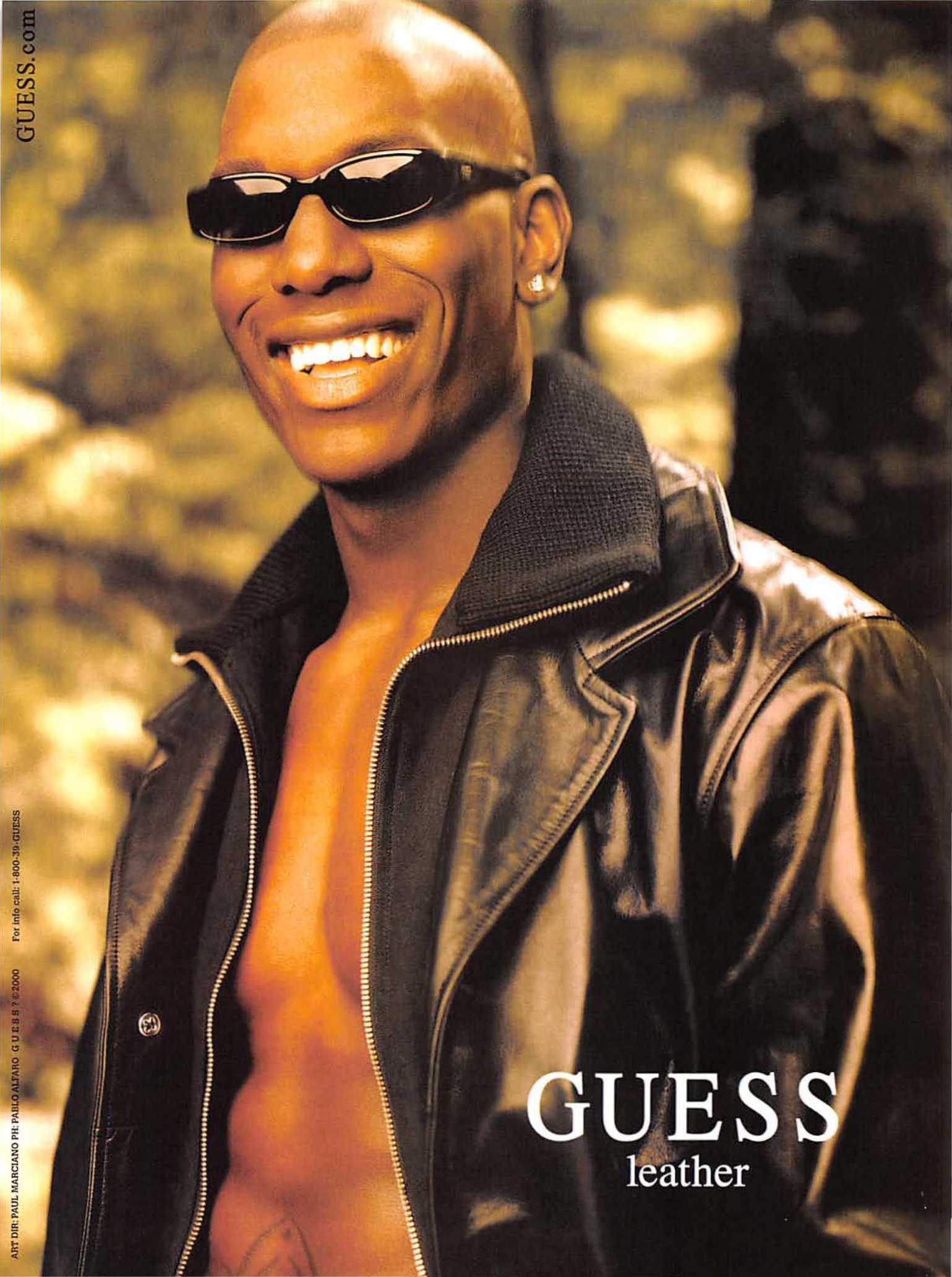
—*Bryan Walsh*

"Any tail on this campus?"

Random URL

http://www.cabinda.org/anglais.htm

Photographs, Kevin Kornerman (girl); stylist, Jill Davis; hair, Michael Kanyon for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano; makeup, Brian Smoot for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano; Robert Glasgow (pennant & cap). Opposite page, photograph, Michael Kraus; illustration, James Silvani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"I'M LOOKING FOR DOCTOR GOODHEAD."
- Moonraker

15 days of 007

15 days, 16 Bond flicks, and more importantly, 16 different Bond chicks.

10/1	8:00pm	Goldfinger
10/1	10:35pm	You Only Live Twice
10/2	8:05pm	The Spy Who Loved Me
10/3	8:05pm	For Your Eyes Only
10/5	8:05pm	Live And Let Die
10/5	10:40pm	The Man With The Golden Gun
10/6	8:05pm	Licence To Kill
10/7	10:00am	On Her Majestys Secret Service
10/8	8:00pm	A View To A Kill
10/9	8:05pm	Octopussy
10/10	8:05pm	Thunderball
10/12	10:35pm	Dr. No
10/13	8:05pm	Diamonds Are Forever
10/14	12:00pm	From Russia With Love
10/14	10:50pm	Moonraker
10/15	2:35pm	The Living Daylights

All times listed are Eastern.

CHECK YOUR LOCAL LISTINGS FOR COMPLETE SCHEDULE.

It s a guy thing.

TBS SUPERSTATION

TBSsuperstation.com

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Final Lee!

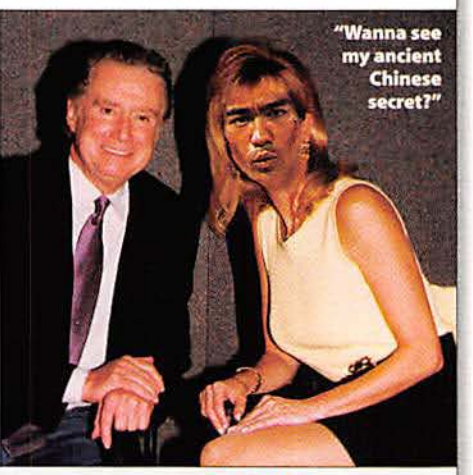
When Kathie Lee ditched her show, she left an awfully big seat behind.

After 15 years, the Carnival Cruise that was *Live! with Regis and Kathie Lee* finally ran aground when Kathie Lee retired to assume a more hands-on role at her various Asian sweatshops. While we wish her replacement (at press time, Madeline Albright was the odds-on favorite) the best of luck, we can't help wondering about these paths not taken...—*Jacob Kalish*

Live! with Regis and TOMMY LEE

Highlights we'd have seen:

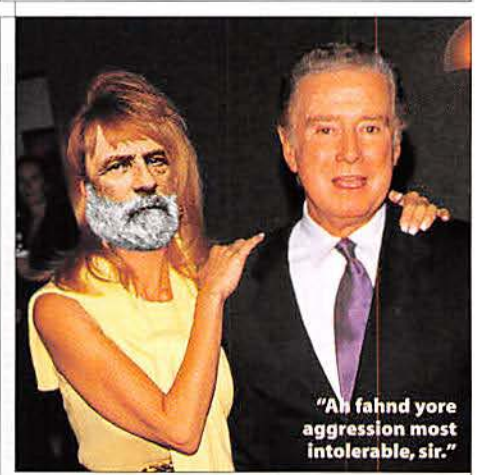
- Regis and Tommy share "Dueling Home Movies" with the audience.
- Tommy surreptitiously slips a roofie in Regis' coffee; after he passes out, a guerrilla tattoo artist is called up to the stage to tattoo a "third eye" on his forehead.
- As paramedics work feverishly to revive him, a urine stain can be seen slowly spreading across Reege's trousers.



Live! with Regis and BRUCE LEE

Highlights we'd have seen:

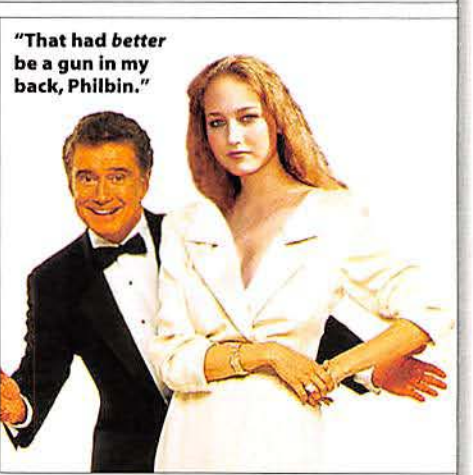
- Bruce outfits Reege in ceremonial silk robe, then foolishly encourages him to take on special guest Chuck Norris.
- Bruce visits Reege in the hospital; stars of *The West Wing* sign his full-body cast.
- While Reege taste-tests liquefied holiday treats through a straw, Bruce and his son Brandon have their fortunes told by a psychic. Can they expect bright futures?



Live! with Regis and ROBERT E. LEE

Highlights we'd have seen:

- Getting your South to rise again: potency advice for men over 50
- As Robert E. prepares savory "Leather Boot Stew," an irrepressible Reege quips: "No wonder we pasted you guys!"
- Blood spurts between a blubbering Reege's fingers; all available stagehands not wrestling bayonet away from Robert E. scour first three rows for severed ear.



Live! with Regis and LEELEE SOBIESKI

Highlights we'd have seen:

- As Regis starts the morning with his obligatory long-winded assessment of Notre Dame's football chances, camera continuously pans up and down Leelee's luxurious legs.
- Reege can't get past doorman into sweeps special "Pajama Party with Leelee and her Teenage Girlfriends"; quits in huff.
- The replacement search begins. Front-runners: Jesus, Beavis, Uncle Remus.

DON'T LOOK.
DON'T LOOK.
TRYING...NOT...TO...
LOOK.

15 days of 007

15 days that are definitely shaken, not stirred.

October 1 through 15.

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TV14 LV

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G'head, Ask Us Anything

Maxim answers your nagging, petty eternal questions.

Q: Why does Heinz claim '57 Varieties' when all it makes is ketchup?

A: Unlike the blatant fraud of the neon sign advertising HOT SEXY GIRLS! at your favorite gentlemen's cabaret, the "57 Varieties" boast is genuinely an understatement. While riding a New York City elevated subway in 1896, Henry John Heinz spotted a billboard hawking 21 styles of shoes and was inspired to coin a similar slogan for his food company. "The number 57 kept sticking in his mind," says Debbie Foster, a spokeswoman for H.J. Heinz. "He immediately went to a lithographer and started printing up signs." Although his company already made more than 60 products, including pickles, relish, and other breath-battering treats, Heinz plastered ads for precisely 57 varieties all over town. The company tried to preserve the myth, but by 1964 Heinz's annual reports openly acknowledged that the 57-varieties claim was "more reliable as a company trademark than as an accurate historical fact." Next month: Does 9-Lives cat food really resurrect your pet?

Q: Any logic to the way the numbers on a dartboard are arranged?

A: Not much. Apparently the originators of the game didn't think winging sharp projectiles at a small target after downing 14 boilermakers was difficult enough. The modern dartboard's numbering sequence was invented in 1898 by Brian Gamlin, a 55-year-old carpenter in Bury, England. His design placed the 20 between crapshoots 1 and 5, the 19 between 7 and 3. "Madness!" you cry. Nonsense: The setup makes whittling your score from 501 or 301 to 0 painstakingly slow unless you're an expert player...or sober. "There are more than a billion combinations of the 20 segments on a dartboard, but Gamlin's is almost perfect," claims Patrick Chaplin, a columnist for England's *Darts World* magazine. Eagle-eyed eggheads will note that some distributions (like the point-heavy 16-through-17 quadrant) seem random rather than mathematical; bear in mind that it was designed by a bunch of drunken Brits. But "it cuts out the incidence of 'lucky shots' and encourages accuracy," Chaplin says. Perhaps dartboard logic should be employed in pub toilets too.

Q: Do guys get their own PMS?

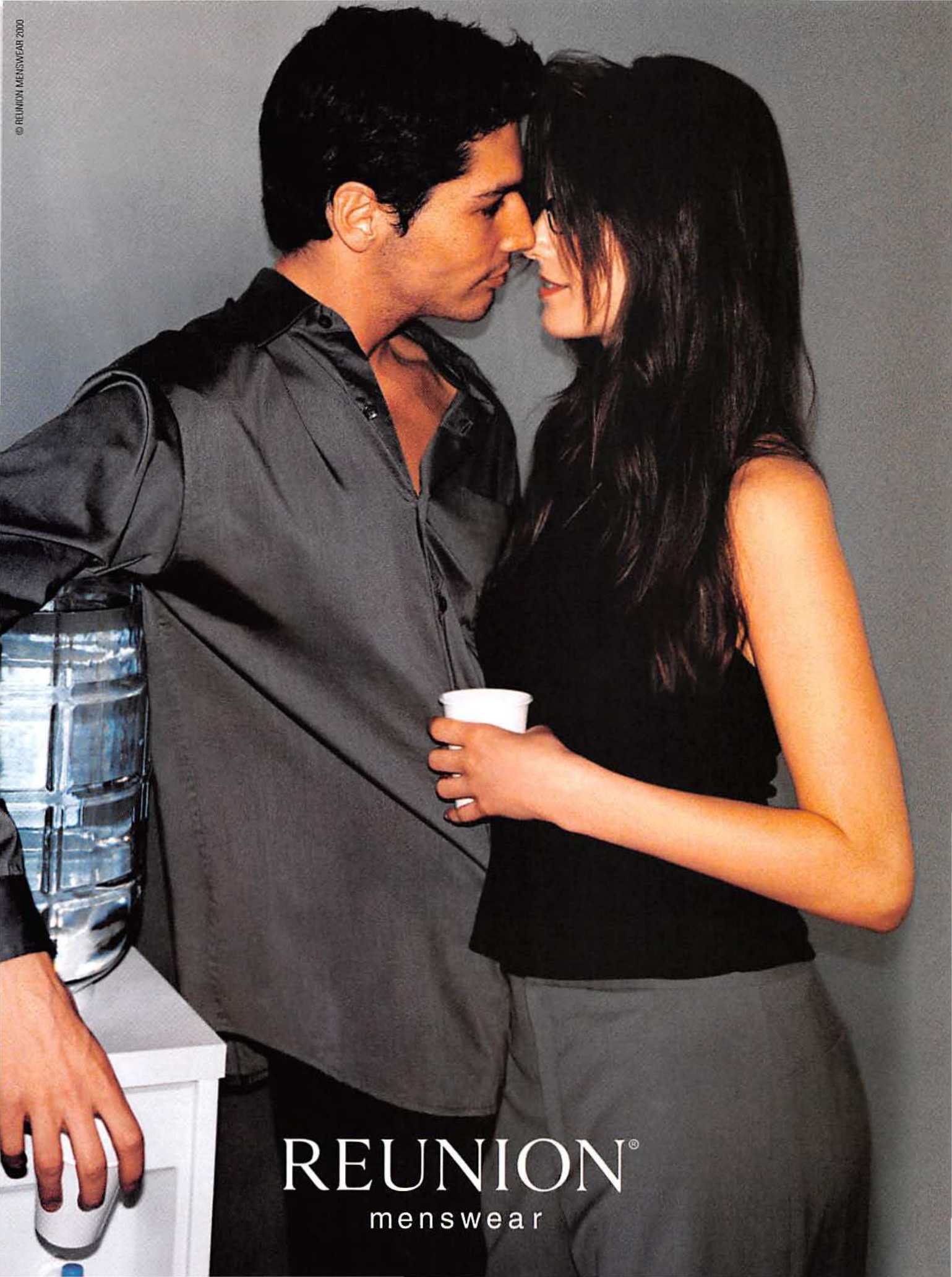
A: Apart from Andy Dick, men don't go through the kind of logic-defying psychotic episodes that women suffer from. But hormonal fluctuations do affect us in more subtle ways. Our testosterone levels can vary considerably: When testosterone is high (in the morning, the autumn, and early manhood), we're more alert and eager to invade Poland. When testosterone ebbs (late at night, late in life, and late into a case of Pabst), we're more passive and disposed to watching fishing programs. Some researchers believe that our testosterone levels surge when our partners are ovulating—nature's way of compelling us to get them pregnant. "Women cycle in phase with each other, but men only cycle in sync with their women," says Dr. Winnifred Cutler, the author of *Love Cycles*. "Men are designed to phase-lock to their women, and multiple partners probably disrupt men's cycles." Probably, eh? Only one way to find out...

Q: Is it just coincidence that the television season, the school year, and the car season all begin in September?

A: Since the dawn of recorded history—the 1950s—television networks have capitalized on the fact that TV viewing peaks in the fall. That's why programmers usually launch all their new knockoffs of last season's hits just as autumn rolls around—and car manufacturers follow suit, rolling out new product lines when they can get the most available eyeballs. "It's a combination of kids going back to school and people coming back from vacation," explains Meryl Marshall, chairman and CEO of the Academy of Television Arts & Sciences. "Families are getting back into a routine, which means they are more likely to be gathered around a TV." According to Nielsen Media Research, viewership drops off during the summer to seven hours and 11 minutes a household each day but jumps in the fall to seven hours and 42 minutes, most of that Regis Philbin in one form or another.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
Send them to "Ask Anything," *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail them to ask@maximonline.com.

Photo illustration, www.sosnovsky.com, photographs, Robert Glasgow (x2)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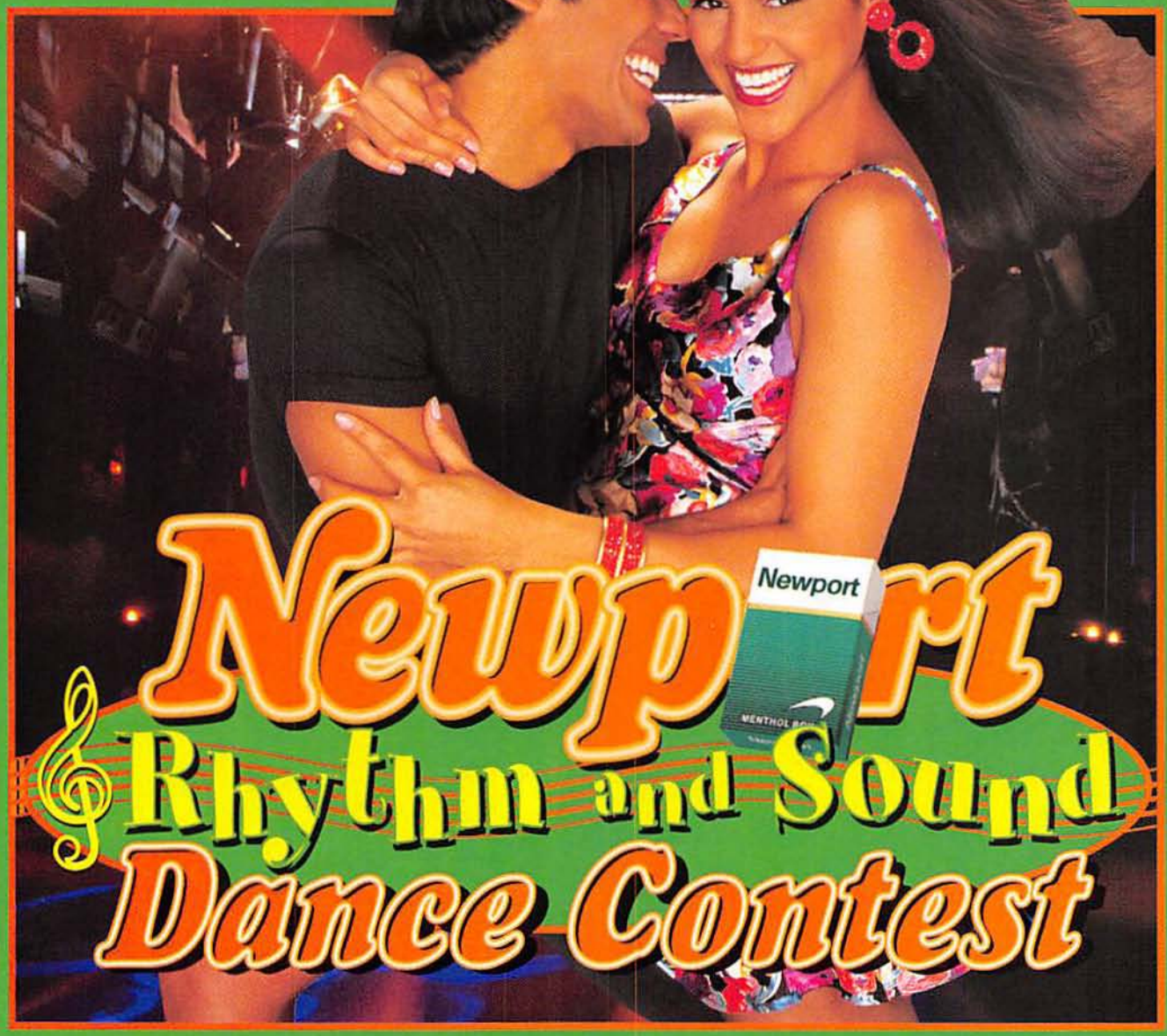

MY TICKET TO MIAMI BEACH!

❑ Mr. ❑ Mrs. ❑ Miss ❑ Ms. _____

Address _____ Apt # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone ( ) _____ - _____

What is your usual cigarette brand? _____ ❑ Menthol ❑ Non-Menthol
❑ Full Flavor ❑ Lights ❑ Ultra ❑ Mild/Medium ❑ None

By entering this contest and signing below, I certify that I am a smoker 21 years of age or older. I am willing to receive cigarette coupons and other promotional offers in the mail, subject to applicable state and federal law.

Signature (required) _____

Today's Date ____ / ____ / 2000 Your Birth Date (required) ____ / ____ / ____

NOT VALID WITHOUT SIGNATURE AND BIRTH DATE!

Mail to: Newport Rhythm & Sound Dance Contest, PO Box 4081, Grand Rapids, MN 55730-4081 30232

You must be a smoker 21 years or older to enter.
See rules at right for details.

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER IN 3 EASY STEPS!

1. Videotape (VHS) yourself dancing with or without up to 1 other partner. Each dancer individually judged based on creativity and style.
2. Each contestant must fill out and sign their own official entry form.
3. Mail in entry form(s) and video together to be received by 12/15/00.

For events in your area or for more entry form(s) call toll free **1-877-744-1234** by 11/15/00.

We're takin' the winners to Miami Beach

To dance for $50,000 in Cash !

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. OPEN TO INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE SMOKERS, 21 YEARS OR OLDER AT TIME OF ENTRY. VOID IN VIRGINIA AND TO VIRGINIA RESIDENTS. TO ENTER, complete an official entry form (hand-print only). Make a videotape (VHS format) of yourself dancing with or without a partner using your own original style. Contestant can have one (1) other dance partner in their video, but the additional person must submit their own official entry form with the same video to be considered for entry. If two (2) contestants dance in the same video, each contestant will be judged on his/her own merits. One or both may or may not be judged a winner. **IMPORTANT:** Each contestant must include birth date and signature on entry form certifying he/she is a smoker, 21 years of age or older. **DANCE VIDEO MUST BE 1 MINUTE OR LESS (NO EXCEPTIONS).** Include complete name and address of the individual(s) submitting entry(s) on all submission pieces. Mail fully completed official entry form(s) with the video in a padded envelope to: Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest, P.O. Box 4081, Grand Rapids, MN 55730-4081. **LIMIT:** One video and two entries (1 per person) per envelope. All contest entries/videos must be received by 12/15/00. To receive an official entry form, call 1-877-744-1234 from a touch-tone telephone by 11:59pm (EST) on 11/15/00. Allow 2 weeks to receive official entry form. Incomplete or garbled phone requests, incomplete or illegible entries, entries without a signature or not including birth date will not be considered. No mechanically reproduced or photocopied entries permitted. Sponsor not responsible for lost, late, misdirected, damaged, illegible, incomplete, incorrect, misrouted or postage-due entries/mail or damaged/inoperable videotapes. Entries/videos become the property of Sponsor and will not be returned.

JUDGING: Each contestant in the video will be ranked on the following criteria: (a) Originality/Creativity (1/2), and (b) Style/Presentation (1/2). Contestants who earn the highest overall scores will win. In the event of a tie, winner will be selected based on the criteria of Originality/Creativity. Video must contain contestant's own dance style and creation. Dance video must not have been entered in any other competition or violate the rights of other parties. Videos may not be offensive, lewd or defamatory, as determined by the judges. Prizes will be awarded to the individuals who submit the videos and entry forms. Winner selection conducted by independent, qualified judges, whose decisions are final. Judging will be conducted on or about 12/18/00. Prize winner(s) will be notified by mail or phone and will be required to execute an Affidavit of Eligibility and a Liability/Publicity Release within 7 days of date notice sent or prize may be forfeited. If prize, prize notification or attempted notification is returned undeliverable, prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to an alternate winner. Unclaimed prizes may not be awarded.

PRIZE(S): Each winner will receive one (1) of twenty (20) prizes consisting of a 4 day/3 night trip for two (winner and one guest) to Miami, Florida and the opportunity to compete against other winners from various live dance competitions for one (1) of four (4) cash prizes: Grand prize - $20,000, first prize - $15,000, second prize - $10,000 and third prize - $5,000 in the Final Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest on January 21, 2001. Trip includes: round trip coach air transportation from major airport near winner's home (at Sponsor's discretion), to Miami, Florida, ground transfers to and from Miami Airport, one (1) standard hotel room (double occupancy), and breakfast and dinner catered daily. Winner and guest must be able to travel between January 19 and 22, 2001, or prize will be forfeited and may be awarded to an alternate winner. All other unspecified expenses are winner's responsibility. Winner and guest must travel together. Winner and guest will be required to provide a copy of their driver's license or equivalent government issued photo identification prior to ticketing. Travel guest of winner must be 21 years or older and will be required to sign a Liability/Publicity Release. Additional restrictions may apply. (ARV: $3,500.00/trip, actual value may vary depending on departure location). No prize substitution or cash redemption allowed by winner(s). Prize(s) are not transferable. Taxes are the sole responsibility of each winner. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute prize with similar prize of equal or greater value due to prize unavailability. Entering the contest or acceptance of prize offered constitutes permission to use the contestants', winners', or guests' names and likenesses for commercial purposes without further notice or compensation unless prohibited by law. Limit one prize per person and two per household.

ELIGIBILITY: Open to legal U.S. residents, who are smokers, 21 years of age or older as of contest start date, except VA residents. Contest open to amateur dancers only. Professional dancers, dance instructors and any persons who have been paid for their dancing are not eligible. Employees of Sponsor, its parent, affiliates, subsidiaries, vendors, advertising and promotion agencies, and their immediate families and household members are not eligible to enter or attend as guests. By submitting an entry and video, contestant agrees to be bound by these Official Rules. Sponsor and its advertising and promotion agencies will have no liability in connection with the acceptance or use of the prizes awarded. Offer void in VA and where prohibited and subject to federal, state and local laws. Lorillard Tobacco Company and its advertising and promotion agencies are not responsible for technical, hardware, software or telephone failure of any kind, or failed, incomplete, garbled telephone requests which may limit a contestant's ability to participate in the promotion. Sponsor reserves the right at its sole discretion to disqualify any individual they find to be tampering with the 877 phone line entry request process or with the operation of the promotion. FOR A WINNERS LIST: Send a self-addressed, stamped business size (#10) envelope to: Newport Rhythm and Sound Dance Contest Winners, P.O. Box 337, Wilton, CT 06897-0337. Requests must be received by 12/15/00. DO NOT SEND ANY OTHER CORRESPONDENCE OR ENTRIES/VIDEOS TO THIS ADDRESS. SPONSOR: Lorillard Tobacco Company, P.O. Box 10529, Greensboro, NC 27404-0529.

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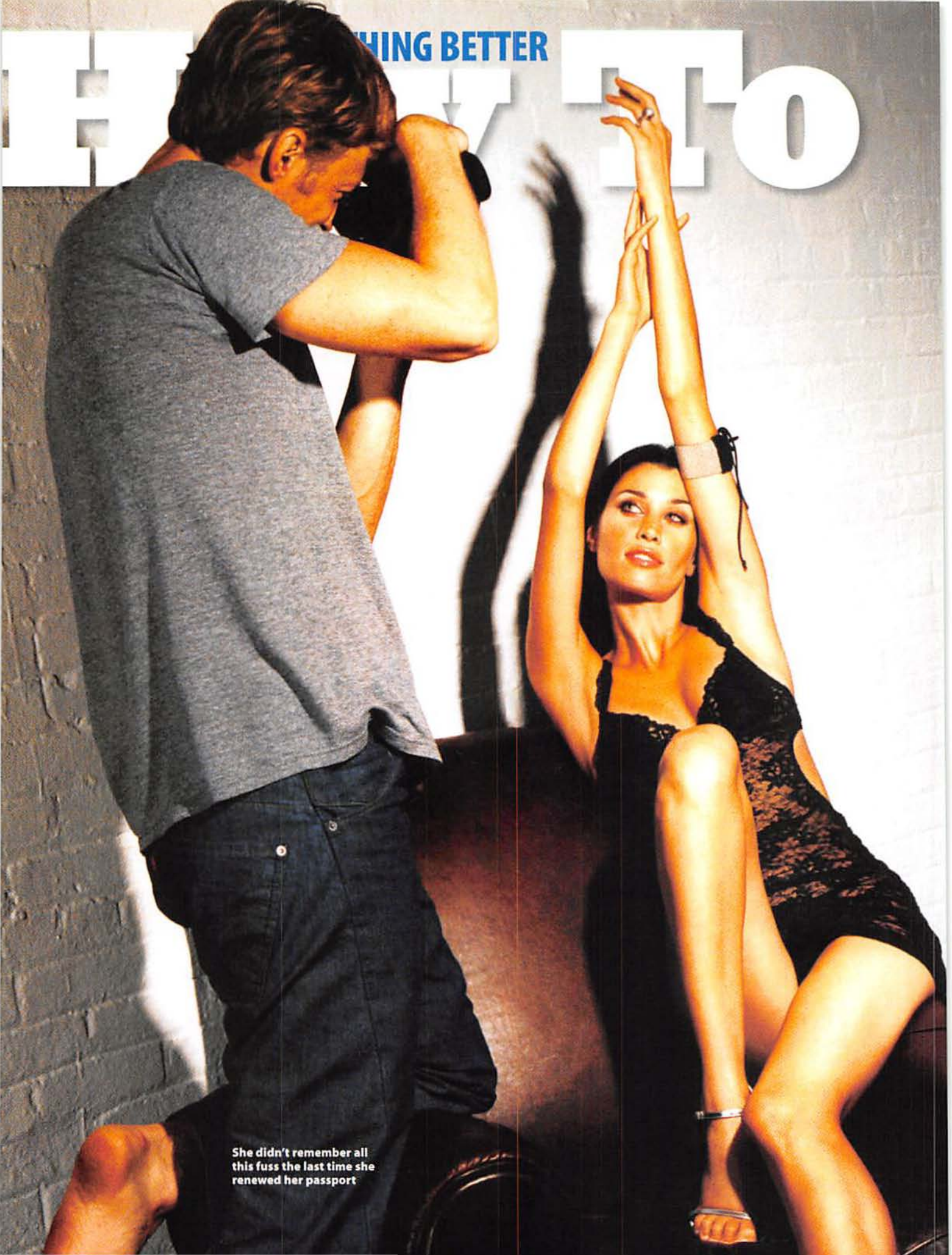
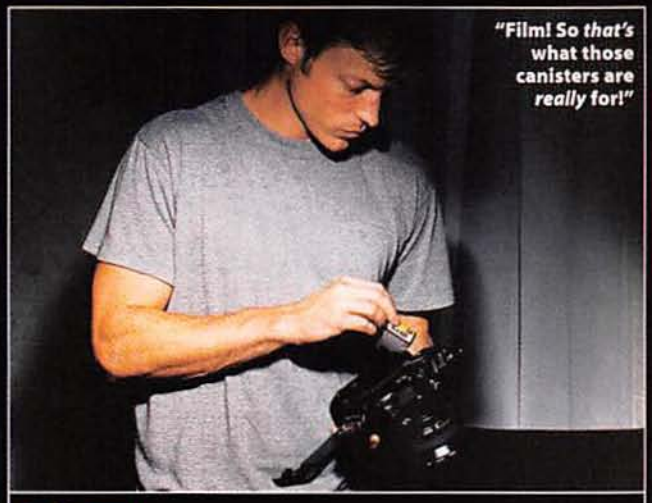


She didn't remember all this fuss the last time she renewed her passport

PHOTOGRAPH YOUR GIRLFRIEND

Whether you're heading off on a long sea voyage or just keeping your blackmail options open, here's a surefire plan for immortalizing your gal's beauty.

Always wanted to take some private, sexy boudoir snaps of your significant other but can't get her to strike a pose for an amateur like you? Well, if any man can help you convince your gal to doff her duds for the sake of fine art, it's a *Maxim* photographer. Pro lens-meister Michael Zeppetello, who's shot such stunning subjects as Lara Flynn Boyle and Shannon Elizabeth for our covers, was too busy out in the field to appear in the shoot below, but he did talk to us long enough to shed some light on the subject.



"Film! So *that's* what those canisters are *really* for!"

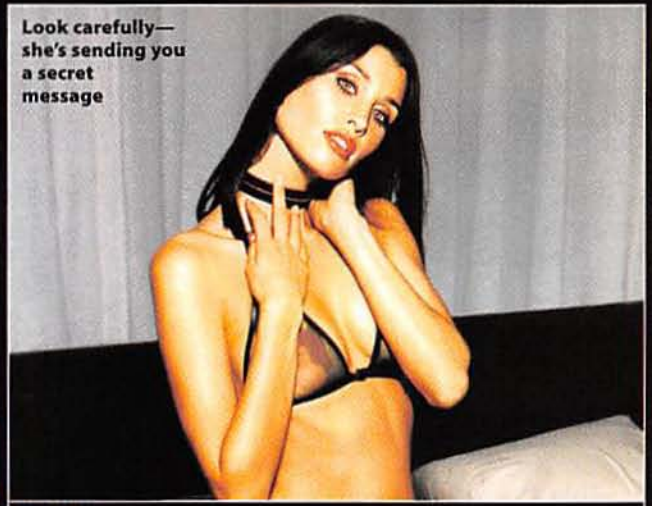
Equipment

Zeppetello recommends you work with a 35 mm SLR camera and have a detachable flash and a telephoto lens handy. "A long lens [100 mm or more] reduces imperfections," he says. Longer lenses can also blur your shots if you're not steady, so pack a tripod. You'll also need film—black-and-white 400-speed (ASA) for indoors, 100 for outdoors—and plenty of it. As Zeppetello warns, "Expect a high ratio of throwaways to keepers."

If it was your favorite chair before...

Framing and lighting

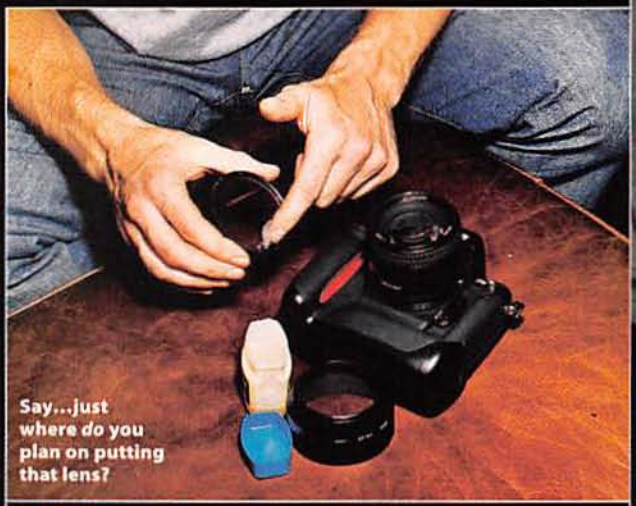
Keep the scenery simple: A couch or bed for her to drape her goodies on will work fine. "Use natural light whenever available," says Zeppetello. In addition he suggests hanging a mirror or a piece of cardboard wrapped with aluminum foil at a right angle to a large, bright window. Position your gal in front of the sheet and she'll be illuminated from the side and the back. Wave hello to your neighbor watching from across the street.



Look carefully—she's sending you a secret message

Posing

Don't go for blatant T&A shots: It's the suggestion of nudity, covered with arms, hands, or sheer cloth, that will make your pictures more erotic. She'll be tense, and it's your job to help her relax. "Be charming and flirtatious," urges Zeppetello. "Get her a bottle of champagne. Playing sensual music helps, too." Stay positive: If a pose isn't working, try saying, "Great! Now let's try this angle," not "Wow, OK, *that's* not your best side..."



Say...just where *do* you plan on putting that lens?

Tricks of the trade

Since you're creating an idealized image, why not employ a few optical illusions? A woman's stocking or a pane of glass covered in hair spray held in front of the lens reduces blemishes and softens hard lines. For a dreamy, soft-focus look, take a clear lens protector and smear a little Vaseline around the perimeter. And when the shoot's over, get an extra set of negatives you can hand over when she changes her mind later.

Photographs, Charlie Langella; stylist, Dina Fragale; hair & makeup, Deborah for Garren NY

Threesome?

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PartyByNight.com

Yay! More room for snuff films!

HOW TO

SIMPLIFY YOUR CLOSET

As a great poet once wrote, 'Every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp-dressed man.'

Sure, it's not as exciting as renewing your driver's license or doing your taxes, but cleaning out your catastrophic closet will help you organize your life as effectively as your PalmPilot. "All it takes is one day," says Barbara King, a personal wardrobe consultant in Los Angeles. Got anything better to do Sunday morning?

Dump the old crap

Grab a couple of garbage bags and start separating your clothes into keepers and tossers. "If you haven't worn it in more than a year, throw it out," says King. That means it's time to dump those ratty collarless Astro Boy T-shirts. Do a good deed and donate your largess to a nonmilitant wing of the Salvation Army.

Gather some basics

Now it's time to assemble yourself a new wardrobe. The key to doing this, according to Tim Meehan, author of *Corporate Casual: The Survival Guide for Men*, is "having a little bit of everything." $600 is enough to buy you the basics: a dark-colored suit (1); dress shirts in white, gray, and blue; a couple of ties in base colors such as red, burgundy, and yellow; a belt; and a pair of shoes. For business casual, add a tweed sportcoat (2); two pairs of jeans (light and dark) (3); gray or navy slacks; a couple of microfiber-cotton V-necked T-shirts; long-sleeved and short-sleeved polo sport shirts; a pair of khakis; and a lightweight turtleneck sweater (4). Follow this shopping spree with a celebratory meal at Chez Sizzler.

What a pair of heels!

Mix and match

The trick to looking like a prince when you've got the wardrobe of a pauper is rotation. Start with your dark suit; keep the pants, but lose the jacket and swap a white dress shirt for a gray one. With the gray dress shirt, add jeans and throw on the tweed jacket. Then wear the jeans with a blue dress shirt. Wear the blue shirt with khakis, and wear the khakis with the crew sweater. Be sure to keep tabs on what combinations you've used to avoid repetition and the shame of being mocked by your petty, jealous colleagues.

Give yourself a checkup

Every six months go through your new closet to see if anything needs repair or replacing. Even if you don't mind the odor, get dress shirts dry-cleaned at least once a week. If you're feeling especially anal, get yourself a tie rack or shoe shelf to keep things extra neat. Finally, sprinkle some oregano in your closet. It may not help your wardrobe, but it will make your clothes smell like pizza. Everybody likes pizza.—*Rachel Sol*

The hot new boy band, 'N Visible

Photographs, Satoshi (top) Robert Glasgow; Wardrobe by Osborne, 501 jeans by Levi's, shoes by Johnston & Murphy

My kind of crowd.

BACARDI

ESTD 1862

THIRSTY FOR LIFE? DRINK RESPONSIBLY.
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HOW TO

NEGOTIATE A MINEFIELD

Being a peacekeeper ain't all wine tastings, you know.

So it was your idea to trek to the wilds of Kosovo to "find yourself," and now the absence of vegetation and those black metal prongs in the soil mean you've wandered into a minefield. "Just freeze," says Major Peter Aldwinckle, chief instructor at the Humanitarian Demining Training Center, Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, "and don't panic." Turn around and follow these instructions:

Step 1: Find a probe

First check yourself and your surroundings for a long, firm object you can use to probe the ground for mines—a pen or pencil, or even a stick will do. Above all make sure the probe you use is nonmetallic—today's sophisticated mines feature magnetic detonators triggered by everything short of the aluminum wrapper on your chewing gum.

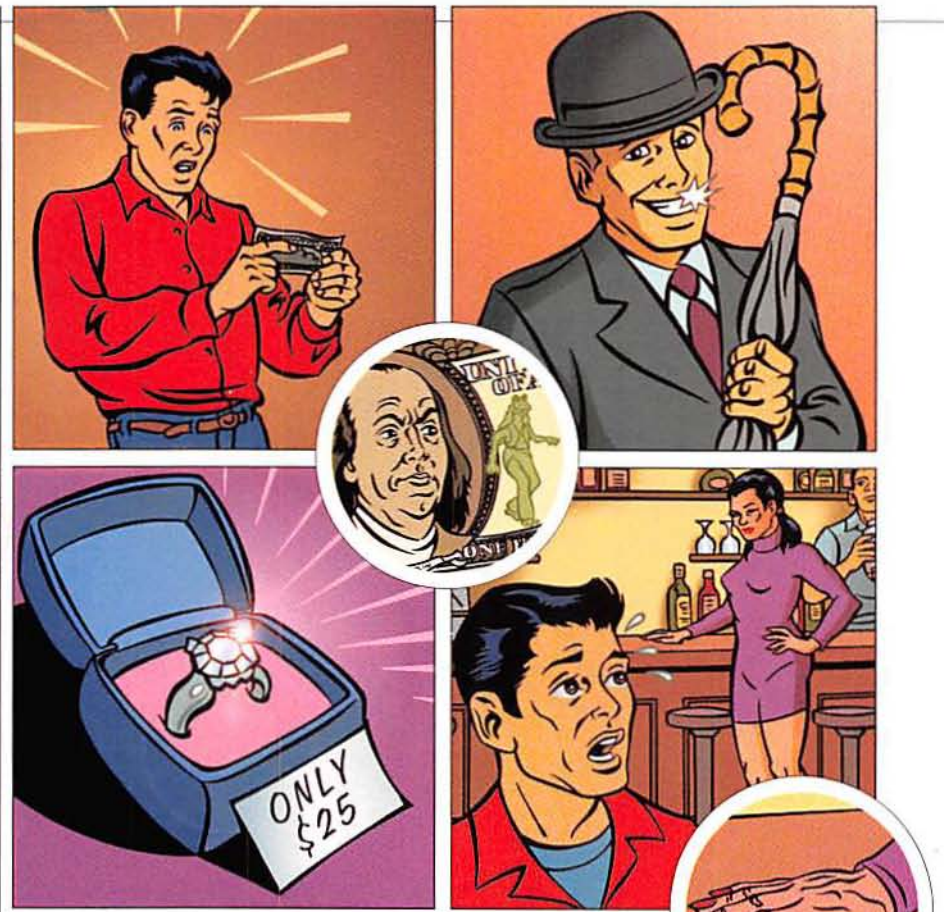
Step 2: Poke around

Begin probing within a small radius of where you're standing. Keep your probe inclined at around 30 degrees—you'll have a better chance of avoiding the top of a mine (where its detonator is located) and spreading your seed over future generations instead of all over the countryside. If you meet resistance, you may have found a mine. Dig around its edges until you've exposed it, but leave the disarming to the French foreign legion—if the mine is booby-trapped, you'll only disarm yourself.

Step 3: Hit the dirt

Keep probing every two inches until you've cleared enough of an area to lie flat on the ground. "Your chances are better when you lie down," Aldwinckle says. "Most devices explode up." Then keep probing and crawling until you see civilization, at which point it's OK to run screaming like a girl. Then proceed directly to the nearest wine bar and regale the foreign honeys with your tale of survival.—*Christopher Silber*

The last known picture of "Butterfingers" Jones



HOW TO

SPOT A FAKE

Sniff out phonies better than Holden Caulfield. Part Two in a series.

$100 bill

Under U.S. law, guess who eats it when you get stuck with a phony greenback. You do. Learn to eyeball your C-notes for:

- A microprint reading UNITED STATES OF AMERICA around the sides of Franklin's portrait
- A watermark of a second, smaller bust of Franklin to the right of the portrait, visible when you hold the bill up to the light
- Red and blue fibers embedded in the paper
- The total absence of a tiny Jar Jar Binks perched on Franklin's shoulder. And stop using your counterfeits for rolling paper.

British accent

Suspect a rat if your would-be limey is Madonna or does any of the following:

- Peppers every sentence with *jolly good* and *bloody*. Exception: Liberal use of *cunt* (by men) and *wanker* is normal for Brits, particularly if they're speaking to you.
- Overstresses the duration and length of vowels. A real Brit puts a short *a* (as in *father*) in *dance*, *pass*, and *chance*.
- Forgets to make hard *t*'s. Americans say *latter* the same as *ladder* and *writer* the same as *rider;* but you'll hear those *t*'s when a Brit speaks.

Diamond

The fact that your stone cuts glass doesn't prove diddly-squat anymore. The best option is to bring the rock to a gemologist certified by the Gemological Institute of America, who will run it through a series of tests you can't do at home, measuring refraction, specific gravity, and the like (see www.gia.org for more info). And avoid buying your diamonds from anyone who throws in a set of steak knives.

Woman

If you'd like to avoid a replay of *The Crying Game* in your own bedroom, remember:

- Male hands tend to be larger and show more lines and veins than a woman's delicate mitts. A square, angular jaw line suggests that your lady is a laddie (possibly Superman).
- Cross-dressers often wear equipment-binding corsets to hide the pickle. If she always sits down gingerly, be suspicious.
- Look for facial- and body-hair camouflage such as turtlenecks and shimmery, opaque tights.
- Finally, peek under the bathroom door when she takes a pee. If her shoes are facing the toilet—run, boy, run!

—*Jon Seder*

When hiding erections, subtlety is key

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (sushi)

Save room for pie!

HOW TO

ROLL SUSHI

Make yourself a dish you'll actually enjoy eating raw.

Could the power to turn raw, dead meat into a gourmet treat actually lie in *your* clumsy hands? Quite possibly. Phillip Yi, vice president of the celebrated California Sushi Academy in Venice, California, demonstrates how you, too, can make the tasty delight that's been a staple of Japanese cuisine for untold centuries: the California roll.

Step 1: Hunt & gather

Pick up the following essentials at a gourmet or specialty food store: a *makisu* (a rollable woven bamboo mat), short-grain rice, grated *wasabi* (a fiery-hot green horseradish), pickled ginger, soy sauce, and *nori,* a.k.a. sheets of seaweed. For the filling you'll need some julienned veggies and either crabmeat or *kanikama,* a vegetarian substitute that's engineered to taste like crab and seal cracks in weatherstripping. Getting yourself a nice silk robe may not help, but it certainly wouldn't hurt, either.

Step 2: Line the roll

Cook half a cup of rice with salt and vinegar, and put out a bowl of water. "Wet your hands before you touch rice," says Yi. "Otherwise your hands will turn white." Heavens! It'll also keep the rice from sticking to you. Place a sheet of seaweed on the mat, then blanket it with about a half-inch of rice, leaving a 1½-inch strip of uncovered seaweed running parallel to the grain of the mat. Place a sheet of cellophane over the rice and flip the whole thing over so the rice is on the bottom. Remove the mat and set it aside.

Step 3: Fill 'er up

Cover the seaweed with another layer of rice, leaving a half-inch uncovered. Make a furrow in the rice along the opposite edge in which to put the crabmeat, avocado, and cucumber. Moisten the exposed flap of the seaweed. Now use the mat to roll the seaweed into a cylinder until you've overlapped the moistened edge. Then light up the fat end of the roll and...no, wait...Wet a sharp knife and cut the roll into inch-wide wheels (practice on Ho Ho's). Chill in the fridge for an hour; serve with wasabi, soy sauce, ginger, and geisha girls.—*Michael Dojc*

HOW TO

SOUND SMART ABOUT MONEY

Talk like a hotshot broker—even if you're just plain broke.

"Now *both* hands are on the 12—should I sell?"

When the conversation turns to finances, you can't just blurt out, "Yeah, the market's been a real roller coaster, huh?" You may not know an IPO from MP3, but the conversational detonators below will silence even the big-money blowhards.

Bonds

Repos are the best-kept secret in the bond market. According to Marilyn Cohen, author of *The Bond Bible,* turn to the repo—as in *repurchase*—market when interest rates are about to go down. You put up just 10 percent to finance a 10-year Treasury bond while your brokerage firm finances the other 90 percent (they hold the treasuries as collateral on the loan). *You say:* "I just put 10 percent into the repo—in 10 years I'll have more Benjys than I can count."

Stocks

Remember three letters: ADR, for American Depository Receipt. Overseas companies that have them can trade their shares on U.S. exchanges, says Neil Wolfson at KPMG's investment consulting group. So international firms the casual investor assumes are off-limits are right under your nose. *You say:* "Nokia? Up 218 percent last year. I got some. How? They have an ADR."

Interest rates

Wanna be the Rain Man of interest rates? Use the Rule of 72, says Seth Hammer, an accounting professor at Maryland's Towson University. Just divide 72 by the interest rate to determine the approximate number of years it will take your money to double. If you invest $10,000 at 12 percent, it will become 20 grand in six years (72 ÷ 12 = 6). *You say* (after staring at the ceiling pensively): "Six percent? Twelve years. Eighteen percent? Four years. I can do this all night."—*Ryan D'Agostino*

Wad's up?

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you could bend reality to your will?
your thoughts became deeds of valor?

Ever Wonder?

Score at Will

Unless her name starts with 'Sister,' first-date sex is always a possibility. Now, thanks to Angela Madison's idiot-proof guide, you can turn every date into a sure thing.

It's 9 P.M. on my first date with Frank, and I've just caught him stealing a long look at my breasts. I don't really mind that he's paying more attention to my rack than to his rack of lamb, though. Because, let's be honest, that's what first dates are for: to check each other out and decide whether this is a person you want to get naked and sweaty with. And, sometimes, to decide whether this is a person you want to get naked and sweaty with *tonight*—on your first date.

The truth is that women love first-date sex as much as you do—maybe more. My friend Sarah explains it best: "If I wait until the third date, I'm nervous. By then I know things about his last girlfriend, and I start to worry about how I compare," she says. "First-date sex is better because it's taboo: You feel like a bad, bad girl." One thing you can bank on: Your dinner companion is not wearing her ratty period underwear. When she got dressed she put on what my friend Susan calls "do-me party panties" in the hope that you'd be worthy of first-date sex. And that means you have a shot.

But there are plenty of opportunities along the way for you to blow it. "I may have cleaned my bedroom and gotten a bikini wax because I think I want to take him home on the first night," explains Susan, 26. "But even though I'm salivating over him, he still has to do some key things—show he's trustworthy, responsible—before I'll feel comfortable doing it on the first date." The good news: You can be that stellar guy. You just need to earn your merit badges.

Humble yourself

Cockiness will blow a night of first-date sex faster than cold sores and a wedding ring combined. Why? Because it's key for a woman to feel that she's giving you a gift: that this is not something she does with just any guy but a special thing she's greenlighting just for you. ▶

Photographs, F. Scott Schafer; stylist, Carenna Lukas; prop stylist and set design, Donny Meyers for Marek & Associates; hair, F. Wayne for Bradley Curry; makeup, Helene Gard

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DEAL BREAKERS!

Eight subtle ways to screw up a sure thing.

1. SIMPERING FEALTY. "A guy who hangs on my every word is such a turn-off," says Gretchen, 32. And don't agree with everything she says, either: You'll look either spineless or calculating.

2. INDIFFERENT HYGIENE. It's way beyond deodorant: Get a close shave and a good haircut; clean and trim your nails; harvest the earwax. It says, "I think you're worth primping for."

3. COMPLAINING AND CONFESSING. Day sucked? Gobble some happy pills; she's not your therapist. "I don't want to hear how bad your life is. I'm not going to fix it," says Susan, 19.

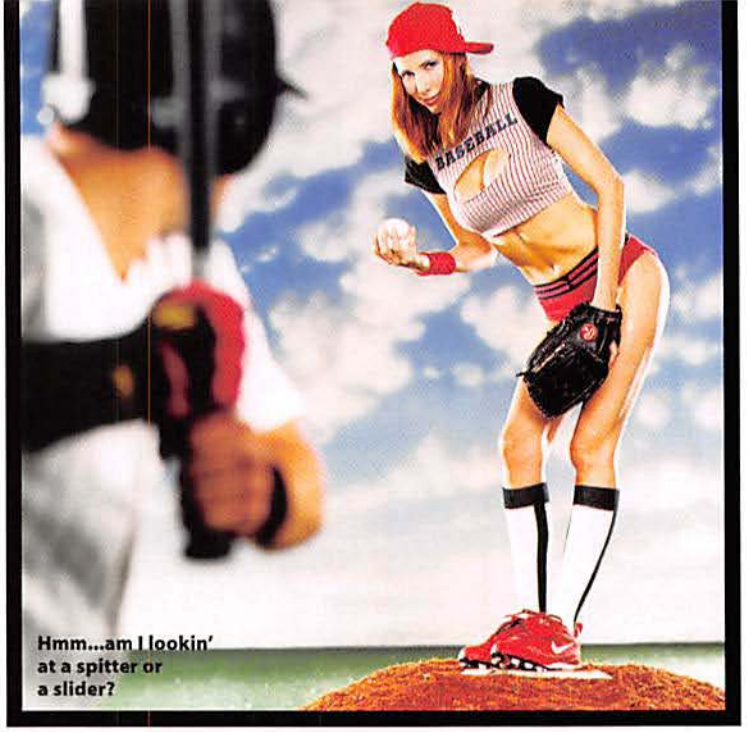
4. DIRTY JOKES. If she tells you one, she's trying to hint that she's just a little naughty (tee-hee). Do not follow up with the one about the donkey, the Girl Scouts, and the condom dispenser.

5. SHOWING OFF. Unless she complains that it tastes like vinegar, don't send the wine back. And don't flaunt your social calendar or money clip: If you make mad presidents, she'll sense it.

6. TOUCHING. "If a guy is constantly touching my arm or thigh when he's talking to me, it's weird and nasty," says Marisa, 26. Wait for her to initiate incidental contact, then follow suit.

7. OTHER WOMEN. There's just nothing to gain here: Talk trash about your ex and the one you're with will fear for her own rep; speak fondly of your ex and you'll appear to be still hooked.

8. SCUFFED SHOES. "If a guy's shoes aren't polished, it tells me he doesn't pay attention to details," reveals Ambika, 26. Sandals that show off hairy toes are similarly lame, Mr. Birkenstock.



Hmm...am I lookin' at a spitter or a slider?

"The last guy I had sex with on the first date paid a lot of attention to me, and just me," remarks Caroline, 24. "A guy who checks out the whole room, including my friends—that makes it obvious he has a sex agenda."

After you've greeted and ingratiated yourself with her (again, minus the swagger), it's time to be all about her. Ask her questions about herself, and keep batting the conversation back to her. ("Colorado Springs is my favorite city—but what is it about Dublin that you dig so much?") Because in a woman's everything-means-something brain, a selfish conversation signals that she's found a man who won't be very concerned with helping her achieve record-setting orgasms. Would you rather boast about outmaneuvering your boss at that staff meeting now—or watch her waving to God and all the angels later?

Show you'll keep sex on the q.t.

A woman can't have you bragging all over town about her easy-access ways, so she needs some proof you'll keep your mouth shut about her little coffee table fetish. So how do you sign her unspoken nondisclosure agreement? As she asks you questions about yourself, wait for the right time to give her this line: "Sorry I'm not talking about myself much. I have a little trouble sharing personal stuff, even with my buddies; I guess that's a male thing, huh?" You've just let her know you're a sexual-information vault. Now don't blow it by talking about your ex-girlfriends, the sex lives of any of your male or female friends, or which Hollywood celebs you've heard are bumping uglies.

Treat even non-dates like dates

She won't hook up with you if you don't make your first date feel like a date, even if you just met her for the first time at a party an hour ago. Be a Boy Scout and offer to brave the bar line to get her another gin and tonic, help her with her coat, and generally make her feel special. Maybe she'll sleep with you on the first date, but she'd *never* sleep with you on the "zero" date.

This special treatment helps her assuage another fear: that you won't respect her afterward. Nip that one in the bud by saying, as she's talking about her career choices, "That's really smart. I really respect women who can [whatever she just said]."

Time it just right

In the year 2000 it's fairly acceptable for a woman to go back to your place or her place on the ▶

Photograph, left, Andrew Kist; stylist, Jennifer Schwartz; hair, Reanne White for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano; makeup, Joe Simon for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano

IF THEY SPENT ANY MORE TIME AT YOUR PLACE, THEY'D BE TAX DEDUCTIONS.

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'If I gently move your hand away, it means "Try again in a few minutes."'

"Dry, nails, dry!"

first date. But wait for a natural moment or for her to invite you. "My last date took me to a fun party that was still going full-throttle, but at 10 P.M. he said, 'Do you want to go somewhere else?'" says Marlene, 25. "He might as well have said, 'Do you want to get naked in my bed?'—it was so obvious." So wait for the party to dwindle (but not die), for the conversation to wane a little (but not collapse).

When you do make your move, don't come out and say—while you're still fully clothed—"I really want to make love to you." Because now you're forcing her to verbalize that she's going to do something she knows she shouldn't be doing. You've also reminded her of those politically correct college sex contracts—"May I touch your left breast? May I rhythmically rub against your right thigh?"—that sucked all the fun out of carefree college hookups back in the '80s. Ask for sex and guaranteed she'll respond with a sad, disappointed, or exasperated "No."

Nail the pre-foreplay

Now that you've made it to the privacy of the sofa (that's right, women swear you must pit-stop at the sofa before hitting the Sealy), keep moving slowly; kiss her for at least 15 minutes before you venture anywhere else. Touch her through her clothes for another 20 minutes before you move on. At some point she'll move your hands away. Wait five minutes and try again. "Saying, 'No' or swatting his hands away definitely means no," explains Rochelle, 27. "But gently moving his hands away means 'I'm not quite sure' and 'Try again in a minute.'" Why the games? Because she wants you to think of her as a prize that must be won—not as a free sample.

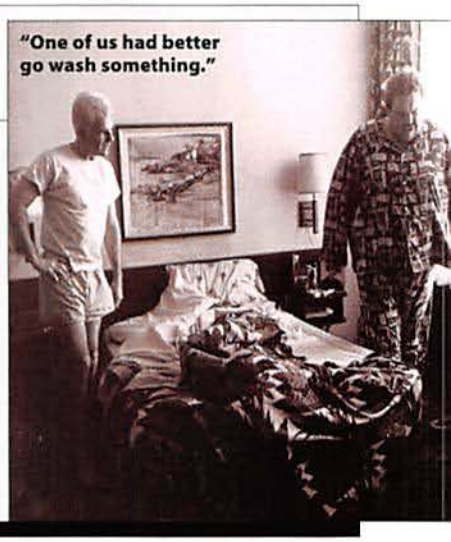
Some guys blow it simply because they're so close to the finish line. "You can tell a guy is just thinking, *Sex, sex, sex* when he puts his tongue too far down your throat or shoves it too far into your ear," says Sarah. Other rookie moves: squishing her into an uncomfortable position (ask, "Are you comfortable?" a couple of times); pulling her clothes off without unbuttoning or unzipping them; reaching inside her bra from underneath instead of from above (that forces the bra to squash her boobs down, making her feel very unsexy).

Once clothes are coming off, gently suggest moving to the bedroom by using a line that doesn't scream, "And now for the *sex* part of the evening!" Stand up and lead her from the couch as you say, "Would you be more comfortable in here?" Hold her hand as you walk down the hall; this is a crucial moment, and if you break contact with her, she'll feel abandoned and weird. Move back to kissing for a few minutes, and then, when she's panting as hard as you are, get down to the thing that makes life worth living.

All this comes with one caveat. If you follow these tips to the max, there's still a chance you'll end the night alone, playing handyman. That's because you've executed these strategies so brilliantly that she's no longer thinking about whether to have sex with you on the first date. No, she's moved on to planning your wedding, naming your kids, and picking out patio furniture, and she's going to nix the possibility of sex tonight to make sure you keep coming around, the clever vixen. The good news: If you adore her back, soon enough you'll be getting lots and lots of fabulous sex on demand from a woman who truly wants you bad. M

MORNING-AFTER ETIQUETTE

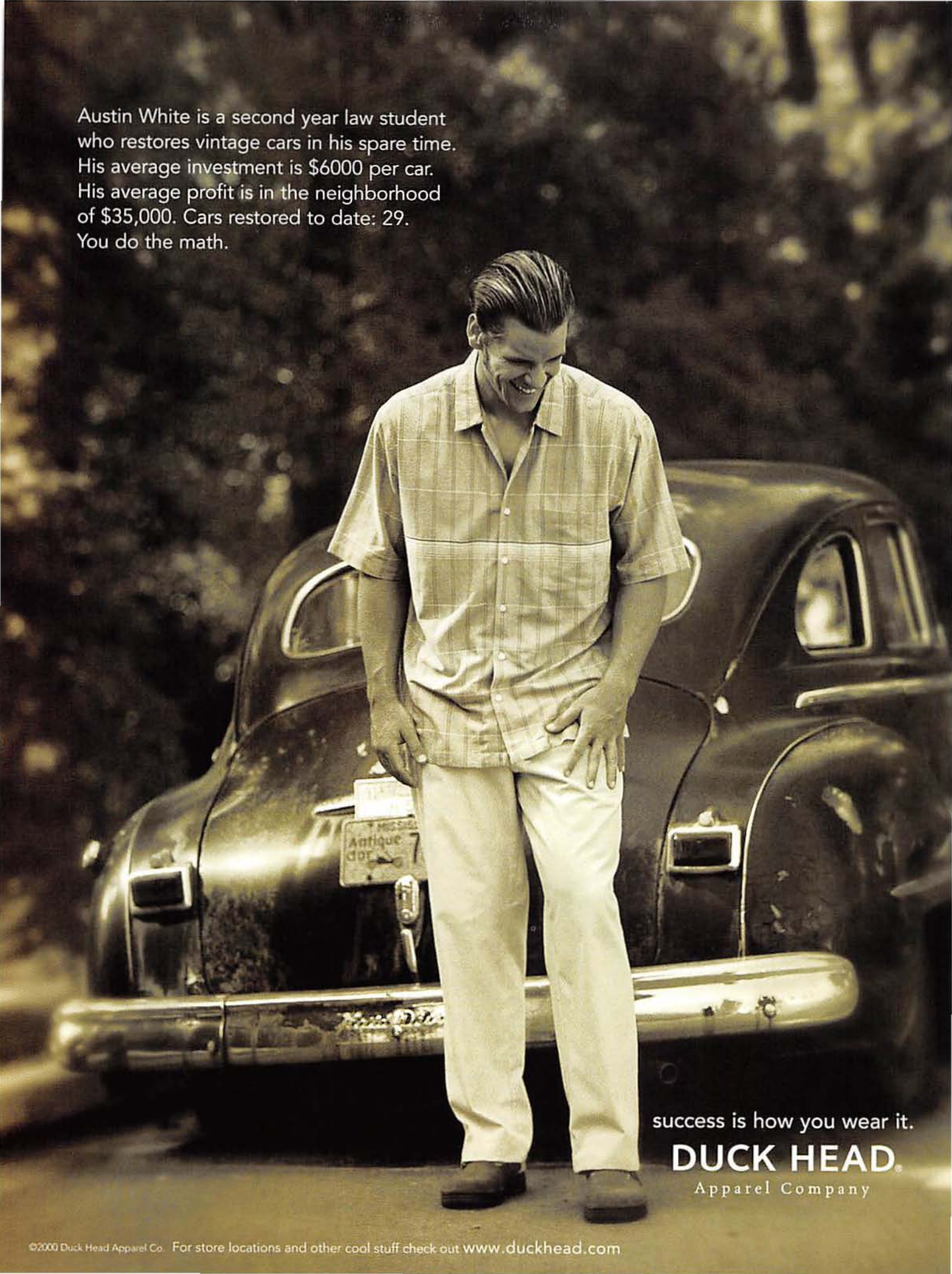
Last night you were shaking it up. Now she's waking up. What do you do?


"One of us had better go wash something."

Morning: The sun rises, the birds sing, you slowly open your heavy eyes, and—whoa, there she is! Get ready, because it's your behavior in the morning that tells her whether to cast you as Possible Future Boyfriend, Wonderful One-Night Memory...or Jerk of the Century.

If you want to see her again:
"Forget the whole breakfast-in-bed thing. What I really want is more sex," says Ambika, 26. Making a play for her again lets her decide whether she's interested in extending this little tryst. If she's not, she'll hightail it out of there like Puff Daddy at a policeman's ball. But if she stays, show her your hunter-gatherer potential. Run out to buy coffee, bagels, and the Sunday paper. And don't make her throw on her stinky club clothes from the night before: Offer her a clean shirt and some sweats to wear.

If you want her to vanish down a trapdoor:
Most women say they'd rather not hear the standard lie "I'll call you" if you don't mean it. "The only lie I want to hear is that it was the best sex he's ever had," says Marisa, 27. Tell her it was great, kiss her on the lips, and pray she doesn't bring up a second date before you reach the door. If she does, be honest: "You're terrific, but I'm not looking to get involved with anyone right now." Then get the hell out of Dodge. —*Christina Valhouli*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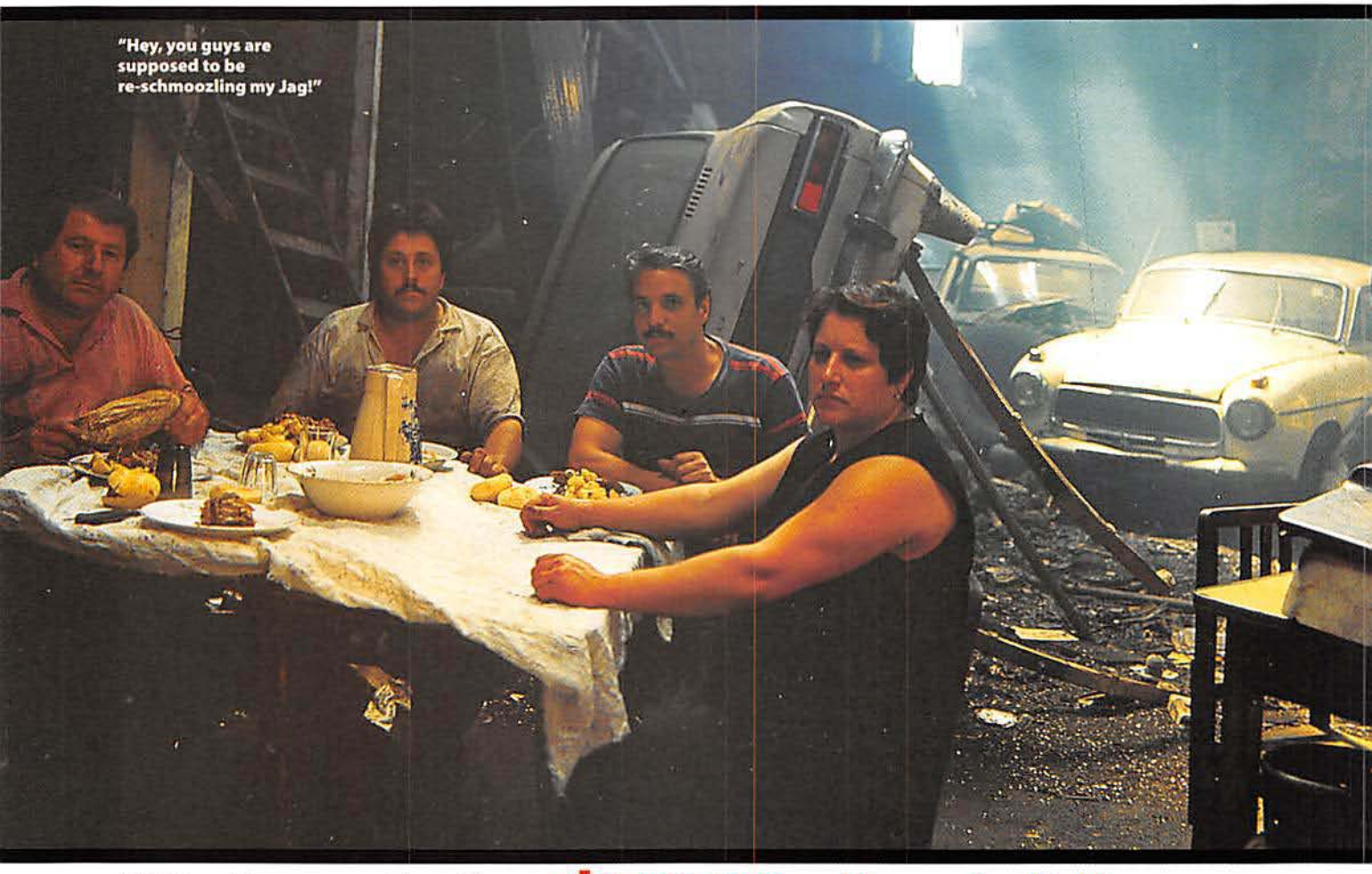

Night of the $500 Lube Job!

It's bad enough when the car you love breaks down; now you've gotta worry about getting ripped off, too. Our repairman explains how grease monkeys slip you the banana. As told to John Bacon

It happens all the time: I'm out having some drinks or playing a little pool, and the guys across the table ask what I do for a living. When I tell them I'm an auto repairman, I have to listen to how each one of them got ripped off—or thinks he did—by some dirtball down the road.

That's why it didn't surprise me when I read in *USA Today* that people listed "car repair" as their biggest hassle, three spots above filling out tax returns. When dealing with the IRS is preferable to an oil change, we mechanics have a PR problem.

People expect to pay for a skilled surgeon but not a skilled mechanic, because they think they're smarter than we are—and trust me, it shows. But the truth is, the pool players bitching about their mechanic probably didn't get screwed. Cars break, we fix 'em, and that costs money. Today's high-end machines are loaded with electronic and mechanical bells and whistles, which means there's more to go wrong and the repairs are more expensive when it does. But take it up with your manufacturer—we don't make the damn things.

People list 'car repair' as their biggest hassle, three spots above 'tax returns.'

I usually don't play dirty, but I'm not above playing indifferent. If you condescend to me or piss me off, I'm not going out of my way to help you very much. Instead of hustling to get parts from the dealership across town or cannibalizing a new car on the lot for a part you desperately need, I'll order it from the factory, where I know it's on back order, and let it take its sweet time getting here. I can also give out all kinds of price breaks on parts and labor, but you'll be getting none of those. And your odds of getting a rush job out of me are only slightly better than getting a blow job—which is to say, nonexistent.

But like the saying goes, just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not out to get you. There are guys out there who exploit older customers and treat women even worse—except for babes, who get everything free (whaddaya expect?). They also take advantage of people on ▶

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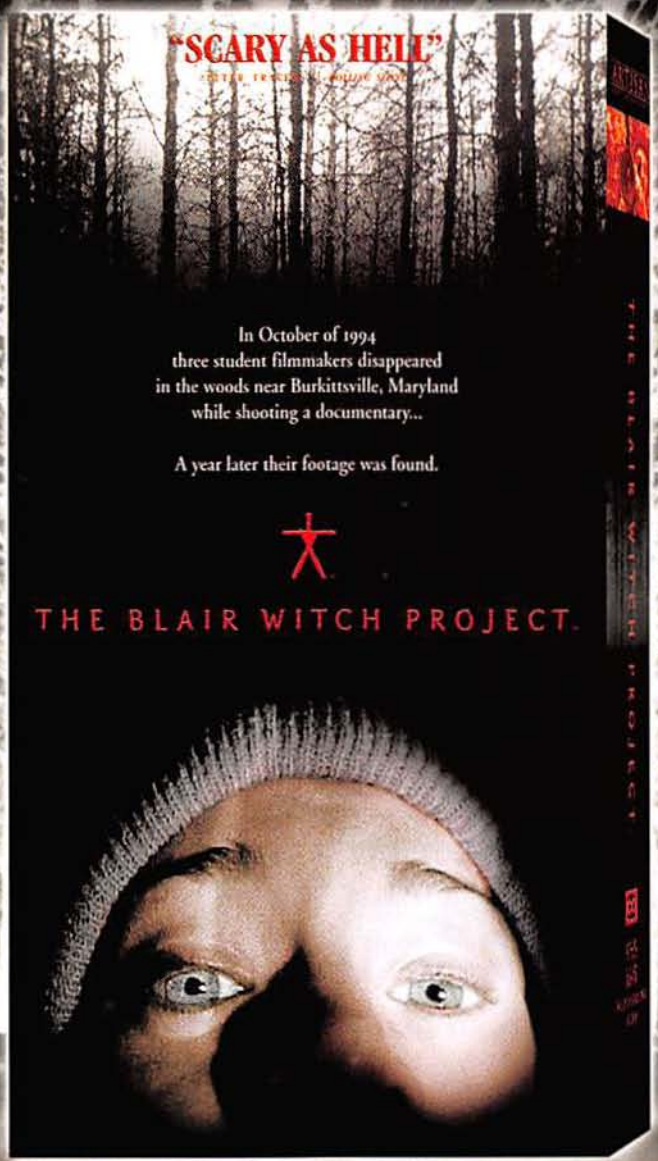
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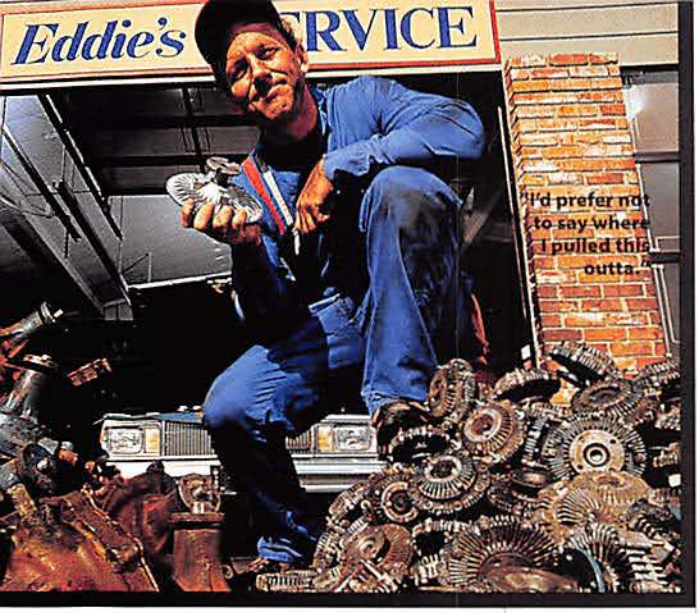

vacation, in a hurry, or with a platinum card. If all three apply to you, it's Screw You Yahtzee.

Generally speaking, there's too much money to be made doing honest work to make cheating worth it for most of us. But total idiots make it tough to resist the temptation. Idiots say things like "No need for an estimate—just do whatever it takes" and "We'll kill a few hours at the mall while you take care of it." When the cat's away, the mice'll happily charge it 75 bucks an hour for drinking a six-pack out back.

Another thing idiots do is try to tell us our job. You know: "I'm no mechanic, but I think it's the transmission or the brake rotors." You're right: You're no mechanic. But guess who's getting a new transmission, brake rotors, and maybe even a new triple rotary bypass flangeometer, whether or not any such thing exists?

We could have fixed it in 15 minutes. But I wasn't telling *him* that.

Assholes are another story; karma demands they get screwed. These are the guys who come in telling you lies, like "Listen, pal, I've already brought it back here for the same thing three times." These things can be checked, folks, and a lie *will* be used against you. Left alone with your car, a mechanic can make waiters who spit in your food look like freakin' choirboys.

And that brings us to my confession. I'm not proud of it, but in my second year in the business, I screwed a customer thusly: One Friday a grade-A asshole drove in with a Porsche 944 equipped with a wimpy 140-horsepower engine and a—*bah-ha-ha*—automatic transmission. The guy was more hat than cattle, if you know what I mean.

Anyway, he lit into me with "You pay 60 grand for a German sports car; you expect to get down the fuckin' highway!" His model actually goes for about $40,000 new and $12,000 in the condition he had it, so already I had him pegged as a shithead.

Fortunately, he was also an idiot. He tried to show off by diagnosing the problems himself. His cruise control was shot, so that needed to be replaced, he said; the funky sound below was the exhaust system; the vibrations he was feeling meant the front end needed an alignment; and it was idling roughly, so it probably also needed a new carburetor.

I took a few minutes pretending to look up some parts and crunch some numbers. Then I put on a really straight face and told him we could probably get it all done in a couple of days. The guy blew a gasket, just as I'd hoped he would. "God *damn* it!" He pulled out his Visa Platinum with great fanfare, slapped it on the counter, and said, "Just get it done, and get it done now!"

Yes, sir, I got right on it. I soon found that the funky sound below was coming from a cardboard box stuck in the undercarriage; the vibration was due to a worn-out tire; the rough idle was the result of a fouled spark plug; and the cruise control had quit because a brake light had gone out—a safety feature standard on most modern cars. We could've fixed it all in 15 minutes for 70 bucks.

But I sure as hell wasn't telling *him* that. "You must know a lot about cars," I told him. "Just like you said, you'll need a new muffler and exhaust system, an ▶

THE PIT-STOP ALTERNATIVE

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Your mechanic likes to keep you waiting... and waiting...and waiting. Why? Because the longer you spend leafing through tire catalogs in his hot, smoky garage, the sweeter $500 for a new muffler is going to sound to you. A NASCAR mechanic, on the other hand, can make your car troubles vanish in the span of a beer commercial, says Robbie Allison, car chief for Bobby Hamilton, Jr. Hey, a guy can dream...

OIL CHANGE
Your mechanic: "Give us a hour or so. Thar's a Chicken Licken 'cross the median."
NASCAR: 5 minutes

CHANGE FOUR TIRES
Your mechanic: "We all busy now...You best leave it and come back tonight."
NASCAR: 17 seconds

FIX A FENDER
Your mechanic: "Well, Vern done gone to lunch, but when he get back he'll have a look at it right quick. You got a place you can stay in town?"
NASCAR: 7 to 10 seconds

FIX A TRANSMISSION
Your mechanic: "Your parts should be in by the middle of next week. 'Course, that's the start of huntin' season..."
NASCAR: 15 to 20 minutes

REPLACE AN ENGINE
Your mechanic: "You are right fucked, my friend. I say that as a perfessional."
NASCAR: About 40 minutes

DRAG A DRIVER FROM A RAGING INFERNO
Your mechanic: "Hey, Vern! Come lookit this guy on fahr!"
NASCAR: 10 seconds to get to car, 3 seconds to jump through flames and pull driver out, and 1.5 seconds to extinguish flames on driver's body...with own face, if necessary

—Bryan Walsh

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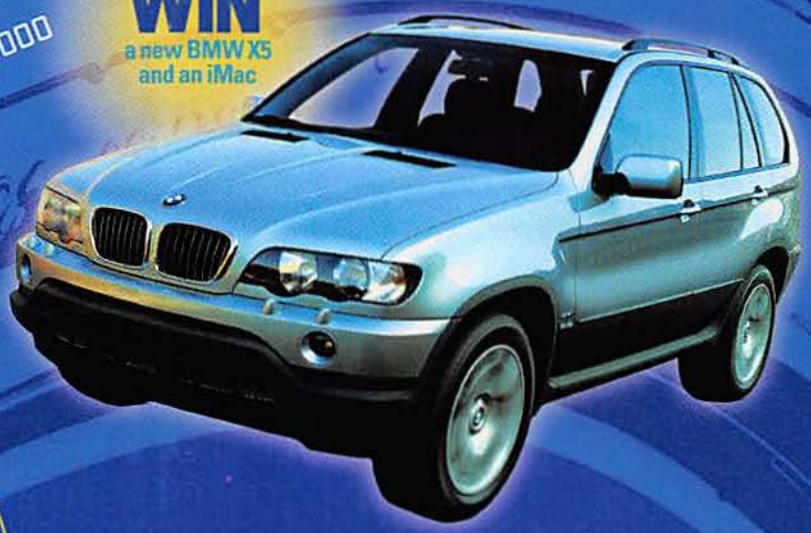

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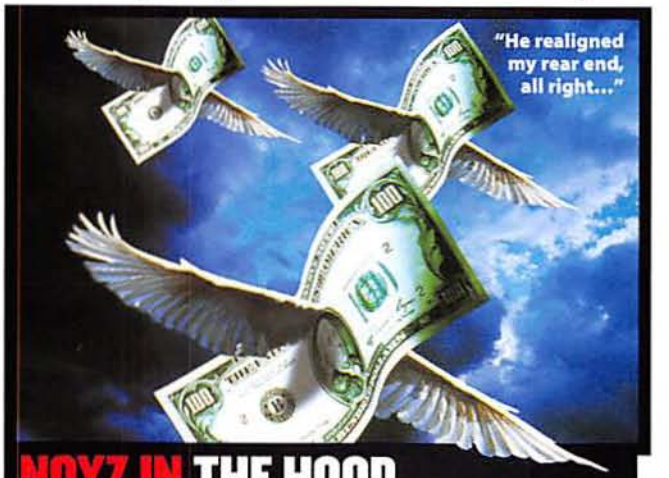
alignment, a cruise control amplifier, and a new carburetor." This last one was strictly a test: Fuel injection replaced the carburetor eons ago on almost every vehicle sold in the U.S.

Having a blast now, I told him I didn't have the parts in stock, but if he was in a hurry, I could send someone to get them right away—for an extra charge. The chump agreed, satisfied he was finally getting the VIP treatment he so richly deserved.

I told our gofer to put some packaged parts in the delivery van, then kill an hour at the strip club. When he returned we put on a parade, marching cartons filled with mufflers, cruise controls, and those hard-to-find carburetors (empty boxes) right past him en route to his vehicle, where we promptly installed nothing at all. The visit cost him two hours and $2,100—he was happy, we were happy.

But the pinhole I made in his left rear tire may have been a little over the top. M



NOYZ IN THE HOOD

Know what to look and listen for and you can head those crooked mechanics off at the pass.

SYMPTOM: The cruise control doesn't work.
He'll sell you: A cruise control amplifier ($125–$300)
So first check: Your brake light (70¢). Cruise controls shut down when the brake lights are out.

SYMPTOM: Vibrations
He'll sell you: Alignment ($40–$65), tie rods ($250), new suspension system ($500), and four new tires ($200–$400)
So first check: Your tires for bald spots ($50–$100 each, but be sure to replace in pairs to avoid misalignment)

SYMPTOM: Bumpy ride
He'll sell you: New struts ($100 a side) or shock absorbers ($200)
So first check: The springs ($150 each), which are what actually absorb shock. (The shock absorbers just stop the springs from bouncing too much—if they're shot, your car will bounce repeatedly after you hit a bump.)

SYMPTOM: Misfires
He'll sell you: A tune-up ($80); possibly a valve grind on your cylinder heads ($500–$800)
So first check: A disconnected spark plug wire, a disconnected vacuum line, or fouled plugs ($0–$10 each)

SYMPTOM: Squeaky brakes
He'll sell you: New pads ($70 a pair), rotors ($150 each), and rebuilt calipers ($90 each)
So first check: Your refrigerator—for a beer. All modern brakes squeak, more frequently in city driving. They should last between 40,000 and 60,000 miles, so have the guy show you how worn the pads are—while they're still on the car.

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Ground Zero at Waco

How a squadron of federal agents became sitting ducks in one of the deadliest gun battles in law-enforcement history. By Robert J. White, ATF Special Agent, Ret., as told to Steven Russell

Scene from a siege: ATF agents remove a fallen comrade

It's hard to sneak up on a blind man in the dusty, pancake-flat cow country north of Waco, Texas, much less a wary and heavily armed cult group. That's why, on the morning of February 28, 1993, I was crowded into one of two cattle trailers with 33 other agents from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms as we turned onto the quarter-mile driveway of the Branch Davidian compound. We hoped this mode of transportation would buy us a few seconds of surprise. To be honest, it didn't cross my mind that the cattle trailers were normally used to deliver their cargo to slaughter.

What was on my mind was our mission. Through interviews with area gun dealers and former cultists, we knew the Davidians had been amassing an arsenal. We'd heard their leader, David Koresh, had told followers of a plan to murder as many innocent people in a populated area as possible, then retreat to the compound and commit mass suicide. That's why we decided to make a dynamic entrance with nearly 100 agents to serve a search warrant for illegal weapons and explosives. What we didn't know was that Koresh had been forewarned of the raid.

Koresh just smiled at us. Within seconds the Davidians were firing.

The trap is sprung

As the trailers came to a halt, several agents jumped from the back of the trailer and encountered Koresh himself. He simply smiled and stepped into the house. The moment the door closed, I heard an odd popping noise. As the path ahead cleared, I saw dirt kicking up in the driveway. It took a moment to sink in: *The Davidians were firing at us.*

Behind me bullets ripped into the trailer. As I stepped into the open, I saw gun barrels in almost every window of the compound, and dozens of muzzle flashes. Years earlier, as a state trooper in Kansas, I'd been involved in a gun battle during a bank robbery, but that didn't begin to compare with what I found myself facing now. As the air grew thick with hot lead, I knew that our only chance for survival was to find cover fast. I scurried to the nearest vehicle, about 20 yards from the main house. A rifle poked from the window directly in front of me, and I fired. The barrel disappeared; to this day I don't know ▶

SERIES PREMIERE

He's a detective... without a clue.

William Devane Tim Meadows Amy Farrington

From three guys who wrote for a little show called *Seinfeld*.

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whether I hit the shooter or simply drove him off. Any sense of relief was quickly dispelled upon realizing that my "cover" was a fiberglass boat that probably wouldn't withstand a swift kick, much less a hail of bullets.

Blown to bits

I couldn't stay where I was, and I couldn't retreat into open territory, where I'd be targeted like a rabbit on opening day. So I dashed even closer to the front door, joining agents Mike Duncan and Steve Steele behind a Chevy Blazer. Seconds later agent Kent Masters joined our impromptu unit. We kept a lookout for shooters, but they remained hidden behind heavy black cloth on the windows. The gunfire was intense—we couldn't move. The popping reports from our guns, mostly nine millimeters, seemed insignificant compared with the blast of heavy weaponry from the other side. I saw a van a little ways off take a round from an incredibly powerful .50 caliber Barret rifle; it left an exit hole the size of a baseball. Then they aimed it at our transport trucks, blowing the engines to oil-soaked bits. We knew that the Blazer would be like papier-mâché if they turned the weapon on us.

An agent behind a pickup next to us ran out of ammunition within the first three minutes of the hour-and-42-minute showdown. I radioed other agents to conserve ammo, afraid that if we ran out, the cultists might leave the compound to finish us off. We later learned the Davidians possessed more than 1.8 million rounds of usable ammunition.

The ill-fated attempt to breach the second-floor arsenal

Their .50 Barret rifle left an exit wound the size of a baseball.

Within the first few minutes, Steve Willis, an agent behind a van three vehicles to my right, was killed. I turned to see him on the ground, bleeding out. When another agent rushed to his aid, the pair of them were targeted even more heavily. At about the same time, several agents attempted to enter the house via second-floor windows, hoping to seal off the arsenal near Koresh's room. You probably saw images of that assault on the TV news; for our part we heard agent Kenny King over the radio, asking for help after being shot six times with an AK-47. Two other agents were killed almost instantly. As my fellow agents lay dying around me, the knot of fear in my stomach turned into a sick, hollow pit. But we're trained to absorb the shock and refocus our attention. Survival depends on it.

No way out

There were thousands of rounds being fired at us, no way out, and no one to come get us out. We began to discuss how we might be able to sneak away after nightfall, even though it was not yet 10 A.M. Moments later the four of us became a major target. The Blazer popped with bullets and showered us with glass from its shattering windows. And then I was hit—a sensation like ▶

HOT SECTS ACTION!

Former Moonie Steven Hassan names five of the kookiest cults going. Join today!

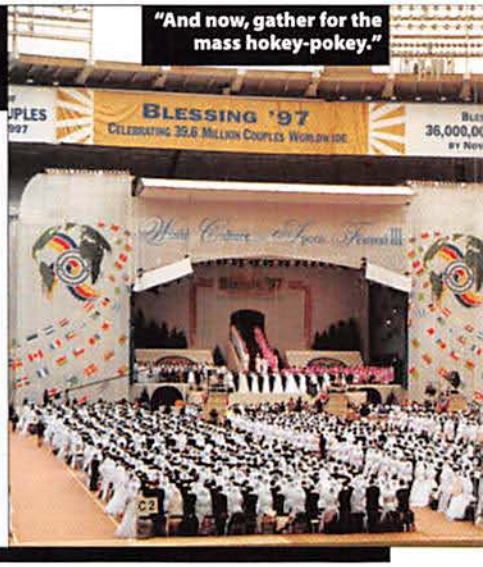
THE UNIFICATION CHURCH
Famous for mass marriage ceremonies, the Moonies believe that Koreans became God's chosen people after the Jews snubbed Jesus, says Hassan, author of *Releasing the Bonds.* (202-722-6800)

3HO-HAPPY, HEALTHY, HOLY ORGANIZATION
With Yogi Bhajan and his self-styled Sikh followers, it all starts with Kundalini yoga classes; but if you're really flexible, you get to go live in Bhajan's ashram—provided you're willing to give up your worldly possessions. Talk about health-club ripoffs! (888-346-2420)

INTERNATIONAL CHURCH OF CHRIST
Pricklier than your average nunnery, they require you to follow the guidance of a "disciplining partner" on all major decisions—from what to wear to whom to marry. A bit like being a *Maxim* intern, actually. (703-760-9222)

HOUSE OF YAHWEH
A doomsday cult headed by Yisrayl Hawkins, the group believes Satan is a woman (who are we to argue?); loads of unconfirmed reports of weapons stockpiling, too! (800-613-9494)

THE GARBAGE EATERS
Small bands of these wanderers roam the U.S., eating leftovers from other people's groceries and living in derelict houses, ultimately losing all contact with their families. (No contact info—just tip over your trash can, add gravy, and wait.)—*as told to Ed Finn*



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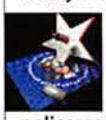
THE TEXAS DEATH TOUR

The Big-Ass State, predictably, has seen more than its share of death and disaster, events that can easily be turned into the world's most disturbing road trip.

THE ALAMO San Antonio, March 6, 1836
Hoist one to remember the Alamo—half the men died drunk on the whiskey they had traded their rifles for. **Death toll:** 189 of us, plus reams of bad guys

CLOCK TOWER SHOOTING Austin, August 1, 1966
Ex-Marine sniper Charles Whitman picked off passersby from the observation deck for several hours before lawmen finally stopped him. **Death toll:** 14



KENNEDY ASSASSINATION Dealey Plaza, Dallas, November 22, 1963
First JFK, then a more or less random policeman, then Oswald himself. Fidel Castro survived without a scratch. **Death toll:** 3

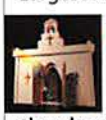
BRANCH DAVIDIAN COMPOUND FIRE Waco, April 19, 1993
David Koresh and his Christketeers had a Reno Roast after they gunned down four ATF agents. **Death toll:** 80

LUBY'S DRIVE THROUGH Killeen, October 16, 1991
George Hennard crashed his pickup through a window at Luby's Cafeteria and emptied semiautomatic handguns into the crowd before killing himself. **Death toll:** 24

AMERICA'S DEADLIEST HURRICANE Galveston, September 8, 1900
A long, shallow beach, a perfect storm, and pancake-like terrain turned this bustling town to driftwood. **Death toll:** 8,000-plus

FORT ST. LOUIS near Victoria, 1687
This doomed colony's founder, La Salle, was killed by his own men before they themselves were overcome by disease and hostile natives. **Death toll:** around 300

KILLER BEES Hidalgo, 1990–today
"Africanized" killer bees first jumped the border into the U.S. here—as commemorated by a statue of The World's Largest Killer Bee. **Death toll:** 6 and counting



WEDGWOOD BAPTIST CHURCH SHOOTING Fort Worth, September 15, 1999
A crazed atheist stormed into a church service, pumped the place full of bullets, then offed himself on the spot. **Death toll:** 7

DEATH ROW CENTRAL Huntsville, 1819–today
Home of Texas' executions. Yep, the guilty little bastards get plenty of competent legal counsel, thank y'all very much. **Death toll:** 500 and counting

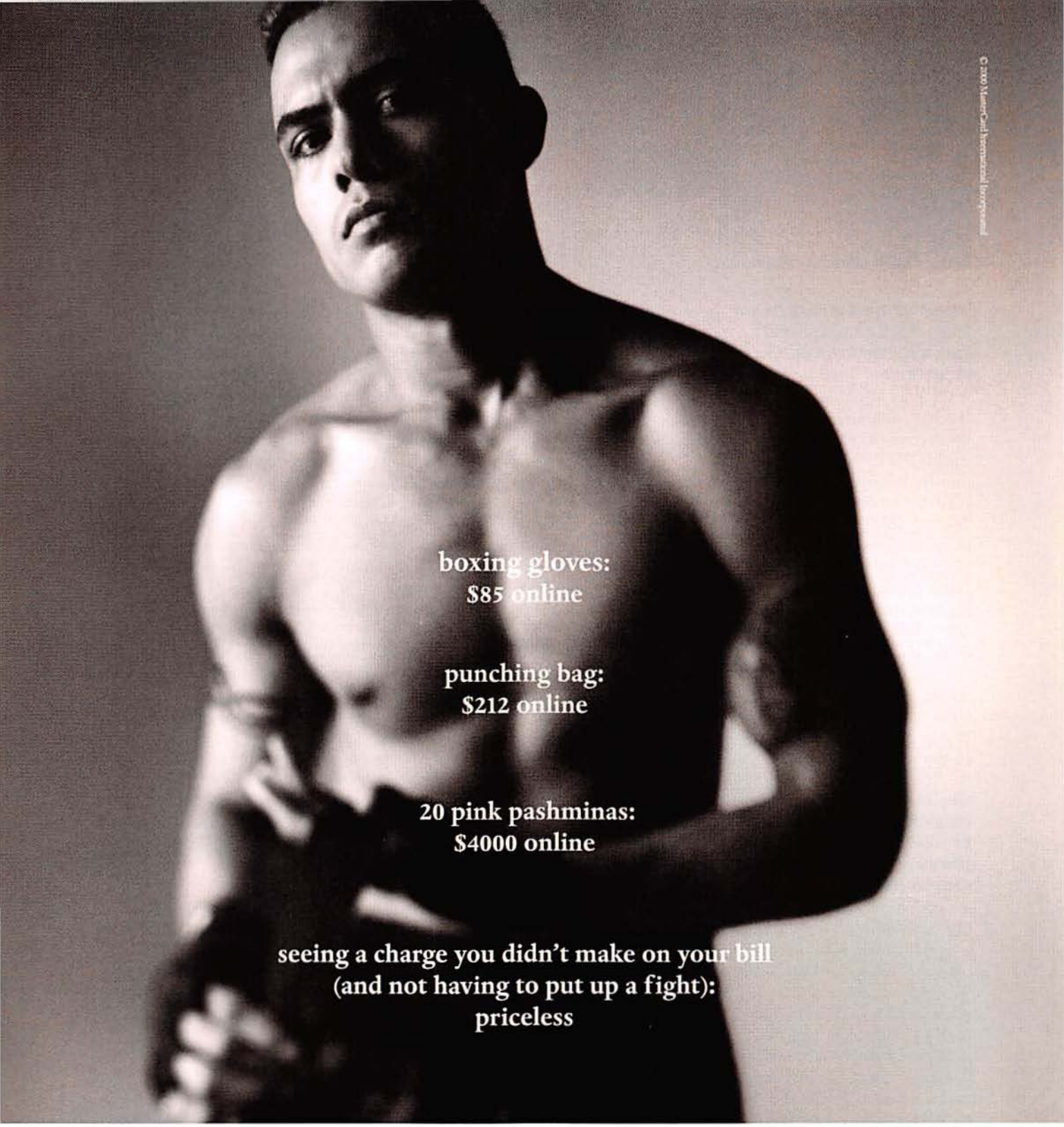
being whacked over the shoulder with a baseball bat. Masters' radio was shot off his back, and Steele took shrapnel from grenades the Davidians were tossing from top windows. While we hugged the Blazer as close as we could, I saw 10 to 20 rounds plow into the ground two inches from my leg. I forced myself to remember, *If you get hit, fight your instinct to roll away. That'll only put you directly in the line of fire.*

At about 11 A.M., after what seemed an eternity, we received word that a cease-fire had been negotiated, but the moment we stood up, bullets began whizzing again. The cease-fire would be negotiated two more times before it held. Finally we were able to carry the dead and wounded out. As I helped carry the lifeless bodies of agents Todd McKeehan and Conway LaBleu down from the roof, I felt beat down, exhausted, sad. I wanted to bring Koresh to trial for the murder of my fellow agents. But now was not the time: Though the house was quiet, we knew that our every movement was being watched. If the Davidians opened fire, the only thing we could do now was die.

I had my shoulder looked at by an EMT. A bullet had pierced 24 of the 26 layers of Kevlar in my vest and punched a hole in my trapezius muscle. Another round was embedded in my helmet. Four hours later, with Waco SWAT, Texas Rangers, and state troopers in place, we left.

Fifty-one days later, during an FBI attempt to flood the compound with tear gas, the Branch Davidians set fire to their own stronghold. Like so many others, I watched the events unfold with a mixture of disbelief and horror, wondering how many of the 80 people who died inside willingly followed Koresh into the inferno. As for myself, I felt like I'd already walked through hell and lived to tell about it. M

Sidebar illustration, Graham Murdoch



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Ask Dr. Maxim

Joints and crack, postcoital narcolepsy, a sugarcoated pancreas, and what to do if your balls aren't regulation size.

When I work out in the gym, my joints crack a lot. It doesn't hurt, but should I be worried about this?

✚ If there's no pain involved, no. Research indicates that when a joint's connective tissue is stretched, bubbles sometimes form in the synovial fluid, the juice that lubricates the joints. The popping of these bubbles is what makes the cracking or snapping sound you hear. One caveat: If you have a family history of a degenerative joint disease such as arthritis or rheumatoid arthritis, or if you feel pain in your joints, it wouldn't hurt to have your doctor or an orthopedic specialist check you out. Otherwise, think of your cracking joints as an anatomical party trick.

Why do I fall asleep after sex? My girlfriend thinks it's because I don't respect her. Is there a better reason that I can give her?

✚ Simply explain that it has nothing to do with your feelings and everything to do with your physiology. According to Masters and Johnson, sex occurs in four phases (and no, dinner isn't one of them): arousal, plateau, orgasm, and resolution. In men the last stage contains a refractory period in which the blood flows out of the penis and the body relaxes. In addition, when you ejaculate, your brain shoots out various substances (think of it as an exploding scoreboard) that can include melatonin, oxytocin, and endorphins (your body's natural painkillers). Combined, these factors may do for you what the movie *Waterworld* did for Kevin Costner's career: in other words, good night and thanks for coming.

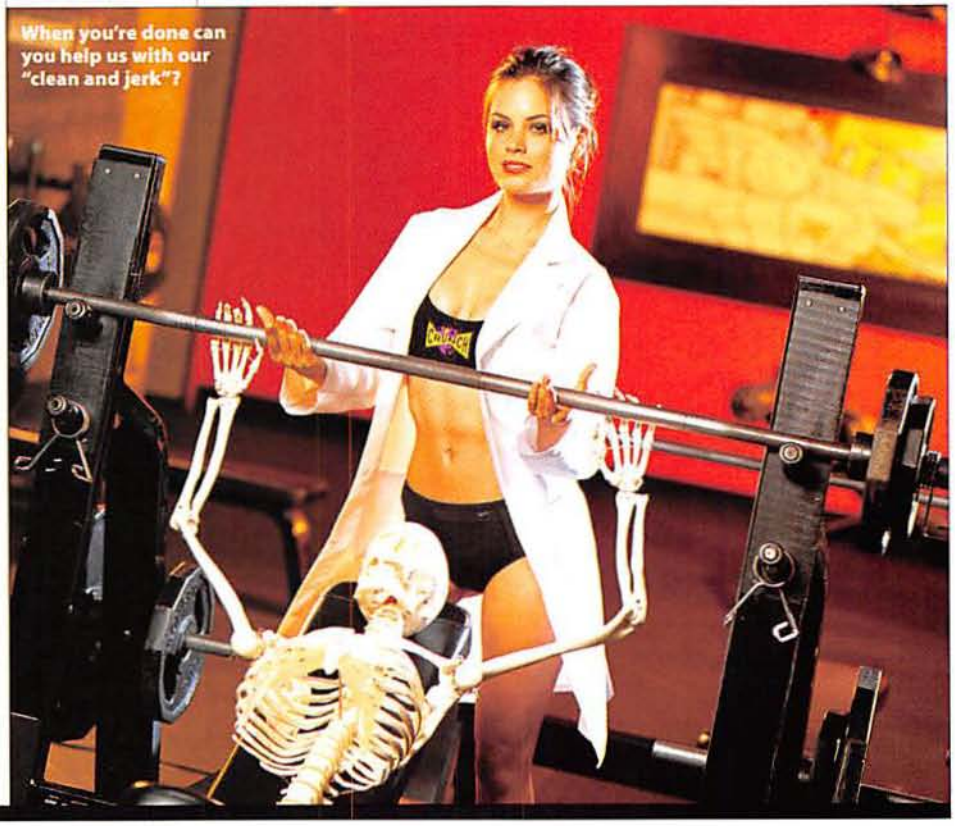
What's that cracking noise in your joints? Would you believe it's the bursting of your body's bubbles?

OK, so how come *she's* still awake and yappin'? Well, this is the icky part. In case you haven't noticed, women were designed to reproduce and continue the species. To do this they needed to scrounge the healthiest genes, and that meant staying awake in order to be inseminated by the greatest diversity of males possible. Back there on the savanna, nature decreed that the first guy in the tribe to get lucky with a particular female would need some downtime after making his deposit, allowing the other males to take their shots at playing king of the gene pool. In light of these rather nasty revelations, Dr. Maxim recommends that you not invite your girlfriend over for sex if your roommate is lurking in the next room.

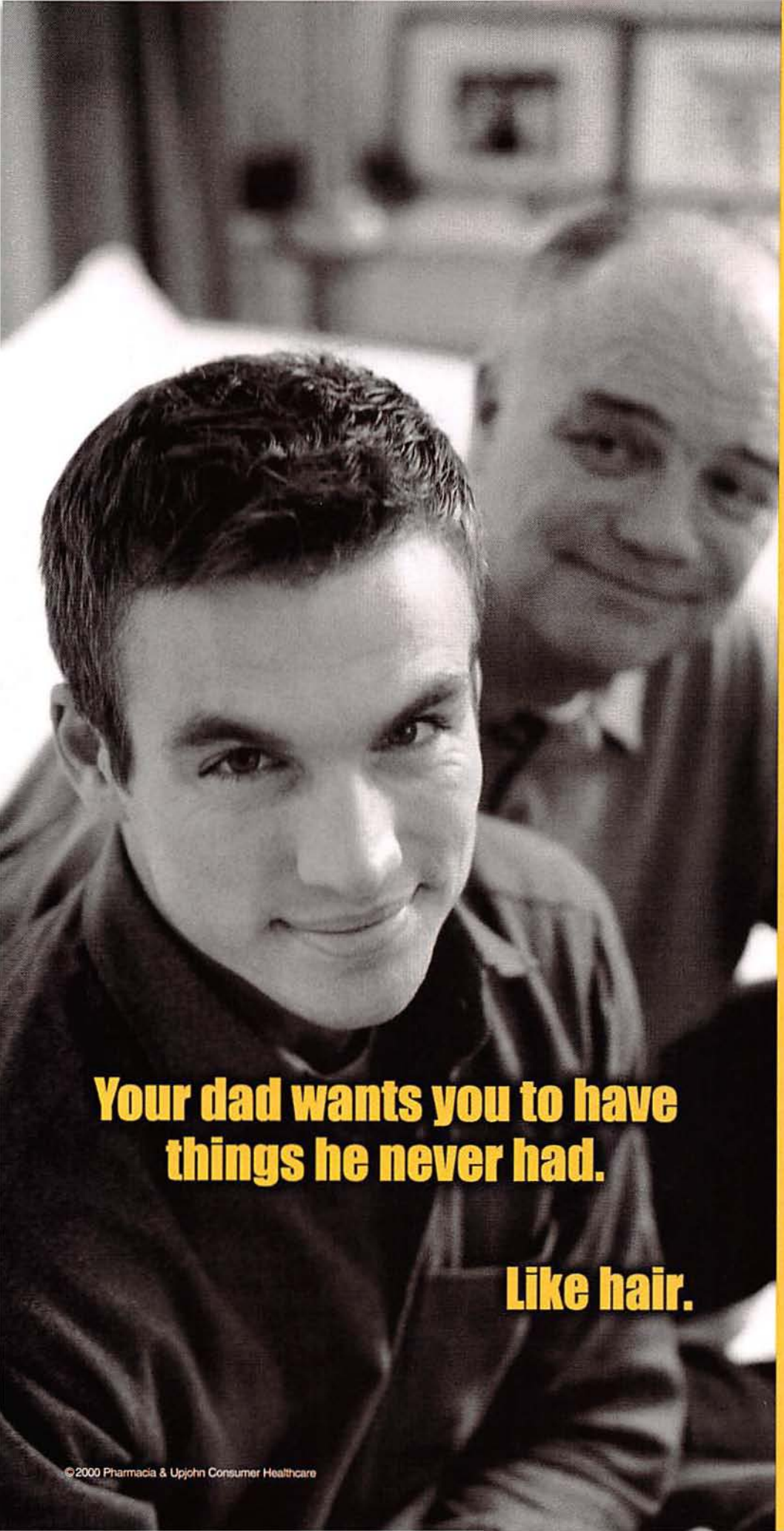
If I eat too much sugar, can I give myself diabetes?

✚ No, unless a) you eat so much that Greenpeace volunteers try to roll you back into the ocean or b) your girlfriend is so repulsed by your eating habits that she punches you in the gut and ruptures your pancreas.

There are two types of diabetes. Type 1 (formerly known as juvenile-onset diabetes) is an autoimmune disorder that commonly arises around age 10. Type 2, or adult diabetes, can arise in one of two ways: either from a hereditary insulin resistance or from one you've acquired by becoming obese. Either way it can occur at any point in adulthood. ▶



Photographs, Dale May; hair, Barbara Fazio for ARTISTS by Timothy Priano; makeup, Deon Jones for ARTISTS by Timothy Priano; location, Crunch Gym



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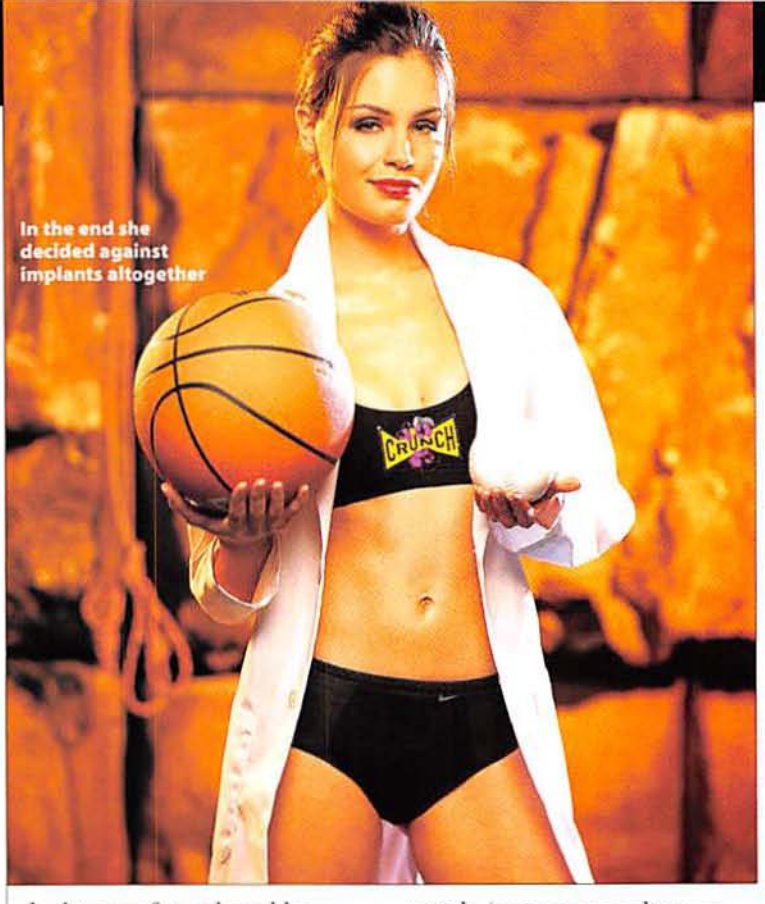


In the end she decided against implants altogether

Here's how diabetes works: When sugar enters your bloodstream, the pancreas releases the hormone insulin, which helps metabolize the sugar and keep your chemistry balanced. Some people, however, develop a resistance to their own insulin—it's a hereditary trait most common in blacks, Asians, and Native Americans—and that means the pancreas has to pump out even more. Diabetes can strike for a second reason: because you've turned into a tub. You create so much body mass that your pancreas may not be able to manufacture enough insulin to cover the whole field. Combine a family history of diabetes with a few layers of lard and it's not looking so good for you. But again, it's a hereditary thing: Not everybody who gets fat gets diabetes, and not everybody who gets diabetes is fat.

Bottom line: As long as you don't overeat and nobody in your family has diabetes, chances are you won't get it even if you live on Mars bars. But your dentist could be at risk, since he'll no doubt grow fat and wealthy thanks to your rotting teeth.

What if one ball is normal size and the other needs separate admission to the movies?

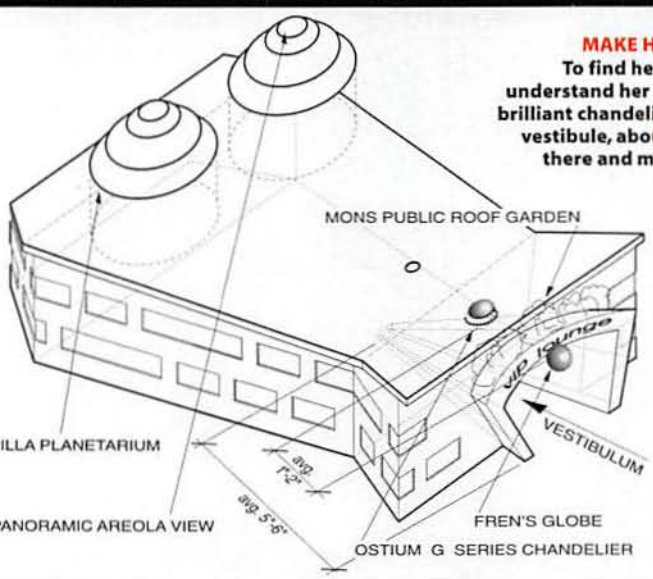
My balls aren't the same size. One's bigger and hangs lower. Am I a freak or what?

✚ Probably not—at least not because of the disparity between your balls. In most guys one testicle (or its surrounding connective tissue) is a little bigger or hangs lower than the other. While the difference is usually benign, in some cases it's a sign of pathology. Some of the more ominous possibilities are: testicular cancer, which most often occurs between the ages of 18 and 35 and, unless you're Tom Green and can use it as comedy material, has no upside; orchitis, an inflammation caused by an infection in the testicles; an infection from urethritis; an STD; or even the mumps.

If they look the way they've always looked, don't sweat it. But if over a period of three to six months, you notice a significant change (one ball is its normal size and the other now needs a separate admission to the movies) or increased soreness or discomfort, have a urologist check it out. Unless there's a simple reason for it, like you got kneed in the nads during last weekend's soccer game. M

THE G SPOT BLUEPRINTS!

With God's original design plans, finding her pleasure center is easier than ever.



MAKE HER HIT THE CEILING!
To find her G spot, you have to understand her architecture. It's the brilliant chandelier on the roof of her vestibule, about two inches in. Rub there and make the lights go on.

GOT A HEALTH QUESTION?
Send it to Doctor@maximonline.com

Consulting specialists: Sex and sleep: Dr. William Granzig, president of the American Board of Sexology and dean of clinical sexology at Maimonides University; Dr. John Bancroft, director of the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender & Reproduction at Indiana University. Diabetes: Dr. Gerald Bernstein, past president of the American Diabetes Association; Dr. Marion Parrott, vice president of clinical affairs at the American Diabetes Association. Cracking joints: Jack Ragiin, Ph.D., associate professor of kinesiology at Indiana University. Testicle trouble: Dr. James Wright, a urologist at Johns Hopkins.

Illustration: Nicholas di Sant-phallos

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1. HOW TO ENTER: Complete an Official Entry Form, found at participating GNC Stores or on a plain 3" X 5" piece of paper, hand print your name, complete address, zip code, telephone number (including area code), date of birth and e-mail address (if any). Mail your entry in a hand-addressed stamped envelope to: TWINLAB DRIVE TO WIN SWEEPSTAKES, P.O. Box 7210, Melville, NY 11775-7210. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Sweepstakes ends 12/31/00. All entries must be postmarked by December 31, 2000 and received by January 7, 2001. Mechanically reproduced entries will not be accepted.

2. PRIZES: Grand Prizes (2) - A 2001 Chrysler PT Cruiser (MSRP $21,000 ea.). First Prizes (2) - An 8-day/7-night trip for two (2) to Muscle Beach in Santa Monica Beach, CA. Trip includes round trip coach air transportation from the major airport closest to the winner's home city, use of a convertible car rental, hotel accommodations at Loews Santa Monica Beach Hotel or similar (based on double occupancy), 2-day membership passes to Gold's Gym and a $200 merchandise allowance at Gold's Gym (Est. Retail Value $8,800 ea.). Second Prizes (15) - A Precor® USA Elliptical Fitness Cross Trainer, (Est. Retail Value $3,250 ea.). Third Prizes (250)- A Sony Sports Discman® portable CD player (Est. Retail Value $160 ea.). Fourth Prizes (1000) - A sports bag, including workout towel, water bottle, T-shirt and assorted Twinlab products (Est. Retail Value $70 per prize). Winners will be selected in a random drawing on or about November 23, 2000, from among all eligible entries received. Drawing will be conducted by National Judging Institute, Inc. an independent judging organization whose decisions are final on all matters relating to this sweepstakes. Odds of winning are dependent upon the number of eligible entries received. All prizes will be awarded and winners will be notified by mail. Limit one prize to an individual or household. Prizes are nontransferable and no substitutionx are allowed except by the sponsor who reserves the right to award a prize of equal or greater value if advertised prize is unavailable. Prizes shown in advertisements may not be actual prizes awarded. Sponsor and its agencies assume no responsibility or liability for damages, losses or injury resulting from acceptance or use of any prize. All taxes and other expenses including registration, title, licensing fees and insurance costs, if any, related to the prizes are the responsibility of the individual winners. Grand and First Prize winners will be required to execute and return an affidavit of eligibility and liability/publicity release within 7 days of notification attempt or the prize will be forfeited and an alternate winner selected. Return of any prize or prize notification as undeliverable may result in disqualification and selection of an alternate winner. Travel companion of First Prize winners will be required to execute a liability release. Trips subject to availability and confirmation of reservations and must be taken within one year of notification. Certain blackout periods and travel restrictions may apply. Acceptance of prize constitutes permission to use winners' names and likenesses for promotional purposes without further compensation except where prohibited by law. No responsibility is assumed for lost, misdirected, illegible, postage due or late entries or mail. By entering this sweepstakes, each entrant accepts and agrees to be bound by these official rules and the decisions of the judges.

3. Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S., 18 years of age or older as of September 1, 2000, except employees and their families of Twin Laboratories, GNC, their affiliates, subsidiaries, advertising agencies, printers and Don Jagoda Associates, Inc. This offer is void wherever prohibited, and subject to all federal, state and local laws.

4. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope by November 30, 2000, to: TWINLAB DRIVE TO WIN WINNERS, P.O. Box 7331, Melville, NY 11775-7331.

5. The sponsor of the promotion is Twin Laboratories, Hauppauge, New York 11788.

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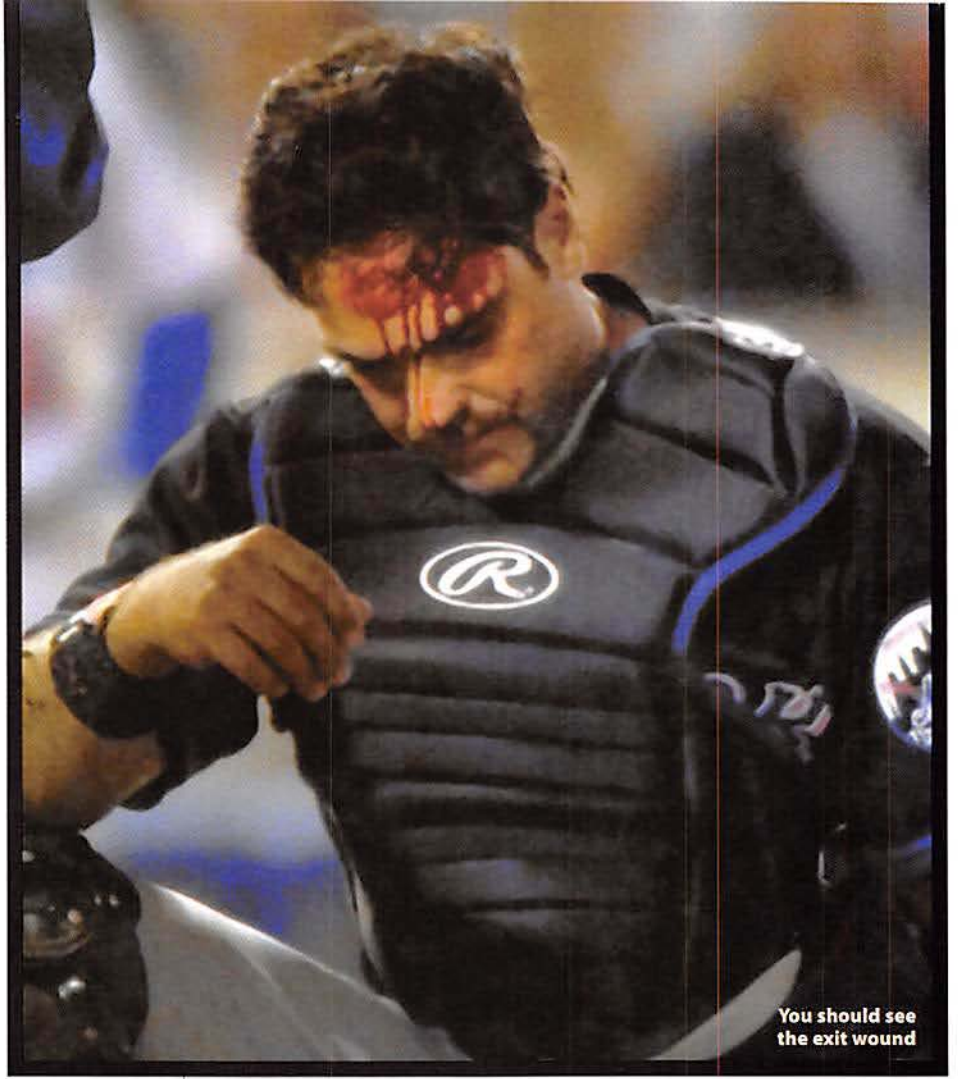


You should see the exit wound

Hard Balls

Ever gotten hit in the skull with a baseball bat? Or caught a ball with your testicles? Mike Piazza has. And yes, it hurts.

By Mike Piazza, as told to Allen St. John

Sure, being catcher is a fun job. Behind home plate is where the action is. But on some days a catcher feels like George Foreman's heavy bag. Baseball's not a contact sport? Keep dreaming. I've got the scars to prove it.

You'll no doubt remember back in July, when I got beaned in the head by a Roger Clemens fastball. Looked pretty bad, right? Of course it hurt, but we'll get to that later. The serious contact usually happens when I'm playing in the field. I remember one time, when San Francisco's Glenallen Hill was charging like a friggin' SUV toward the plate. It was extra innings, and he was the tying run. The relay came in up the line, and when that happens, the catcher's basically dead meat. As you're trying to get the ball, you stand up straight, exposing your ribs for someone to barbecue. Hill got a full slab that day. He nailed me clean—*crunch!*—and cracked a couple ribs. And believe me, it's no picnic playing for a couple of weeks with cracked ribs.

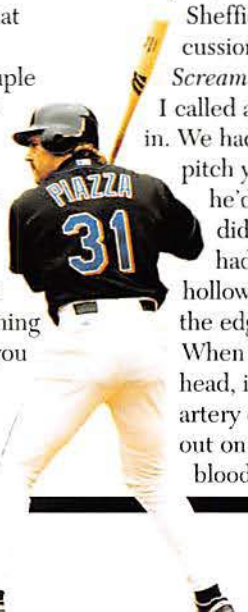
So what do I think about when I see a guy bearing down on me like that? The first thing is, *Oh, shit.* Then I try to concentrate on catching the ball. If you get hit and you drop the ball, it's a waste. But if you catch it, 99 percent of the time you're going to make the play.

Sometimes the ball comes in late but the runner decides to put a hit on you anyway. If a player tries that on me, I'm going to try and hurt him. I'll throw an elbow up. I want him to know that if he's going to try to take me out, I'm not going to roll over: It's going to be a tough ride.

When I was with the Dodgers one time, Florida catcher Benito Santiago came barreling down the line at me. There's an unwritten code that catchers don't run into other catchers. But Santiago tried to take me out. I just stuck my glove in his face and knocked an earring out of his head. He wasn't happy. As he was picking it up, he gave me this look, like, "What are you doing?" Sure, I asked if he was OK, but I sent the message that I was going to protect myself as well as the run.

But hitting or getting hit when there's a play at the plate—that's part of the game. I actually enjoy it, in a masochistic way. What bothers me is getting conked with a hitter's backswing. Two years ago Gerald Williams looped his bat around and knocked me out cold for an hour. Fred, our trainer, told me I passed out on his shoulder on the way to the hospital. But somehow I sucked it up and played the next day.

This year, courtesy of Gary Sheffield, I got a concussion, complete with *Scream 3* special effects. I called a slider down and in. We hadn't thrown that pitch yet, and I thought he'd swing at it. Man, did he swing. He had a cupped bat—hollowed on the end, so the edge is razor sharp. When it hit me in the head, it split a small artery open. Fred ran out on the field as the blood squirted out ▶



"Oh, it feels so good to stand..."

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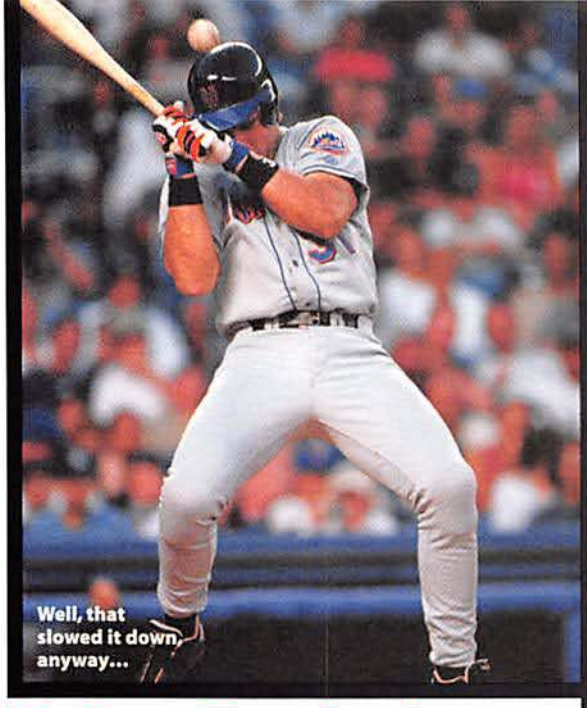
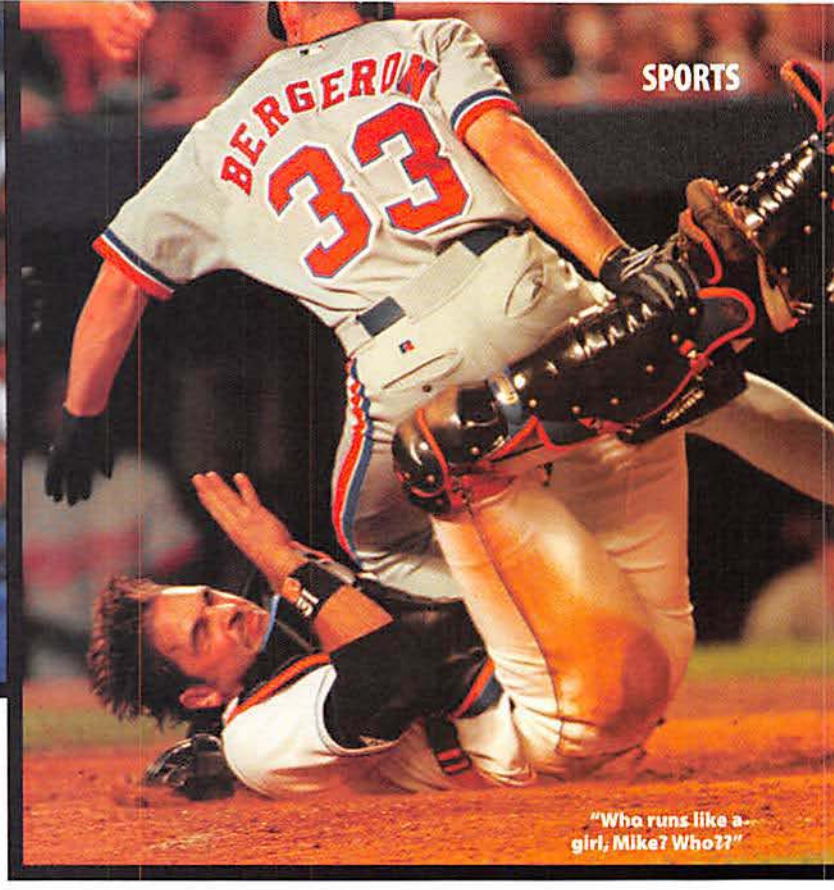

Well, that slowed it down, anyway...



"Who runs like a girl, Mike? Who??"

The bat split my head open. I had to laugh because I'd never seen so much blood.

like a sprinkler. I had to laugh—I'd never seen so much blood.

And another thing: When you're catching 95 mph fastballs and tricky breaking balls, your thumb takes a pounding. In 1995 I tore a ligament in my thumb, and I caught the rest of the inning. It felt like someone jammed an ice pick in my hand. One minute I'm catching Ramon Martinez' heat; two hours later I'm in a cast. At times like that you're looking for an arm donor.

And the hits just keep on comin'. Just when I thought I'd seen everything, last year my teammate Al Leiter threw a curve ball that bounced off the plate and hit me in the throat. I couldn't breathe for a minute. I was getting dizzy, and all I could think about was trying not to pass out. And then there's the catcher's best friend, the foul ball. Sure you've got equipment, but the protection is minimal. The worst: getting hit in the nuts. Last year Wilton Guerrero of Montreal was at the plate when our pitcher threw one in the dirt. Guerrero took a full swing and—*whack!*—a foul tip right between the legs. It broke my cup—cracked it in half. It was the most excruciating pain I've ever experienced. Some reporters asked me about it, so I showed them my testicle, and it was neon purple. But I kept playing.

Sometimes guys chuckle about that stuff, but it's not funny. A guy who used to pitch for us, Josias Manzanillo, once got hit by a line drive, and he lost a testicle. It's totally serious.

But don't get me wrong: Being a catcher isn't only blood and guts. There's nothing like the feeling of stonewalling a guy at the plate. You and the pitcher are working together to outthink the hitters, and catching a good game is about more than putting down the right signal. When you go out to the mound, you're a psychiatrist. Some guys need ▶

Photograph, Robert Glasgow (panties)

PLAYING THE FIELD!

What does Mike Piazza think about when he's not in uniform? Duh.

On baseball groupies: "I don't go to the ballpark to pick up chicks. But I know that my profession is a girl magnet. I've had girls follow me home. I've gotten flashed while driving home after a game. You have to take it with a grain of salt."

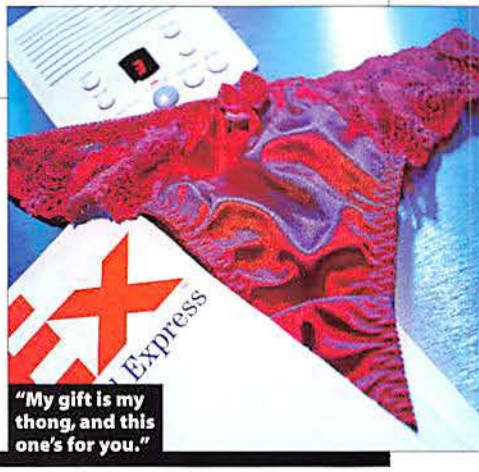
On fan mail: "I get a lot. Sometimes I get proposals. And I get some provocative pictures. A girl one time in Los Angeles sent me a picture of herself in a bubble bath. It was pretty steamy."

On lingerie: "Sometimes I'll get packages in the mail with lingerie in 'em. And before you ask, no, I don't check to see if it's been worn."

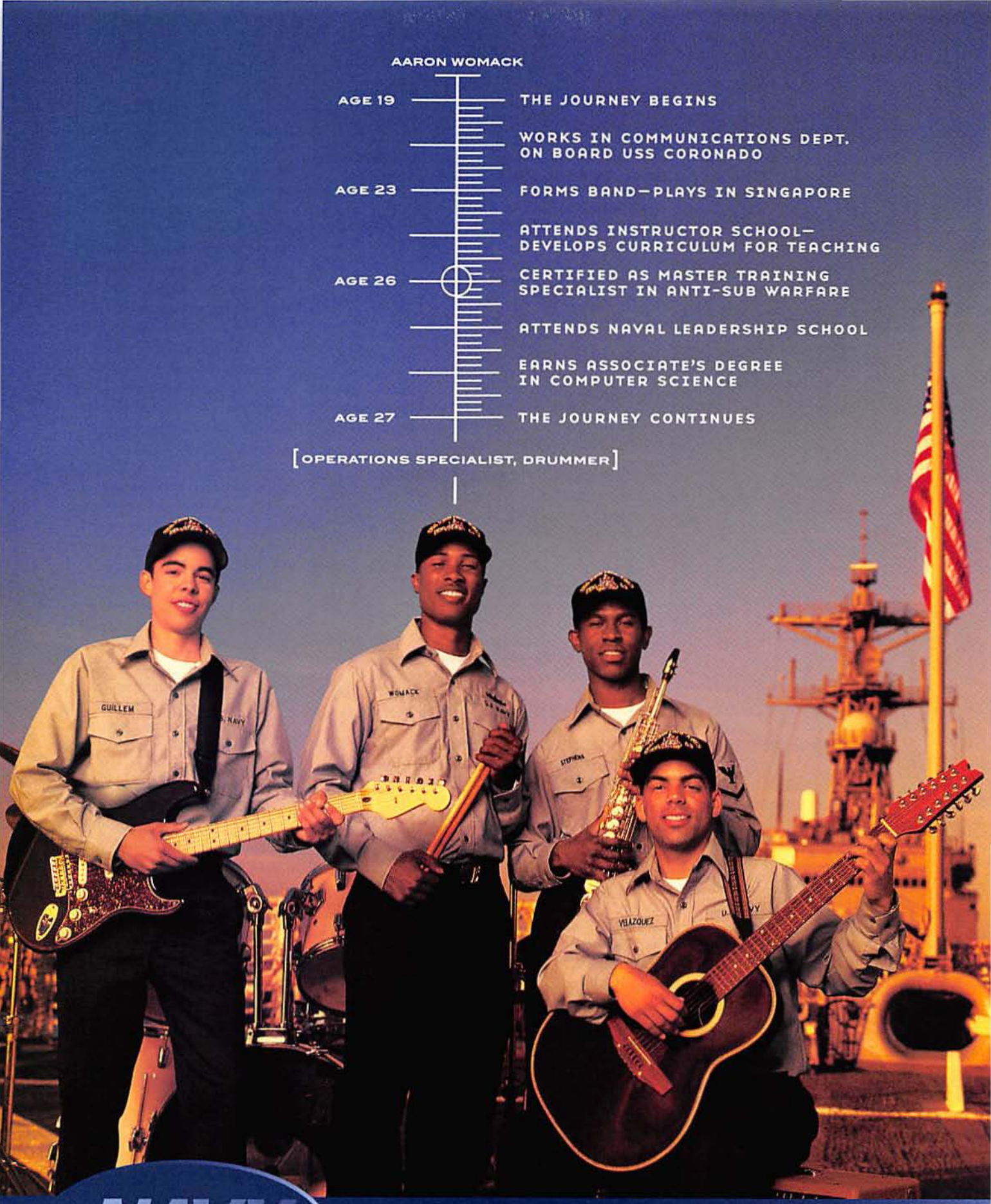
On girls with attitude: "I can't stand women with this fake sophistication: 'Oh, he's an effing jerk. I just effed him because I effing wanted to, blah blah blah.'"

On what he likes: "Little things mean a lot. If a girl wants to cook me dinner, I dig that. I think that's more sexy than any blow job."

On the battle of the sexes: "I'm for the double standard, where I think a woman should want to please the man. You want a girl who is there to please you. And if you satisfy her in the process, then so much the better."



"My gift is my thong, and this one's for you."



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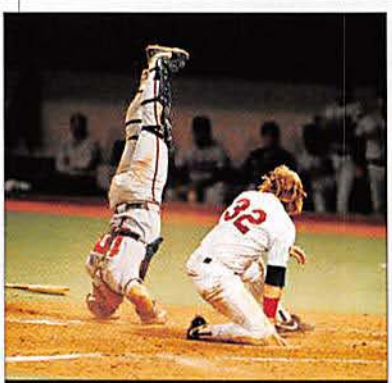
Everyone loves a good head-on plate collision, unless you're a catcher. Check out three of the game's loudest crunches...and one bizarre near miss.

"Move it! OTB's closing!"

ALL-STAR GAME, JULY 14, 1970

The setup: Twelve hours after NL outfielder Pete Rose and AL catcher Ray Fosse go out drinking together, Rose is flying around third in the 12th inning of a 4–4 game.
The play: Forgetting it's a meaningless exhibition (and that he hasn't bet on the game), Rose targets Fosse with his signature headfirst dive, separating and fracturing Fosse's shoulder and knocking out one of his teeth.
The fallout: Never the same afterward, Fosse, a rising star, starts averaging less than five HRs per season and retires after nine years. "If that play had not occurred, who knows what direction my life would have taken?" he said years later. Rose: "Nobody told me they changed it into girls' softball between third and home."



Playing catcher, Mary Lou Retton...

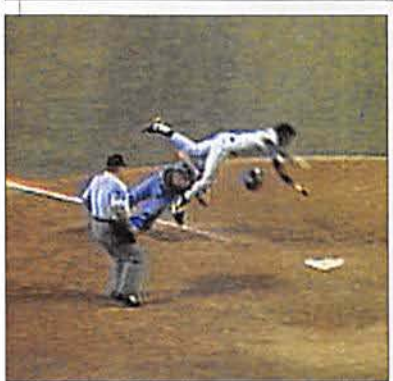
WORLD SERIES GAME 1, TWINS VS. BRAVES, OCTOBER 19, 1991

The setup: Twins outfielder Dan Gladden, on third, runs too far down the third baseline on a fly and has to retreat to tag up, turning an easy score into a nail-biter.
The play: Gladden comes in hard with his spikes high, like Ty Cobb, and flips Braves catcher Greg Olson upside down. Olson, headstand notwithstanding, holds on, tagging Gladden out.
The fallout: In typical *Bull Durham* fashion, Olson downplays the collision. He picks up his helmet and casually slaps his former teammate on the butt. "I thought it was just one of those hard-nosed plays," he said later. "It made a heckuva picture in the paper."

Dancing at the Schvetz wedding

NLCS, METS VS. BRAVES, OCTOBER 19, 1999

The setup: Miffed at Mets reliever Turk Wendell, who'd just hit him with a pitch, Atlanta Braves outfielder Brian Jordan takes first base and plots revenge...
The play: On the pretense of attempting to break up a double play, Jordan, a former NFL defensive back, upends Mike Piazza at the plate with a vicious low and wide slide that crumples the all-star like a cheap card table. Out.
The fallout: "I don't think it was a clean play," Piazza later said. "He could have injured me very extensively." But big Mike bounces back to homer in the next inning. Jordan, whose team went on to win in extra innings, continues to steam: "If I see one of them as I'm driving out, I may just run him over."



The day gravity failed us

AND THE CRASH THAT WASN'T: YANKEES VS. ROYALS, JULY 17, 1990

The setup: In the sixth inning, Yankee Deion Sanders laces a liner to deep right center.
The play: As the ball rolls to the wall, Sanders, the fastest man in professional sports, tries to complete the first inside-the-parker at Yankee Stadium in six years. The Royals' Mike Macfarlane (6'1", 210 pounds) is his only obstacle, so Sanders launches into a front somersault over him and scurries back to the plate as Macfarlane tries in vain to tag him.
The fallout: Yankee fans achieve collective orgasm. Sanders says modestly: "I can't wait to get home and watch that play on TV."

consoling. Some need a kick in the ass. And some just need to loosen up. Al Leiter and I will have the funniest conversations out there. The cameras will be rolling, but no one can hear us. Al will be upset, and I'll go, "Dude, this pitch doesn't *matter*, man. There's too much hypocrisy and oppression in the world." He'll tell me to shut up. Then he'll throw a nasty curve that gets the guy to tap into a double play.

I get into it with hitters too. Being a catcher helps you understand how a hitter thinks, so you know how to work guys to get 'em out. And when you're at the plate, you know the other catcher and pitcher are working you too.

That's why I took exception to Roger Clemens beaning me when we played the Yankees in the Subway Series in July. I understand that pitchers have to throw inside, especially against a guy who's been hitting you well. But when you throw a 95 mph fastball at my temple, you're messing with my livelihood. I don't have any respect for that. If you want to send a message, hit me in the butt. Or better yet, leave it on my voice mail.

In general, though, I never feel like I have to concentrate too much at the plate. Hitting comes naturally, and when you get ahold of one, there's nothing like it. The swing feels almost effortless—powerful and fast but very relaxed. It's like a boxer landing a knockout punch. When you really get all of a pitch, you can actually feel how the ball compresses around the bat; the bat bends, and the ball just jumps off. *Tock!* That's the sound it makes when you crush one. Nothing sounds better when you're holding a bat. But when you're behind the plate, it's almost as bad as the sound of your cup cracking in half. M

"I've had it up to *here* with your squatting jokes!"

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Charlie Sheen

He may be replacing Michael J. Fox on *Spin City,* but the Hollywood hellraiser still shoots straight from the hip.

Unlike the New York City deputy mayor played by Michael J. Fox, your character has a checkered past. How much of that has been inspired by your own sordid history?
A lot. The show's creators came to me early on and said, "Look, Charlie, we want to make this guy pretty colorful; how do you feel about that?" And I said, "Let's do it," because that gives me a good opportunity to deal with my notoriety head-on and let people know that I don't take myself that seriously. I mean, if I can't laugh at it, I'm missing one of the best jokes of the day.

Will there be plot lines drawn from specific instances in your past, like maybe with hookers...and porn stars...and drug binges?
Of course. Well, you know, the tasteful stuff, the stuff...that's appropriate to network television.

Which means hardly any of it...
Right. That's for the too-hot-for-TV, home-video version.

Do you ever hear wild tales about yourself and think, *Oh shit, maybe that's true*?
No, because I've been cursed with the ability to remember everything. I mean, I've heard some stuff that's funny and sort of harmless. Like there was a goofy story a few years ago that I was Jet Skiing and a shark chased me all the way to the beach. Which is funny because first of all I don't swim in the ocean, and second of all I wouldn't be driving a friggin' Jet Ski. But then there's stuff that isn't so harmless, like the whole cheerleader thing, which never had any truth to it at all.

You mean you don't really hire prostitutes and order them to dress up as cheerleaders?
No, man, that's completely ridiculous. And it only got spread around town because some girl sold a story to a tabloid saying that Charlie Sheen likes cheerleaders, and it just snowballed into this big deal. And I'm like, well, who *doesn't* like cheerleaders? But I don't have cheerleader parties, you know, or keep a bunch of outfits on standby.

'If you want a wild guess how many women I've had, I'll say 5,000. I'll just toss that out there.'

Stop, you're bursting our bubble...
Well, I'm not saying that I can't appreciate them, but I don't go out of my way to establish a fetish toward them.

What about the claim that either you like to collect women's underwear or you're a cross-dresser?
See, this is just what I'm talking about. That came from an old girlfriend, and she's one of the biggest idiots alive. I hate her. She was so stupid, she couldn't figure out that maybe there had been a couple of other girls over to my house *before* she got there who had left some items behind, and I just tucked them into a drawer. But suddenly it became my "secret stash," and I'm a cross-dresser. Pathetic.

How many tattoos do you have?
Twelve.

What's the oddest one?
Probably the one that looks like a note pinned to my chest with the message BACK IN 15 MINUTES.

Wilt Chamberlain said he had sex with 20,000 women. How do you measure up?
I've never attempted to figure that out, because there were times when I was in long-term relationships that would take me out of the running for a few years. So I don't know. But if you want me to take a wild guess, I'll say 5,000. I'll just throw that out there.

But when you were in your prime, was there anyone you knew who had more sex than you?
No, not even close. That's how I got the nickname The Machine.

Considering your vast experience, do women expect you to be a total sheet warrior?
It really hasn't come up in conversation. But as far as pressure to perform, I think all guys go through that. I mean, you don't want to be the Polish sex manual: "In. Out. Repeat if necessary." But you can't generalize. Every woman is different, and it's always exciting.

Is it more fun to have sex with a porn star or a girl who's really shy?
It's more fun to get them both in the same room.

No doubt. But is sex with a porn star the ultimate?
Well, I haven't really been with that many porn stars, but OK, some porn girls try too hard to live up to their wild film images. And you just want to tell them, "Look, there are no cameras here. You're not getting paid. Just relax and enjoy this." And sometimes it's like, "Listen, sweetheart, you don't have to reinvent sex to please me, and the majority of that stuff you're doing hurts, so back the fuck off."

What secrets about women have you learned?
Zero. If I've learned anything at all, it's that I know nothing about women. They remain a mystery. But I've learned to stop trying to figure them out. There's no end to the journey, and that's what makes it so compelling.

Your first marriage went up in flames a few years ago. Are you a bachelor for life now?
I wouldn't say that, but I am completely single right now, and that's OK. Because I'm starting to learn about myself for the first time in a long time.

When was the last time you actually went to confession?
I'm not really a practicing Catholic anymore, but I am in AA, which involves steps that are a lot like confessions.

What have you learned about yourself by doing that program?
I've made the program part of my life, and it's really important, but I'm not an AA Nazi. I'm just at a different place now, thankfully. I don't feel that I have to be "that guy" anymore. And if people see me as being a dick, or a goofball, or a cool guy, that's not my problem.

But it was fun, right?
Oh yeah. I wouldn't trade all that stuff in a million years. M

Interview by Paul Young. Photograph by Butch Belair. Charlie Sheen stars in the new season of *Spin City,* premiering in October.

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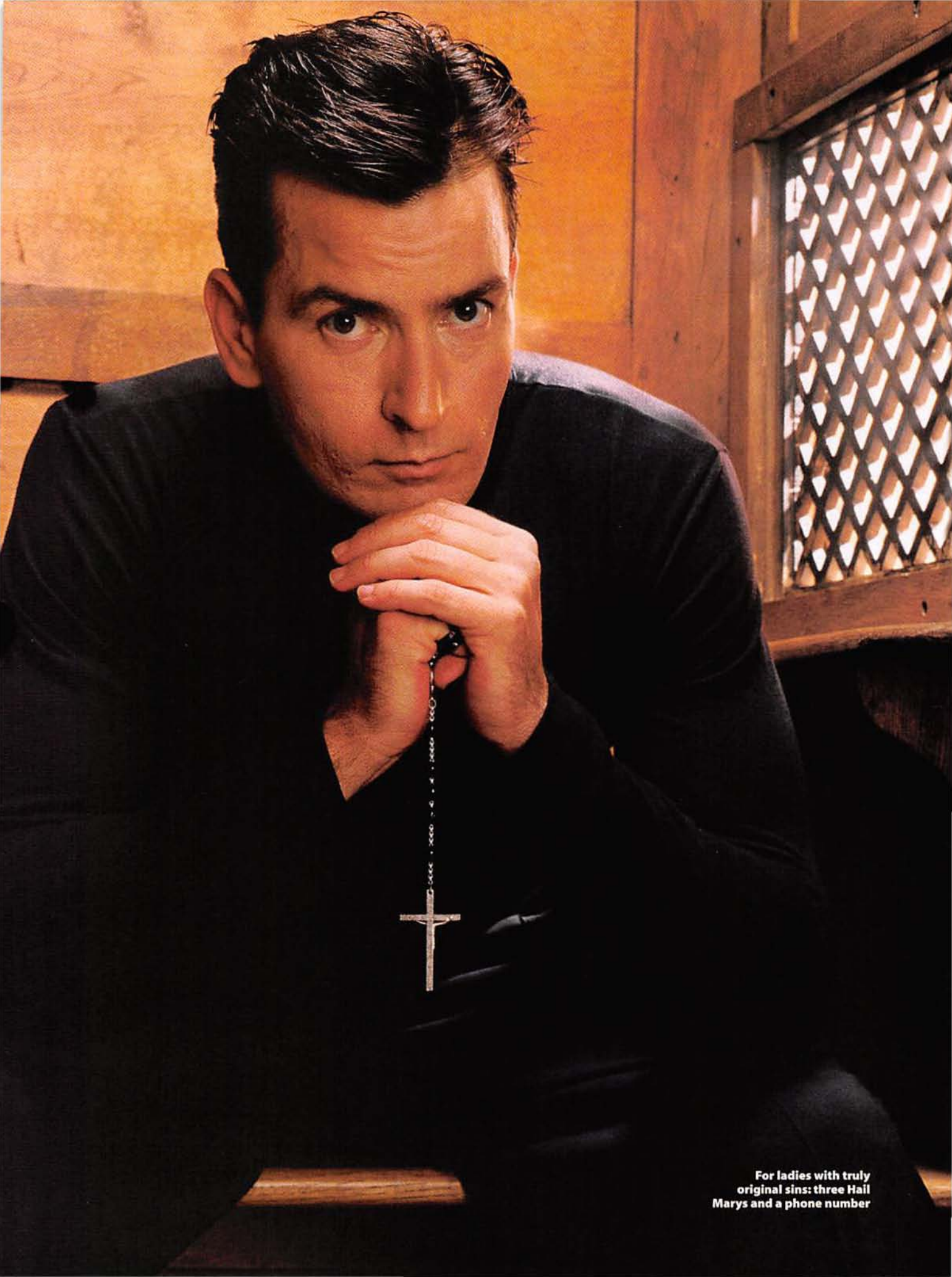
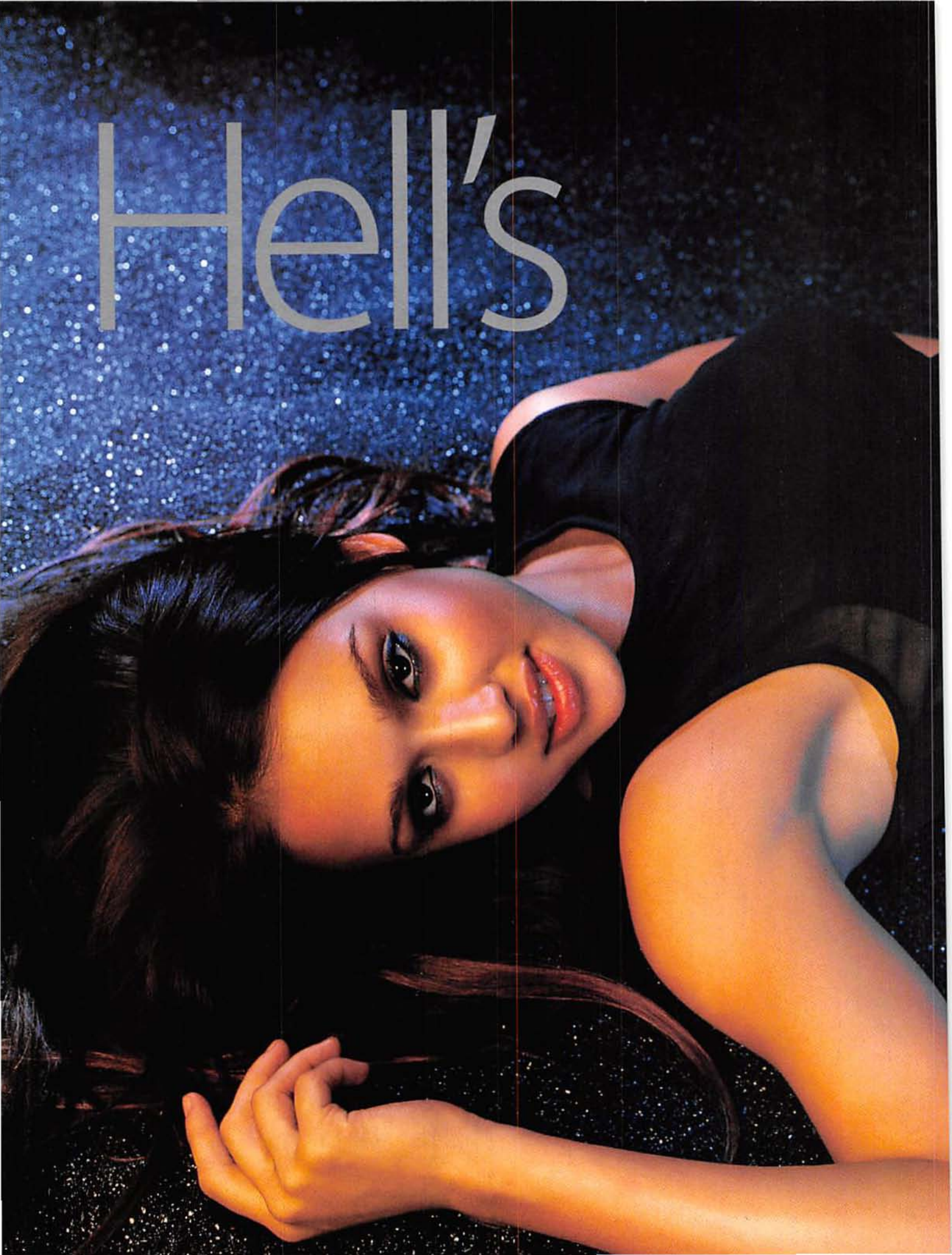
Photograph, Butch Blair; stylist, Susan Michelik; prop stylist, Wayde Wesling for Celestine; grooming, Tracey Moyer for Celestine



For ladies with truly original sins: three Hail Marys and a phone number


Hell's

Angel

Jessica Alba, the sultry star of James Cameron's new action series, *Dark Angel*, could single-handedly make prime time worth watching again.

By Paul Young Photographs by Antoine Verglas

Being a television casting director must be a rewarding job most days. And it's gotta be *especially* rewarding when director-producer James "Terminator" Cameron tells you to find an incredibly beautiful, genetically enhanced superwarrior for his new Fox sci-fi extravaganza, *Dark Angel*. Still, it's hard to imagine the search went much beyond the moment Jessica Alba picked up the script. Now 19, Alba has been acting for half her life, stretching back to an early episode of *Beverly Hills, 90210* and a starring role in a *Flipper* syndicated series and extending to more recent gigs in the horror-comedy *Idle Hands* and the teen-themed *Never Been Kissed* (with Drew Barrymore). Needless to say, the plum role of Max, a sexy, tough-talking, motorcycle-riding cat burglar on the run in post-apocalyptic Seattle from the secret government agency that spawned her, required a somewhat more lethal combo of beauty and guts. But as we learned between rounds of retro video games at Nova Express Cafe, L.A.'s sci-fi-themed pizza parlor, there's quite a tough cookie beneath Jessica's glamorous glaze. Of Mexican, Spanish, French, and Danish descent and raised in a nomadic military family, Jessica grew up a sports fanatic and terrorized her teachers and grandparents alike with her rebellious behavior. We predict that with *Dark Angel*, she'll be raising even more eyebrows.

Your character, Max, is a cat burglar, among other things. If you could sneak into any place and not get caught, where would it be?
Hmm, I prefer being right up-front with people, but maybe I'd find out what a prison is like, or I'd go into some laboratories to see just what they're doing with animals in tests. Because I have a sick fascination with medical stuff like that. The ultimate would be sneaking inside the human body. Like, how amazing would it be to see the stomach and the heart and the brain from the inside?

***Dark Angel* is packed with action scenes, and you spend a lot of time leaping between skyscrapers and dodging bullets. How intense was the training?**
It was pretty rigorous. Every day for a year, I went to martial arts, then to gymnastics, then to motorcycle riding, then to a hard cardio workout and stretching. I practiced moves over and over so I wouldn't think about it. My theory is that if you look confident, you can pull anything off—even if you have no clue what you're doing.

That's really you on the motorcycle?
Yeah. I ride a Kawasaki Ninja 350 on the show. I tried out a 650, and it was amazing, but you really have to respect something that powerful—one wrong move and you're done. But it's excellent! You can totally peel out. It's a rocket.

Do you own a motorcycle in real life?
I've been obsessed with Harley-Davidsons since I can remember. There's just something about a Harley that drives me crazy. But I think it's just a little too dangerous to ride the streets in Los Angeles. People here just don't know how to drive.

Why do we get the feeling you were somewhat of a tomboy?
I played sports with the neighborhood boys growing up. I loved baseball. I was a catcher and a pretty good batter. But when I turned 12, they made me play softball, and I was like, *forget that*. I'd much rather play hardball. It's faster.

So you don't throw like a girl?
I *never* threw like a girl. My dad wouldn't let me. I could throw the ball from home plate to third without getting off my knees. I toss a football fairly well, too. I wanted to play football with the boys, but then I started getting my, you know, girly bits, and that can be a problem when you get tackled and stuff.

Ever been in a fight?
When I was in fifth grade, this sixth grade guy kept grabbing my butt. He was, like, "I want to see you; I want to kiss you"—really harassing me. So one day I punched him in the face. We had to go to the principal's office because I gave him a black eye.

Your ancestry reads like a United Nations roll call. Do you identify more with the Latino or European side of your family?
Well, I grew up more with my father's family, so I would have to say that I feel closer to the Latino side. But I'm not trying to represent Latinos. Everyone keeps wanting to pigeonhole me as something, but I'd rather be known as American. I could just as easily say that I'm French or Danish or Canadian, because that's where my mother's side of the family is from. I mean, I don't even know how to speak Spanish, so how can I represent Latinos?

Your family moved around a lot when you were growing up, right?
Yeah. My dad was in the navy. We lived in California, then moved to Mississippi for a few years. I even had an accent for a while. *Hey, y'all!* Then we moved to Texas and I picked up another accent. When I was nine we moved back to southern California. I think I went to eight or nine schools.

So do you identify with the loner side of Max?
I personally relate to feeling isolated, because even when I was in school and among my peers and friends, I never felt like I was really part of the group. Max is distant because she has to be; she can't let anyone find out who—and what—she is. It's really a simple matter of survival more than anything else.

'My theory is that if you look confident, you can pull off anything—even if you have no clue what you're doing.'

How about her problems with authority? Is that based on you, too?
My teachers all hated me. I had asthma and took this medication, which was basically like speed, that made me bounce off the walls. Plus, I was a total smarty-pants, like I knew the answer to every question. But my biggest issue was that I refused to call teachers "Mr." or "Mrs." They were just people to me, so I wouldn't address them that way. They hated it.

Ever have any nicknames?
Oh, yeah. My grandma called me *muchacha cochina pestosa,* which means "dirty little girl." I did some crazy things to get attention when I was a kid. Like, my family would be having a barbecue, and they'd be talking about boring grown-up stuff, and I'd walk right in the middle of the group and just let out this nasty burp. Or I'd put on my bikini and pull my bottoms up my butt and walk around like that. For my grandparents, who are totally Catholic and conservative, that was pretty shocking. My grandmother would be, like, *"¡Ay muchacha cochina pestosa!!"*

How does a dirty little girl win the lead role on a huge new TV series?
I wasn't even that interested at first because I really wanted to concentrate on film—it was just another audition. Then I read the amazing script that Jim Cameron wrote. Max was so cool. That was it. I know they wanted to cast someone who was a lot like the character, then write the script around that person. And I was a lot like Max.

***Dark Angel* takes place in 2020, after an economic and societal collapse. Are you scared that Cameron's vision might come true by then?**
Not really. Actually I don't think that's such a bad world, even though everything is torn down and people are in economic despair. Because it's a starting over. I mean, we [in the series] may not have the freshest vegetables from around the world, but then again there aren't 20 jean companies either. Instead of people using material things as a crutch, it simplifies everything. I think that's kind of cool.

You just finished making an independent movie in Malaysia. How did you like paradise?
Oh, man, it was kind of wild. We were working in a full-on jungle with monkeys, tigers, and grasshoppers the size of birds. And they have this other bug that's like a gigantic bumblebee. I swear, it's bigger than a hummingbird, and it's really loud. And the Malays will catch them right out of the air, put it on a stick, tear the wings off, toast it, and eat it.

How did it taste?
No way! Those things have worms and stuff. Two people on our crew tried it and they got sick for days.

GIRL ON FILM

FLIPPER (TV, 1995–96) It's a Hollywood rule never to work with animals, but not even a superintelligent dolphin could outshine Jessica.

IDLE HANDS (1999) In this horror-comedy, Jessica's boyfriend has a possessed hand that he can't control. At least that's his lame excuse.

NEVER BEEN KISSED (1999) Jessica (center) is the leader of a cool-girl clique that attempts to rid Drew Barrymore of her dorky ways.

DARK ANGEL (2000) As a genetically enhanced cat burglar, our cover girl convinces us that getting touched by an angel is a good thing.

Still, you were OK hanging out in the jungle with the guys on the crew.
I've always been like that: hanging out with the dudes, sticking up for my beliefs, throwing it down when I needed to. Like, I'm really good at being sarcastic with guys. That's the best way to hang out with them, because that's what guys are like. They don't want the quiet, prissy little things. I never liked girls that complain about everything and refuse to do anything about it. That drives me crazy.

So what makes you interested in hanging out with *a guy* instead of *the guys*?
I like smart and interesting guys. Looks are much less important. Especially smart guys who understand life and are not so uptight about it. Like, there's a certain type of guy that's in a certain groove, and he's interesting because he likes to read and exercise his brain. And I'm not talking about a total academic person, but someone with a natural curiosity. Someone who can hang out with the president of the United States *and* a cab driver in Jamaica and not treat either one differently.

What type of guy falls for you?
Well, yesterday a 60-year-old Arab tourist with gold chains came on to me. I was driving along, and this old man kept driving alongside me, trying to get me to pull over. Like, I'm going stop and jump into this guy's car? People are so weird sometimes. But really, I don't get asked out on a lot of dates. That used to bother me; then I realized, *Whatever, it's just not my time.*

Do you have any other dating rules—besides not jumping into strangers' back seats?
Not to go out on dates with just anyone. Not to give it up too soon. Don't give your heart too soon. Don't give too much of anything too soon.

How do you know you're supposed to go on a second date with a guy?
When I want to hear what he's going to say next.

Maybe I should stop talking now.
Maybe. Give it a shot. M

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Jessica at a glance

Vital stats: Born April 28, 1981, in Pomona, California. Her father's navy career took the Albas to Biloxi, Mississippi, and Del Rio, Texas, before they settled back in California. Her 5'6" frame developed early. "I used to get served wine in restaurants when I was 12. I have a naturally curvy body, and there's nothing I can do about it."

Interesting family relation: She's the cousin of Steve Alba, one of the world's greatest skateboarders.

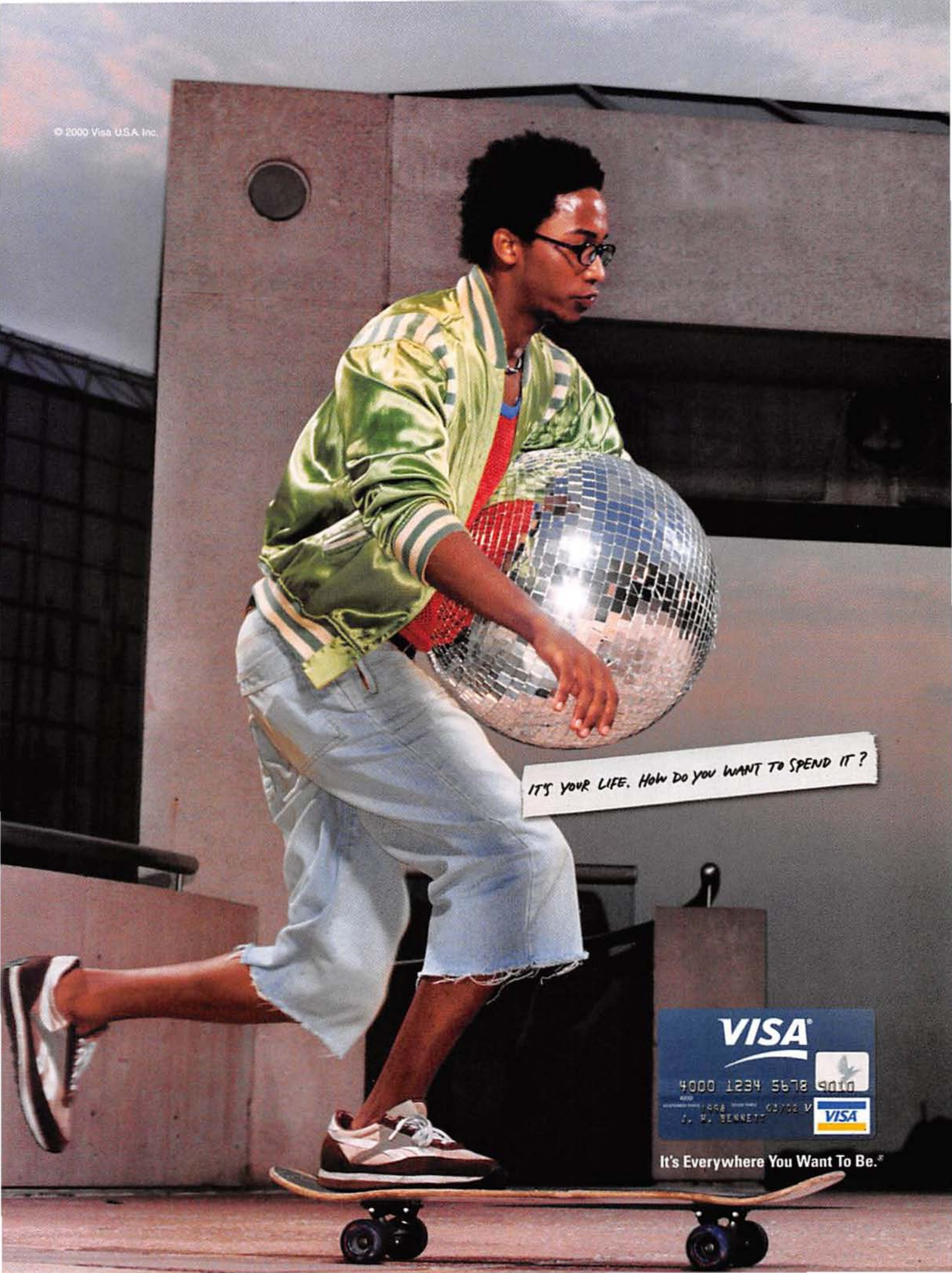
Mesmerizing nervous habit: Twirling her hair around her fingers. "I do it so much, Jim Cameron told me that Dark Angel doesn't play with her hair. I said, 'I know. That's why Dark Angel is Dark Angel, and Jessica is Jessica.' He likes to give me a hard time, and I like giving him a hard time back."

Sleepwear style: Decidedly casual. "Most nights I end up wearing a wife-beater T-shirt and boxers."

Secret power: Cooking. Though she doesn't aspire to represent all Latinos, she does "make the most kick-ass Mexican food. My specialty is chicken enchiladas and homemade tortillas."

Upcoming movies: Starring roles in *Paranoia,* directed by John Duigan (who discovered Nicole Kidman), and *The Sleeping Dictionary* with Bob Hoskins.

Favorite dance music: Anything with a groove. "Jazz, blues, hip-hop, jungle, I like it all. I love dancing, but it's hard to go to a club if you don't have a fake ID. Unless you want to play the celebrity card, and that kind of bums me out."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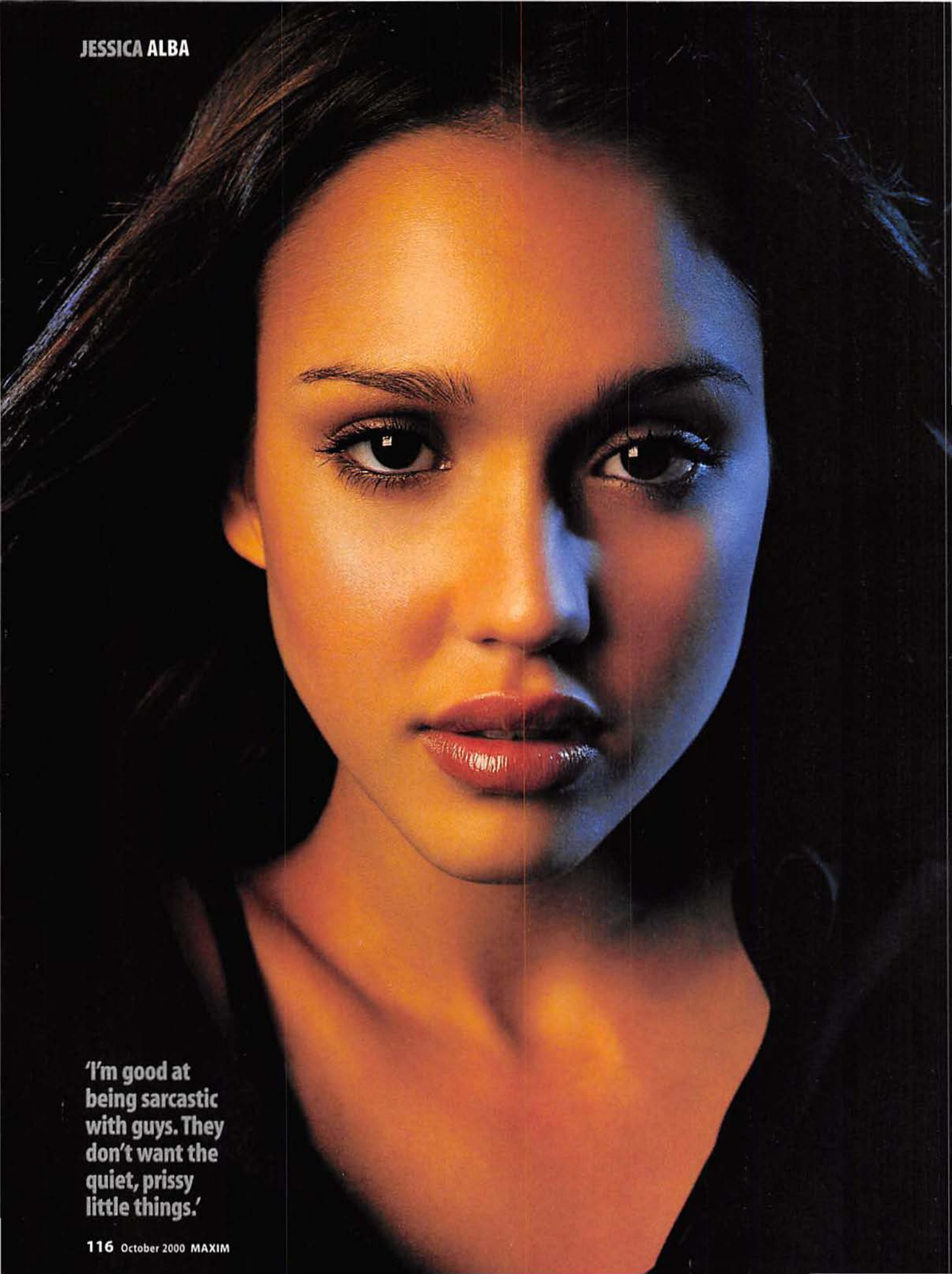

'I'm good at being sarcastic with guys. They don't want the quiet, prissy little things.'

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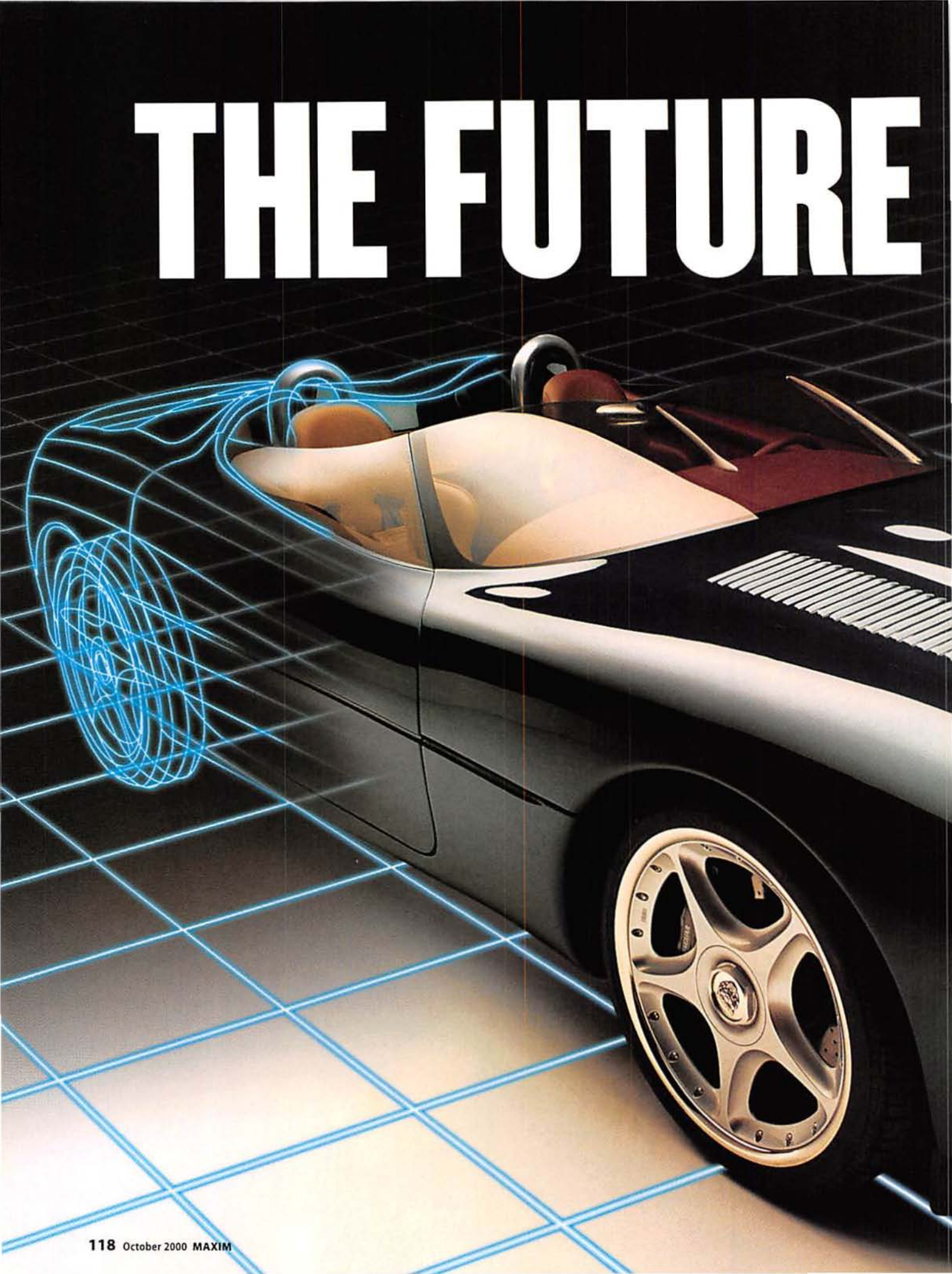
THE FUTURE



OF CARS

Windshields that let you see in the dark, engines with drinkable emissions, Martian body designs: Auto technology is finally switching into high gear. You may never walk again.

By Glenn Derene and Phil Berg
Photographs by Jon Muresan

In an age swarming with electronics and gadgets, your car is still far and away the coolest machine you own. Your cell phone can't tear down the interstate, baiting the black-and-whites; your PalmPilot doesn't boost your heart rate; and you simply can't get laid in the back of a laptop. (It voids the warranty, for one thing.) Despite our scientists' best efforts, the first invention of the century still beats all the others to a squirming, humiliated pulp.

But cars, all things considered, are still primitive devices based on 100-year-old propulsion and guidance systems. The "modern" auto is simply a good invention that's extended and refined a few basic engineering concepts to the edges of physics. A century of refinement later, cars are still dirty, wasteful, dangerous machines that isolate their passengers and make huge demands on their time and attention.

All this is about to change.

Deep in top-secret underground laboratories, protected by armed guards and fortified steel walls, automotive engineers are hard at work not just on next year's models but on the very evolution of the auto itself. We sent our cadre of *Maxim* spies to infiltrate corporate facilities like Ford's Sci Lab in Dearborn, Michigan, GM's R&D facility in Warren, Michigan, and Mercedes-Benz's engineering center in Sindelfingen, Germany (took us a while to find that one). Our spies returned with an entire AMC Pacer filled with highly confidential documents and not a few large buckets of KFC. By candlelight in our editorial offices, we carefully pored over these materials, then sheepishly returned to the car companies and had them explain everything to us.

Your car, it turns out, is becoming something of a gadget itself—an intelligent machine with a personality halfway between that of overprotective mother and that of sycophantic manservant. Steer your 2010 Mercedes toward a brick wall (no, go ahead) and

Digital Imaging: Gene Bresler

you'll be surprised to find that it suddenly exhibits a will to live and brakes itself just in time. Fall asleep at the wheel of a future Cadillac and it'll smack you back into consciousness...or just take the wheel and let you snooze.

Your car will monitor and cater to your tastes, no matter how criminally perverted, and obey commands like an Indonesian mail-order bride. It will talk dirty, if you like that kinda thing. Your car will be faithful only to you and won't start for anyone else. Your girlfriend will grow to despise it; when her earring drops between the seat cushions, it will mysteriously disappear.

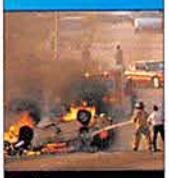
Your comfort will be of paramount importance to your new best friend. Intelligent suspension systems will melt away jarring bumps and potholes and counteract body roll for an eerily silky ride—you'll have to look out the window to make sure you're moving. Seats will offer a choice of Shiatsu or Swedish massage. Your vanity mirror will live up to its name by reflecting back not you but a digital image of Steve McQueen.

Better still, this baby will know how to dance. Autos will be able to play and display MP3s, movies, maps, E-mail, Web pages, and more. Already dozens of companies are lining up for the chance to become your in-car info service provider. Built-in videophones will feed you vivid real-time traffic pics, news broadcasts, and naturally, a highly targeted and invasively personal stream of ads. "Sensors indicate you're hungry, and records show you haven't yet tried McDonald's new McLambBurger. Shall we hit the drive-through?"

It wouldn't do to power these machines with the same old liquefied dinosaur remains, and the next generation of autos will have the OPEC nations begging for pocket change. Fuel cells, finally within reach, represent the Holy Grail of transportation: They'll run on clean, replaceable hydrogen—more readily available than your sister—while creating the most eco-friendly exhaust possible: water. (OK, so fuel cells still explode without warning a bit—they're still working out a few glitches.)

Your future car will be socially conscious and polite, cooperating with other cars by radar and radio. On-board computers and guidance systems will automatically maintain a safe distance between vehicles and stay out of traffic, so you don't have to. "Ninety percent of crashes are caused by driver error," says Ray Resendes, program manager for the U.S. Department of Transportation's Intelligent Vehicle Initiative. "These systems take some of the stress out of the process." Good-bye, road rage.

DOWN THE ROAD



1998
Two years ago, 41,471 people died in motor vehicle crashes—7% fewer than 25 years ago, says Stephanie Faul, communications director of the AAA Foundation for Traffic Safety. She credits more people using seat belts.

2000
Air quality...*cough, cough*...is finally getting better. "We are emitting 97% less pollutants than we did 25 years ago," insists Laura Jones, director of environment and regulation at the Fraser Institute.

2001
Who you callin' Japanese? One of Honda's largest single investment in U.S. manufacturing, a new state-of-the-art plant in Lincoln, Alabama, opens next year at a total cost of around $440 million.

LOST TREND #1

ROCK THE VOLT
After the California Air Resource Board mandated that major automakers had to offer so-called zero-emission electric cars by 1997, GM was the first to comply, with the $33,995 EV1. Only 727 were sold. The mandate has been rolled back because of the underwhelming demand for the green autos, whose range is around 100 miles on a full charge.

DREAMED MACHINES

Hot wheels from the top car school, Pasadena's Art Center College of Design.

Flatten a Volkswagen Beetle into an escape pod, add Life Saver wheels and bug-eyed helicopter doors, and you get...

CAR #1: THE ROBO-BUBBLE-BUG

Designer: Dais Nagao, 27 **Born:** Tokyo, Japan
Favorite Car: Lamborghini Miura **Sponsor:** Mitsubishi
Assignment: Create a radical model that'll jazz blasé 20ish car buyers in the year 2010. Seeking a new design language, Nagao drew ideas from Mitsubishi's rally racers and the near indestructible exoskeletons of bugs. The distinctive hubless wheels are held on with roller-bearing clamps—an experimental concept that Nagao believes might one day be commonplace. (Hiroki says: "Looks like grasshopper.")

Cut two big circles out of an oversize milk carton, add turbocharged engine and hockey-puck wheels, and you get...

CAR #2: THE AMAZING MICRO-MINICAR

Designer: Ro Junseok, 31 **Born:** Seoul, South Korea
Favorite car: Porsche 550A Spyder **Sponsor:** DaimlerChrysler
Assignment: Solve the traffic problems of a specific city. Junseok chose Mexico City, world's most polluted urban area. Inspired by the original VW Beetle (still produced south of the border), this small, affordable, versatile car has removable seats so drug traffickers can pack in the yey-yo and doorless sides so passengers can move in and out effortlessly. Perfect for a big-city taxi fleet—and can double as a birthday piñata.

rush hour nyc

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If, by some miracle of ineptitude, you manage to override the dozens of next-generation accident-avoidance systems and actually crash your car, it will heroically take the brunt of the pain, cushioning you with foams and air bags that pop out from every angle even as your car automatically calls for help. It will do everything but drag your ass to safety and give you mouth-to-mouth.

Today's fledgling on-board diagnostic systems will leap headlong into the wireless Internet age, troubleshooting problems as they crop up via remote computers. Seamlessly integrating with on-board processing, your car will download software patches to instantly rectify performance problems, and you won't even be notified unless it's something drastic or expensive. Your nap time is too important.

Everything from bumper to bumper is being reexamined, rethought, and redesigned—and that includes you, the driver, who's starting to look like the weak link in the chain. Those of us who have long considered driving an art form will have to admit the superiority of "our" machines. Cruise control was just the beginning: Pure drivers will shortly evolve into pure passengers.

What consequences will ceding physical control to our cars produce? Your Lexus may long for your approval. ("Listen to my engine—I did a little trick with the valve timing. Smooth, right?") Your Porsche may get needy. ("Dave, don't lie to me: I can tell from the curvature of your spine you've been driving that slutty SUV again.")

But are we leaving something behind on this brave new road? When driving was a dirty, gritty, dangerous business, it was fun, fun, fun—ask your dad. As we get more and more insulated from the noise, the grease, the wind, and the jolts, what's left to revel in?

Hitting the road was once an end in itself, a wide-open haven where a guy could get away from it all. Already GPS lets satellites track your ass all over God's green earth, and soon enough the boss will be able to interrupt your solitude via the video phone as windshield-displayed E-mails remind you to pick up the groceries.

Improved safety, comfort, communications, and performance are all welcome...as long as we can reserve the option to turn 'em off whenever the point of driving is to get away. Because every once in a while, a man's gotta roll down the self-tinting windows, accelerate to foolishly fuel-inefficient speeds, and light out for nowhere.

Tell the GPS satellite: Driver has disconnected. M

DOWN THE ROAD

2005
In a few years Mercedes' SLR series cars will have carbon-fiber frames similar to those used for F1 racers. The superstrong body structure will be significantly lighter than the current SLR.

2007
With the introduction of on-board communications and entertainment systems and the push toward drive-by-wire controls, carmakers are planning to ditch the current 12-volt standard that runs all the electronics on today's cars in favor of 42-volts of juice.

2010
Electric autos and hybrids will make up 15–17% of the entire U.S. car market by the end of this decade, according to Dave Goldstein, president of the Electric Vehicle Association of Greater Washington, D.C.

LOST TREND #2

FLYING CARS
In the 1944 Highway Construction Act, Congress proposed that roadside landing strips be built alongside major highways. The reason: the predicted postwar boom in flying cars, of course! To date more than 30 designs for such autos have been filed at the U.S. patent office, but only two have ever received FAA approval for production.

THE SAFETY DANCE

Grandpa died peacefully in his sleep—but his passengers screamed in terror. New safety features can spare you a similar fate.

Adaptive cruise control uses laser sensors to prevent tailgating—think of it as anti-asshole technology

Problem: Most of us tailgate. The result: Reaction time usually won't be sufficient to save us if anything...*Oh crap—look out!*
Solution: Let the car drive for you. New adaptive cruise-control systems—available in some 2001 top-end Mercedes and Lexus sedans—use radar or laser sensors to measure and help you maintain a safe distance between your car and the idiot in front of you. Taking it a step further is Mercedes' VITA vision-aided technology project, which has been testing vehicles equipped with stereoscopic cameras that scan the road for variations in traffic or road conditions. As you cruise along, a computer will aid you in guidance and control of the car.

Problem: You have no trouble regularly falling into a deep sleep...even when you're driving.
Solution: Buy a car that occasionally pumps 20,000 volts through your body, or wait for a variation on that idea that's being developed independently by Toyota, Nissan, and the Department of Transportation. Their monitoring systems combine image-processing cameras to check for excessive eye blinking and sensors to detect erratic steering. If you're caught napping, a piercing alarm will jolt you back to the living. If you fail to respond, the computer will conclude that you're croaking, bring the car safely to a stop, and call for help.

Problem: When SUVs roll over, arms, legs, and heads tend to violently detach from their bodies.
Solution: Ford is the first company to combat this problem, er, head-on, with a new high-tech "rollover protection package," available on its 2001 SUVs. Special sensors measure the degree of horizontal tilt; if your ute goes truly topsy-turvy, slow-deflation air bags automatically deploy from the roof liner to help cushion the blow(s). In an effort to avoid enormous lawsuits from paralyzed hypochondriacs, most automakers will make similar technology standard on their trucks within the next three model years.

It's better and cheaper than driving with a howler monkey

Shelley Winters' chauffeur will love rollover air bags!

rush hour rome

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2001 Mitsubishi Eclipse Spyder convertible, $24,000, 200 bhp, 0–60 in 6.9 sec
2001 Porsche 911 Turbo, $111,000, 415 bhp, 0–60 in 4.0 sec
2000 Ford SVT Mustang Cobra R, $55,000, 385 bhp, 0–60 in 4.4 sec

SPORTS CARS ARE BACK!

The greatest American status symbol has returned in a big, big way.

Up until the mid-'70s, nothing in the world of autos was more exciting than the sleek, bear-baiting sports car. Dodge's '69 Charger had a 440 V-8 that kicked it to 60 mph in 4.8 seconds. The Firebird Trans Am had stiff shocks and big tires so the driver could feel the road, and the '69 Camaros were so dark and sinister they should've been sold out of back alleys.

But in the late '70s, the sports car crashed and burned. The Trans Am and Camaro started looking like disco heels. Corvette C4s were given an androgynous shape, and the once-tough Mustang had the muscle of a Chrysler K car. The MR2! The Fiero! Junkyards never had it so good.

The madness finally ended in 1991, when Acura introduced the NSX. Next Chrysler unleashed its 160 mph Viper. By the late '90s, Corvettes and Mustangs were back in fighting shape, and Euros like the Porsche Boxter and Audi TT had stepped into the ring.

These days the showrooms are filled with so much curvy attitude, you'll think you wandered into a gentlemen's club. Improving on perfection, automakers are using goodies like aluminum, titanium, and composite materials to make these honeys even faster and sexier. Ceramic brakes on the Porsche 911 help balance its 189 mph top speed. Mitsubishi's Eclipse Spyder has computer-generated "geomechanical" styling, which enables a stronger body. Like the top down? Mercedes' convertible, 215 bhp SLK has heated seats and a wind-blocking screen for year-round fun.

For the ultimate old-school experience, Mustang created the stripped-down Cobra R. It has no air conditioning, no radio, and no rear seats. Its trunk contains a racing fuel tank, and the highly tuned 5.4-liter V-8 makes some 385 bhp. Best of all—this brings tears to our eyes—it only comes in red. Aaaah...

Photographs: Jon Muresan

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Ford's J Mays

GM's Linda Chota

SHOP TALK

We asked a Ford designer and a GM engineer to predict just how freaky your automobile will become.

What trends in the auto industry will we see over the next 10 years?
Mays: In design we'll be able to take some chances and make cars that people really desire—as opposed to the commodity-like products that preceded my generation of designers.
Chota: The ultimate goal is a car that never crashes. We won't have that anytime soon, but we *will* have cars that have avoidance systems.
How will those cool new on-board technologies affect car design?
Mays: One project we showed at the last Detroit Auto Show was called the 24•7, and it was jam-packed full of voice-activated Internet and navigation technology (see page 128). Our challenge is to integrate those great new elements without completely distracting the driver.
What innovative materials will change the way cars are designed?
Mays: I think aluminum is going to be one of the materials of choice in the coming 15 years because of its light weight, strength, and recyclability. [Ford] has several aluminum vehicles slated to come to market over the next three years.
Ever hire spies in Detroit?
Chota: No! But we have really done a major effort in technology intelligence and market intelligence...We try not to ever be surprised.
Mays: I don't think that much about that, to be perfectly honest. But our competition is not the domestic market anymore but European and Japanese manufacturers.

Chota worked on the Corvette; Mays designed this 2002 Thunderbird

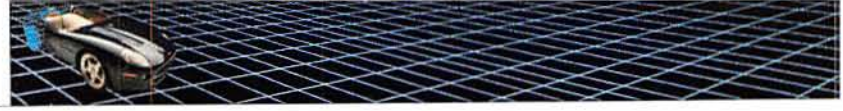
DOWN THE ROAD

2010–2020
Get ready for the Chinese invasion! According to Joseph Phillippi, director of equity research for Paine Webber, China plans to spend the next decade building a manufacturing infrastructure. The plan: to rival Japan and Korea's auto manufacturing capabilities within 20 years.

2040–2060
Currently in the testing phase, personal air transports could one day become a viable means of transportation. Michelle Garrett of Millennium Jet Inc. says that development of an "exoskeletal flying vehicle" called the Solo Trek XFV is progressing at a "safe rate." Their goal is for the craft to stay aloft for three hours, travel at 80 mph, and cover at least 120 miles.

LOST TREND #3

100 MPH FREEWAYS
Could L.A. be traffic-free today? In the late 1940s the state's transportation board considered three levels of freeways—the lower two for traffic at normal speeds and a third level for 100 mph travel. The board decided to drop the plans, leaving the city with its current bumper-to-bumper problem.



GIZMOBILES

High-tech cars of tomorrow will answer your phone, tint your windows, hone your Quake skills, and maybe even spank your monkey. Here's the time frame:

With Oldsmobile's entertainment extras, you won't have to drug the kids on long car trips

500 CHANNELS: ARRIVING WITHIN 3 YEARS

Problem: Kids who don't watch enough *Barney* get the D.T.'s.
Solution: A factory option on the 2001 Oldsmobile Silhouette Premiere: in-car LCD video monitors positioned so that everyone but the driver (*damn!*) can watch VHS flicks or play video games. Delphi Automotive Systems is working on a flat, roof-mounted satellite antenna to receive 500 DirecTV and DirecPC signals.

SHADE: 2 TO 4 YEARS

Problem: Skin cancer sucks.
Solution: The Gentex corporation is developing variably dimming electrochromic windows that tint automatically in response to levels of sunlight—or the driver's spoken command.

CAR SMARTS: TODAY!

Problem: Your car is stupid.
Solution: Evolving telematics like this Caddy "infotainment system" have integrated E-mail, navigation, cell phone, infrared synching with your PDA, and guided missiles to destroy Yugos.

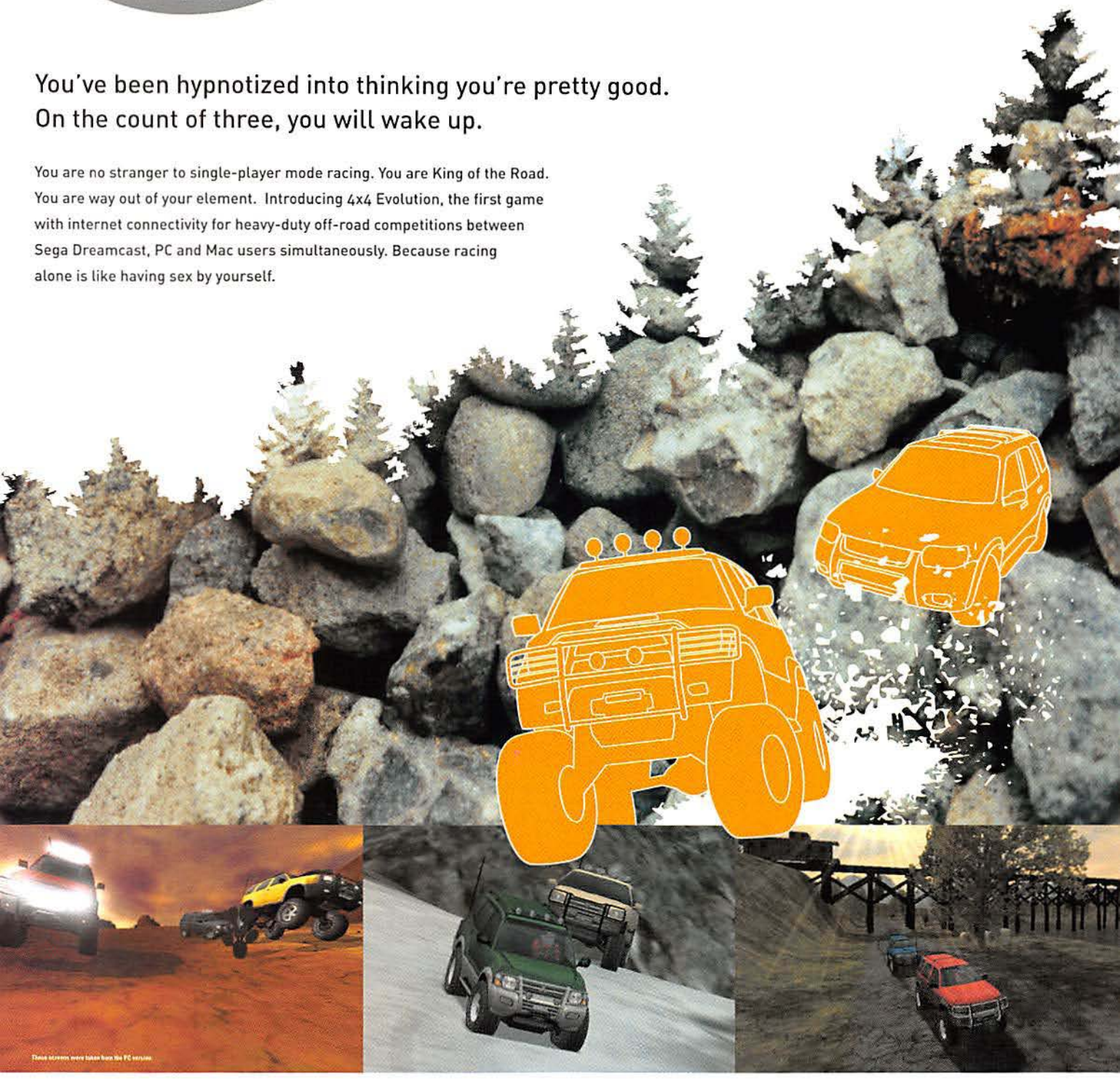
FREEDOM ROCK: 1 YEAR

Problem: Anytime you leave a big city, the only thing you can pick up on the radio are preachers and old Jefferson Starship backwash.
Solution: Two competing companies, XM and Sirius, will soon offer subscription satellite radio services (about $10 per month) that will let special on-board receivers anywhere in the U.S. pick up 50 stations of ad-free music and 50 stations of additional audio from cable networks such as NPR and CNBC. BMW will offer the option in some of its 2001 models, and Sony will market compatible radios next year so jalopies like yours can get in on the action.

4X4 EVO™

You've been hypnotized into thinking you're pretty good. On the count of three, you will wake up.

You are no stranger to single-player mode racing. You are King of the Road. You are way out of your element. Introducing 4x4 Evolution, the first game with internet connectivity for heavy-duty off-road competitions between Sega Dreamcast, PC and Mac users simultaneously. Because racing alone is like having sex by yourself.



ALL THE TOP SUVS AND TRUCKS FROM LEADING MANUFACTURERS TO CUSTOMIZE • 16 MERCILESS OFF-ROAD COURSES, EACH WITH THEIR OWN ACTIVE ENVIRONMENT, MUSIC SCORE AND DIFFICULTY • GO ANYWHERE GAMEPLAY — NO PREDETERMINED TRACK • ACCURATE PHYSICS, PHOTO-REALISTIC GRAPHICS, AND UNFORGIVING ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE.

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Sega Dreamcast. Mac PC CD ROM

CONCEPT CREATURES

Ah, the concept car. Million-dollar price tags, exotic materials, Grand Prix engines, and Martian design. Best of all, they're great predictors of future technology. Here are five beauties that incorporate innovations you'll be seeing in showrooms over the next seven years.

AUDI SUPERCOUPE

The high concept: A skillful evocation of a Howitzer shell, the T-1000, and the fall of Berlin.

Behind the scenes: If you're a bed-wetter or if your name is Mary, stay the hell away from this four-wheel-drive projectile. It's got a *W16*—two 4.0 V-8s merged together—that pumps out a staggering 623 bhp. Audi says it will build 500 of these machines, which are expected to easily reach 200 mph and fetch $375,000. The design doesn't allow for a rear window, so drivers will need to rely on two roof-mounted cameras and an on-board video monitor. Not that anything on God's green earth could stay on this car's tail.

JAGUAR XK 180

The high concept: An "unconvertible" hot tub on wheels.

Behind the scenes: This cat, spiritual descendant of the 1949 XK 120 roadster, will cost around $500,000. Jaguar shoehorned a supercharged 450-horsepower V-8 under the hood of this hand-built prototype and capped off its axles with low-profile 20-inch Pirelli tires. Needless to say, the XK 180 carries on the "shag-uar" tradition with Connolly leather seats and a 1950s-style aluminum dashboard with old-school rocker switches and dials. For aerodynamic purposes, the XK 180 doesn't have a roof—perfect for tooling around sunny old England.

FORD 24•7

The high concept: Ford merges with Lego and DreamWorks SKG.

Behind the scenes: Like camping, but hate nature? This pickup-minivan has a bench seat that can be removed and set up outside, and a large video screen that folds up from underneath the cargo area to let you create a mini movie theater. The 24•7 is also equipped with side-view cameras that feed images to an advanced video dashboard that is voice-controlled and can call up virtually any graphic information.

CHEVROLET SSR

The high concept: A truck for farmers, surfers, and Siegfried & Roy fans.

Behind the scenes: Chevrolet engineers built the world's first convertible concept pickup roadster in just seven weeks. Completely designed on computers while forgoing clay models, it has a power-retractable hardtop and a 6.0-liter V-8 that produces plenty of torque for its 20-inch tires. In August Chevrolet announced that it would start producing the radical SSR for the 2002 calendar year.

MERCEDES F 300 LIFE-JET

The high concept: To test the effect Goldschlager shots have on designers.

Behind the scenes: The wacky mix of a motorcycle, car, and jet has a suspension system that leans the vehicle into curves at angles of up to 30 degrees. The interior is modeled on the cockpit of a fighter plane, and driver and passenger sit in-line. It has a tiny 1.6-liter engine, but the aluminum-bodied Life-Jet is so light that it still moves 0–60 in a respectable 7.7 seconds and can reach a speed of 131 mph.

Photographs, Jon Muresan

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Some people just don't understand your enthusiasm for car audio. But we do. That's why we designed our subwoofers with seamless, foamed IMPP cones to make the bass louder and cleaner. In addition, the diamondplate design stiffens the cones so you don't just hear every note, you feel it. You see, great sound isn't just your priority. It's ours too.

POWER TOOLS

The end of the internal combustion engine may be closer then you think.

NATURAL/PROPANE GAS

A steel canister will store clean-burning propane at a cozy 3,600 psi. The option, already available on a few high-end sedans and trucks, adds about $5,000 to the sticker, but the operating cost per mile is about half that of a gasoline-powered car.
Upside: You can jerry-rig a BBQ grill off the tailpipe.
Downside: If the pressurized fuel tank explodes, your local Kmart will look like a scene from *Platoon*.

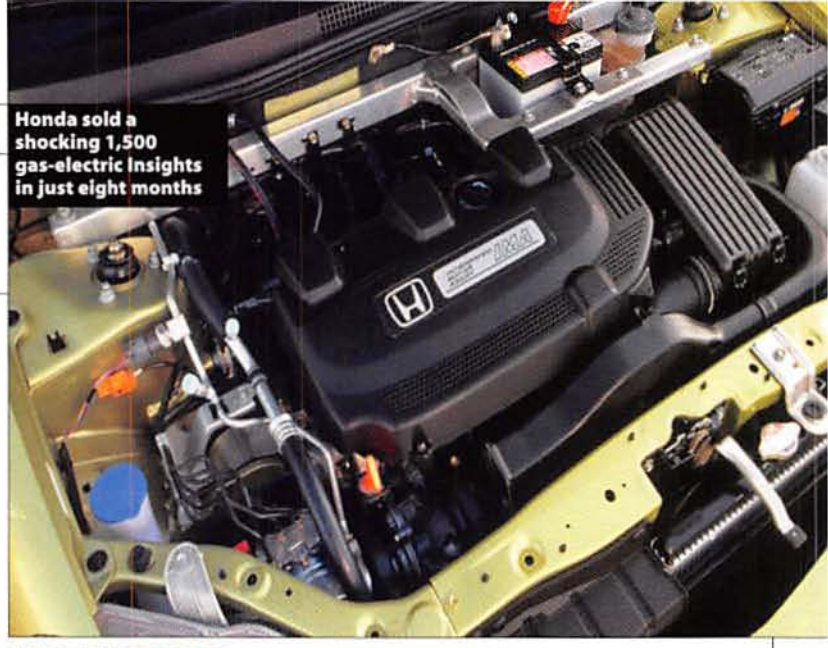
GAS-ELECTRIC HYBRIDS

Hybrids use an electric motor when loafing along the highway but automatically shift to a gasoline engine when more power is needed. Unlike in traditional electric vehicles, the batteries never need recharging, since the gas engine's rpm's supply the juice. The Toyota Prius ($20,450) and Honda Insight ($19,320) debut this year.
Upside: 70 mpg!
Downside: Having only half a real engine is like missing a nugget.

DOWN THE ROAD

2080–2100
OPEC's oil reserves are sufficient to last another 80 years at current production rates, while non-OPEC oil producers' reserves might last fewer than 20 years.

2100
Nanotechnology, a chemical process so precise that molecules can be combined to be made superstrong, will be applied to interstates in 100 years, says Solveig Singleton, director of information studies at the Cato Institute. Result: an end to potholes, spilled coffee, and lawsuits from irate McDonald's customers.



Honda sold a shocking 1,500 gas-electric Insights in just eight months

ELECTRIC MOTORS

Quiet and emission-free, electrics seemed the perfect antidote for noise and air pollution. But today's best e-cars can only run for about 2 hours (without A/C) before requiring an even longer recharge. For now niche vehicles like Ford's Think ($6,000) will offer a green way to frequent the mall or train station, but that's all, folks.
Upside: You're helping out!
Downside: Can't quite get out of sight of your house on one charge.

FUEL-CELL TECHNOLOGY

When molecules of fuel, either hydrogen or methanol, are stripped of their electrons (a process called ionization), large amounts of voltage are generated to give an electric motor tons of juice. "Our goal is to have a marketable vehicle by 2005," says Ferdinand Panik, Mercedes' VP in charge of the fuel-cell project.
Upside: The polar ice caps won't wash over Amsterdam.
Downside: Hydrogen blows up real good.

PERFORMANCE TURNS A CORNER

Electronic shocks, advanced tires, F1 transmissions. Expect to see tomorrow's minivans, SUVs, and luxury cars running the Brickyard 400.

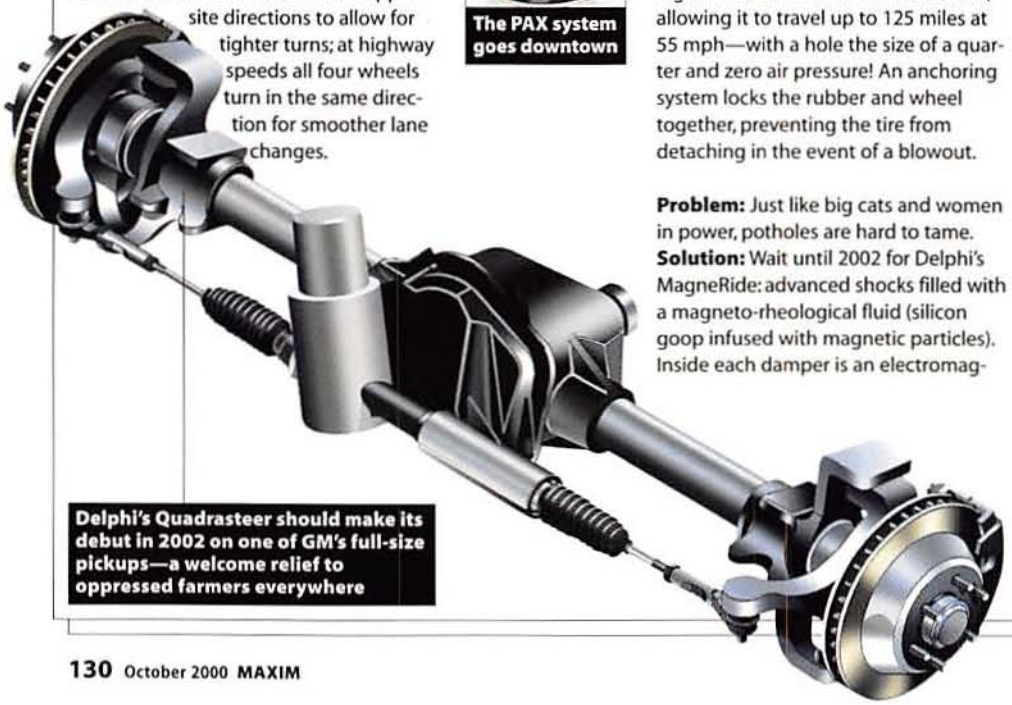
Problem: Your SUV is about as nimble as Roseanne in a potato-sack race.
Solution: A revolutionary four-wheel independent electronic steering system is being developed by GM. At low speeds the front and back wheels turn in opposite directions to allow for tighter turns; at highway speeds all four wheels turn in the same direction for smoother lane changes.

The PAX system goes downtown

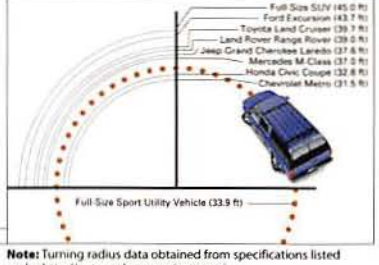
Problem: Blowouts at 120 miles per hour can wreck your whole day.
Solution: Keep it under 90 until 2003, when Michelin's PAX tire—made in conjunction with Goodyear—is rolled out. Rigid material is stuffed inside the tire, allowing it to travel up to 125 miles at 55 mph—with a hole the size of a quarter and zero air pressure! An anchoring system locks the rubber and wheel together, preventing the tire from detaching in the event of a blowout.

Problem: Just like big cats and women in power, potholes are hard to tame.
Solution: Wait until 2002 for Delphi's MagneRide: advanced shocks filled with a magneto-rheological fluid (silicon goop infused with magnetic particles). Inside each damper is an electromagnetic coil that changes the property of the fluid when current is applied. The system's suspension provides stiffer shocks for cornering, braking, or accelerating and offers a softer, more forgiving attitude toward speed bumps.

Problem: You love driving a stick but spend two hours a day in traffic.
Solution: A half-manual, half-automatic tranny. Porsche's Tiptronic, BMW's Steptronic, and Chrysler's Auto-Stik are new hybrid transmission systems that are essentially automatics that allow for manual override. And Ferrari now offers a "clutchless" manual, originally developed for F1 racing, whereby high and low gears are selected with a pair of small paddles on the steering wheel.



Delphi's Quadrasteer should make its debut in 2002 on one of GM's full-size pickups—a welcome relief to oppressed farmers everywhere


Full-Size SUV (45.0 ft)
Ford Excursion (43.7 ft)
Toyota Land Cruiser (39.7 ft)
Land Rover Range Rover (39.0 ft)
Jeep Grand Cherokee Laredo (37.6 ft)
Mercedes M-Class (37.0 ft)
Honda Civic Coupe (32.8 ft)
Chevrolet Metro (31.5 ft)
Full-Size Sport Utility Vehicle (33.9 ft)

Note: Turning radius data obtained from specifications listed under http://autos.yahoo.com/newcars/

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR OCCASIONS LIKE THIS. LIKE, 'MAKE THAT A DOUBLE.'

Strong, smooth whisky from a country that requires it.

The Revelstoke Canadian Spiced Whisky, 40% Alc./Vol. (80 Proof), Imported from Canada by Phillips Beverage Co., Minneapolis, MN

FUTURAMA MAMAS

Whether you lust for power, speed, or the approval of parking valets, you'll find the auto industry bursting with new ideas. Here are the best wheels you can hop into right now.

EASY RIDER

2000 TOYOTA CELICA GT-S COUPE ($22,045)

KEY STATS: 1.8-liter four-cylinder dual overhead cam, 180 bhp

NUTS & BOLTS: This car screams "Road trip!" Just 10 gallons of juice will take you 300 miles, and if she turns out to be the police chief's daughter, it'll also hit 60 mph in seven seconds, thanks to VVTL-i (Variable Valve Timing) with intelligence technology lifted from sports cars. Available as a six-speed manual, a hybrid, or an automatic, depending on your degree of pussyhood.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: WIL (Whiplash Injury Lessening) front seats and advanced designs decrease "intrusions" (parts of the car becoming spears) during a collision.

FAMILY TRUCKSTER

2001 CHRYSLER PT CRUISER ($16,000)

KEY STATS: 2.4-liter DOHC in-line four-cylinder, 150 bhp

NUTS & BOLTS: The Cruiser has barroom bravado, complete with a cue-ball shifter…so it's gotta have a big hemi-V8 rumbling under the hood, right? No such luck. The design prohibits anything bigger than an in-line four. But its relatively big ass does mean 64 cubic feet of cargo space, so moving bodies shouldn't be a problem. Or, you know, groceries or whatever.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: The Prowler and Viper's innovative design energized Chrysler; this is the company's first radically designed vehicle that stays under 200 mph.

BABE MAGNET

2000 BMW Z8 ROADSTER ($128,570)

KEY STATS: 394 hp, 0–60 in 4.6 sec

NUTS & BOLTS: When you grab the leather-covered roll bar to help lower yourself into the Z8, you know this is something special. Inspired by the BMW 507 roadster of '55, the Z8 borrows its V-8 from today's muscle-bound M5 sedan. Sorry, all 400 of the 2000 models have been snagged, but BMW has promised to cook up another batch for next year.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: New frame technology combines complex machine-formed aluminum channels with a lot of careful hand-welding, making for an unprecedentedly strong and light frame.

BRICK HOUSE

2000 VOLVO V40 WAGON ($24,500)

KEY STATS: 0–60 in 8.5 sec, 30 cubic feet of cargo space

NUTS & BOLTS: This deceptively light wagon features taut handling and a 160 bhp turbocharged four-cylinder engine for lively performance. And since it's a Volvo, it's OK if you pancake yourself into the wall of a parking garage while stupidly trying to replicate a movie stunt—multiple air bags and a reinforced safety cage will keep your life insurance policy out of the active file.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: Dynamic Stability Control will, under 25 mph, transfer power to drive wheels with the most traction; at higher speeds, when wheelspin is detected, the engine will cut back the torque in 15 milliseconds.

BIG WHEELS

2001 PONTIAC AZTEK ($21,495)

KEY STATS: 3.4-liter V-6, 185 bhp, tent

NUTS & BOLTS: If you're the woodsy type, this bud's for you. The minivan-cum-SRV (Sport Recreation Vehicle) was shaped by consumer focus groups and molded around the average size of a mountain bike; two can fit inside. A standard 185 hp 3.4-liter V-6 will get you to the top of the hill.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: Clever lifestyle goodies, such as the center console's removable 12-pack cooler and the inflatable mattress and hatchback-attached tent that come with the "camping package."

LAP OF LUXURY

2000 MERCEDES CL500 ($85,500)

KEY STATS: 5.0-liter V-8, 326 bhp, 0–60 in 6.2 sec

NUTS & BOLTS: After sitting in the optional $1,050 seats, which give motorized massages, the guilt from backstabbing your way to the top will evaporate. This palace on wheels has brains too: Mercedes' Cockpit Management and Data console (COMAND…sounds like a new S&M club) puts a CD player, a phone, and a navigation system at your fingertips via a five-inch LCD display.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: The Automatic Body Control suspension tiptoes in and out of potholes and shifts the car's weight while cornering to keep it earthbound.

Photographs, Jon Muresan

HARD BODY

2001 NISSAN FRONTIER KING CAB 4X4 SC ($25,000)

KEY STATS: 3.3-liter SOHC V-6, 210 bhp, 75-by-60-inch bed

NUTS & BOLTS: This pickup's amazing body was designed by a woman and modeled on a boxing glove. And its supercharged 210 hp V-6 and five-speed manual or four-speed automatic deliver a knockout punch. Four full doors allow five passengers inside, and a slick tailgate extender lengthens the bed when needed.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: Hybrid design makes this SUV with the soul of a sports car a pioneer in a new category: the sports truck.

SPEED RACER

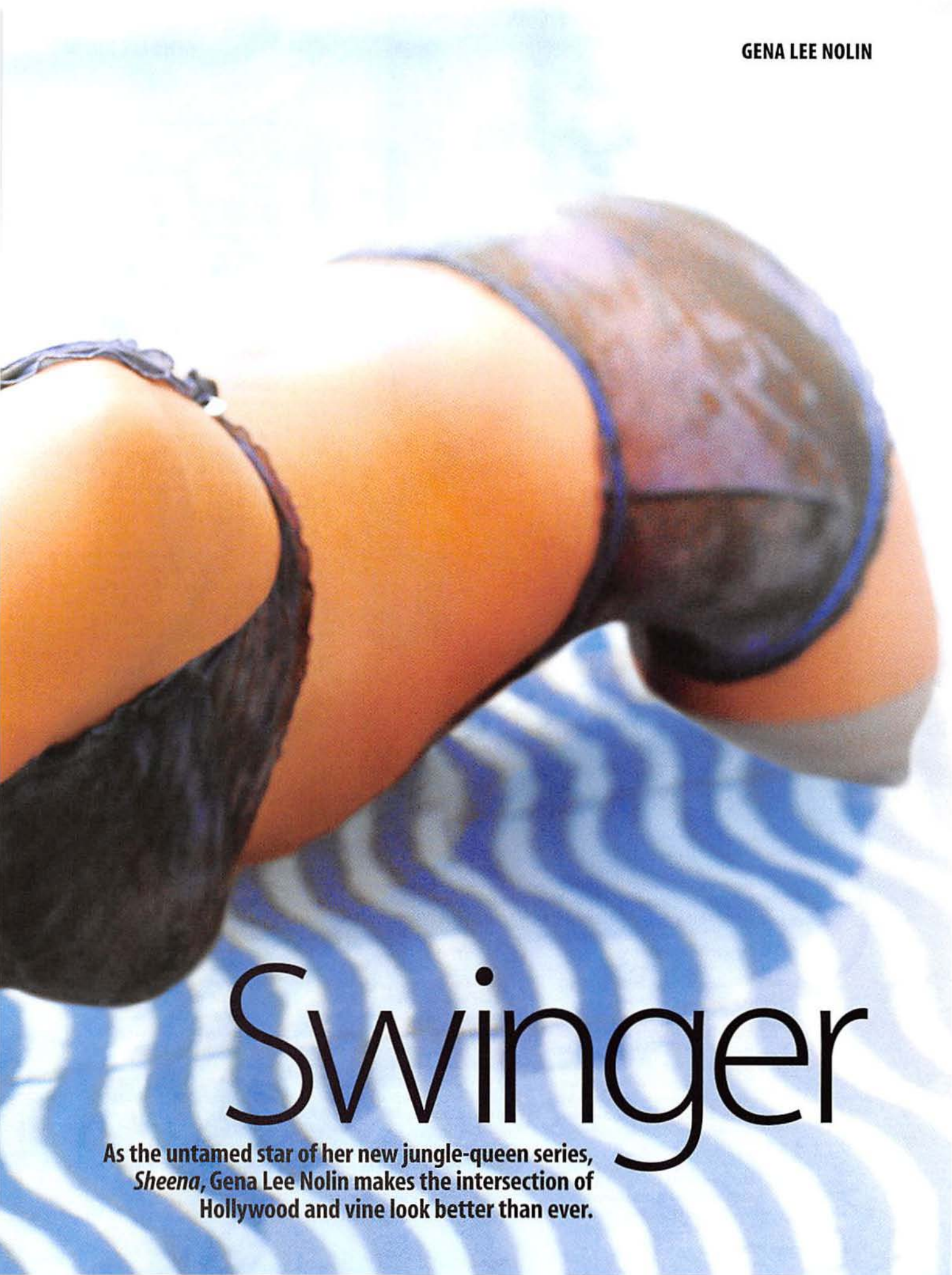
2001 LEXUS IS 300 SEDAN ($30,500)

KEY STATS: 3.0-liter in-line six, 215 bhp, 0–60 in 7.1 sec

NUTS & BOLTS: Want the performance of an Audi A4 or BMW 3-series but can't get past Germany's David Hasselhoff fetish? The high-performance Lexus IS 300 will show you the world at 140 mph. The racing experience is enhanced with drilled aluminum pedals and chronograph-style gauges.

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: This Lexus has (optional) Formula One–inspired E-shifting, which allows gear selection on the steering wheel, freeing one hand to flip off the trooper. M

By Bob Ivry Photographs by Davis Factor



Swinger

As the untamed star of her new jungle-queen series, *Sheena*, Gena Lee Nolin makes the intersection of Hollywood and vine look better than ever.

Gena Lee Nolin is your typical girl next door—if your neighborhood is a rain forest teeming with boa constrictors and buckskin-clad beauties. In her new syndicated series, *Sheena,* the former *Baywatch* star protects her jungle home from dastardly adventurers by commanding wild animals, morphing into ferocious creatures, and, um, riding zebras bareback. Not bad for a Midwestern girl who tends to say things like "Jeepers!" a lot. After calming ourselves with a few tranquilizer darts, we tracked the new queen of the jungle to Orlando, Florida (where *Sheena* is taped), and talked to her about cranky rhinos and a catfight with a certain warrior princess. Whoops, feels like the tranquilizer is wearing off already…

Gena on Sheena: "Sheena is so cool. Basically she's a myth: a blonde who swings around on vines. Her parents were killed exploring mines in the jungle when she was five years old, so she was raised by a shaman woman who could morph into different animals. She passed that ability on to Sheena—don't ask me how. Civilization is just something Sheena's heard about. She's like an animal; she goes by instinct. If she feels threatened by someone, she'll just—boom!—backhand him."

Gena on the wild kingdom: "I grew up fishing in Minnesota; then I lived in Colorado for eight years. So I'm sort of an outdoorswoman. But most women like to be comfortable, and I'm no different. I love a hot bath at the end of the day, and massages and facials. I've never been to a real jungle, but filming in Orlando has been an eye-opener. On *Baywatch* we were told to be careful about the sun. On *Sheena* we're told to be careful about Lyme disease. On the first day I found a tick on me."

Gena on beastly costars: "The lions and tigers are entertaining for everyone but me. Getting close to something that big and unpredictable makes me nervous. The other day I worked with a grumpy rhino, and that was definitely dicey. They have horns, you know."

Gena on the latest in junglewear: "The costume doesn't show as much skin as I thought it would, but it's very, very sexy. It's a beige chamois material with little boots that tie up. I wanted it sexy, for sure; but I also wanted it functional so I could be active. Guys will dig it for obvious reasons, and girls will be, like, 'Yeah! Sheena kicks butt!'"

Gena on Xena: "It's funny, because when I was on *Baywatch,* everyone always asked, 'What's the deal between Pamela Lee and Gena Lee?' They wanted us to be at each other's throats. Now it's a battle between Sheena and Xena, blonde versus brunette. Bring it on! I think *Xena* is a great show, but she doesn't stand a chance in a fight with Sheena. Sheena is stronger than anyone on TV and can morph into a lion, so Xena is shit out of luck."

Gena on being a Midwesterner: "Midwestern people stick together. Gee willikers, they work hard. There's no glitz, no glamour. When I was a girl in Duluth, Minnesota, I used to get up early and milk cows, so I know what hard work is. I don't take show business so seriously because of that. I'd take being at home watching a video with some popcorn over a Hollywood party."

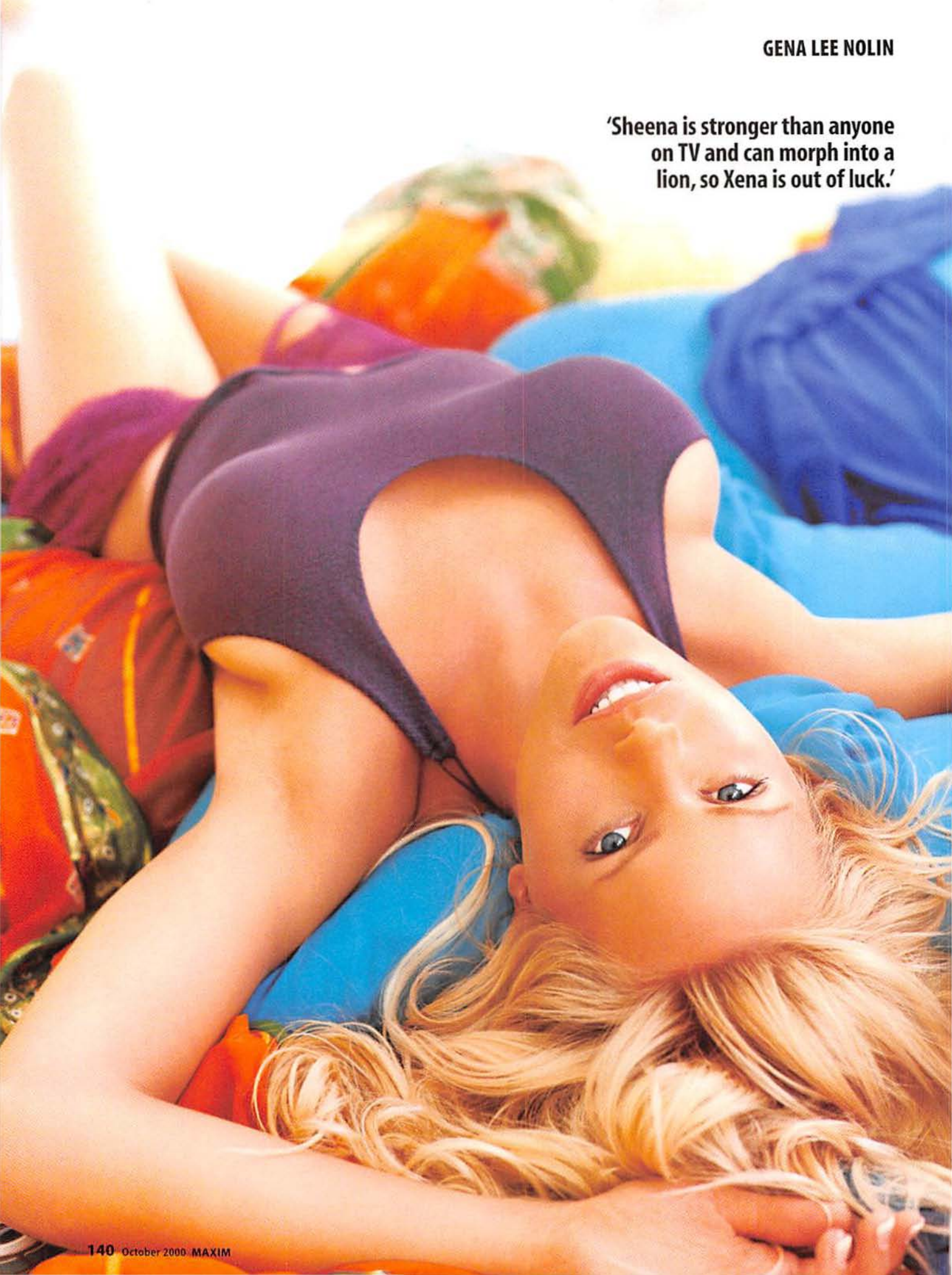
Gena on her dream swinger: "Someone like James Bond is too stuffy, too good-looking. Yuck. And Tarzan is too much in the other direction. I like normal guys, and I find humor in everything, so sharing that would be great. I guess my ideal guy is Adam Sandler. He's witty and great, and a goofball."

Gena on her fans: "A lot of people actually remember me from when I was a showcase model on *The Price Is Right.* I still get Christmas cards from Bob Barker. He's a very sexy guy for his age. And some people confuse me with Jenny McCarthy. 'Oh, honey, I just loved you on MTV!' That was funny and annoying at the same time. The happiest day of my life was when Jenny dyed her hair black! I find it flattering when fans recognize me. The odd person will say something goofy because they're nervous, but I always give them a big hug, and that blows them away. If anyone acts silly, it's usually me."

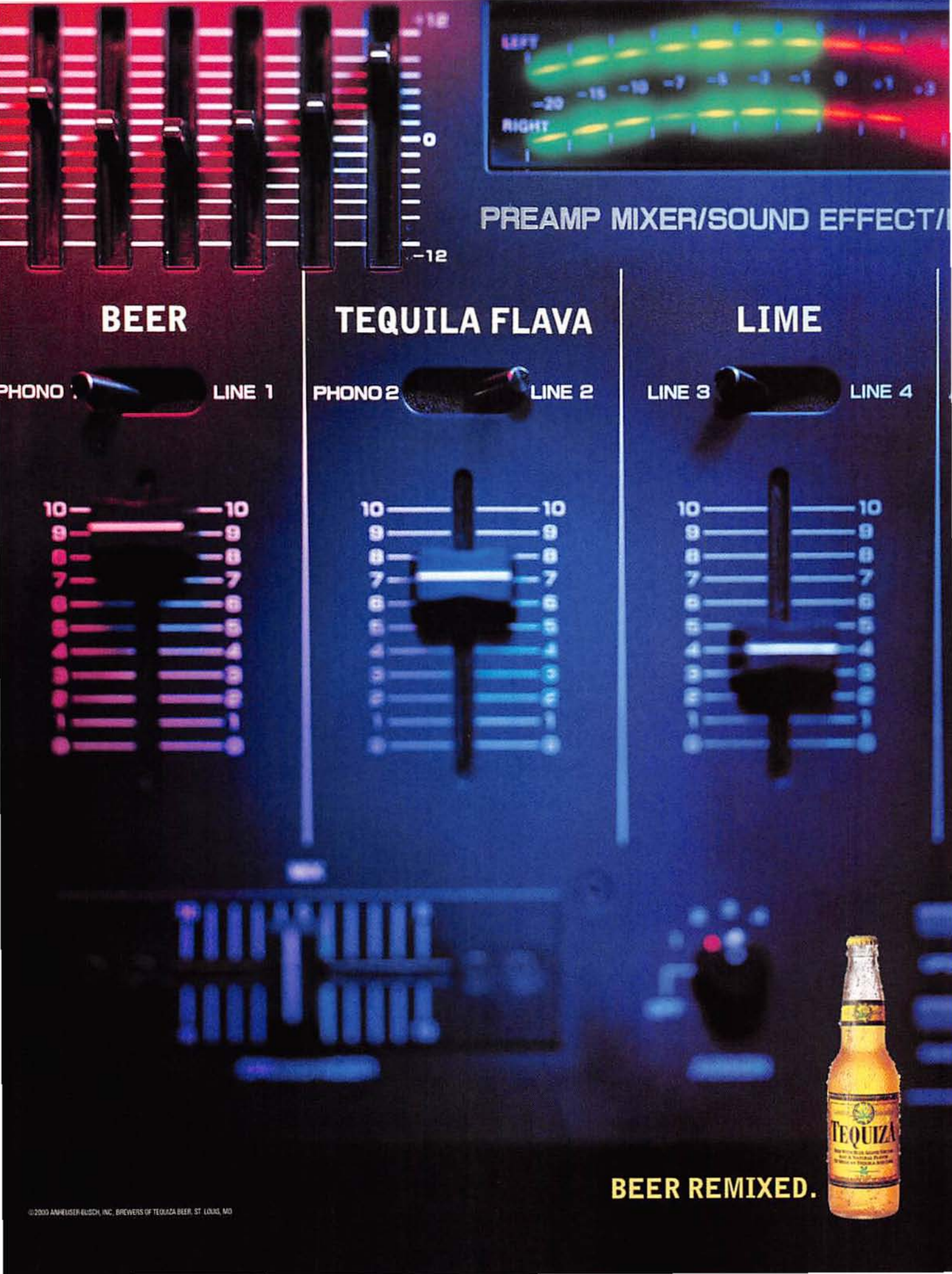
Gena on the survival of the fittest: "I'm bugging about *Sheena.* These are the best scripts I've ever seen. Of course, I really only have *Baywatch* to compare it to."

Photographs: Davis Factor for aRT mX the Agency; stylist, Karen Shapiro; prop stylist, Jake Klein; hair, Davy Newkirk for Rex; makeup, Sharon Gault for Luxe

'The Sheena costume is very, very sexy. Guys will dig it for obvious reasons.'



'Sheena is stronger than anyone on TV and can morph into a lion, so Xena is out of luck.'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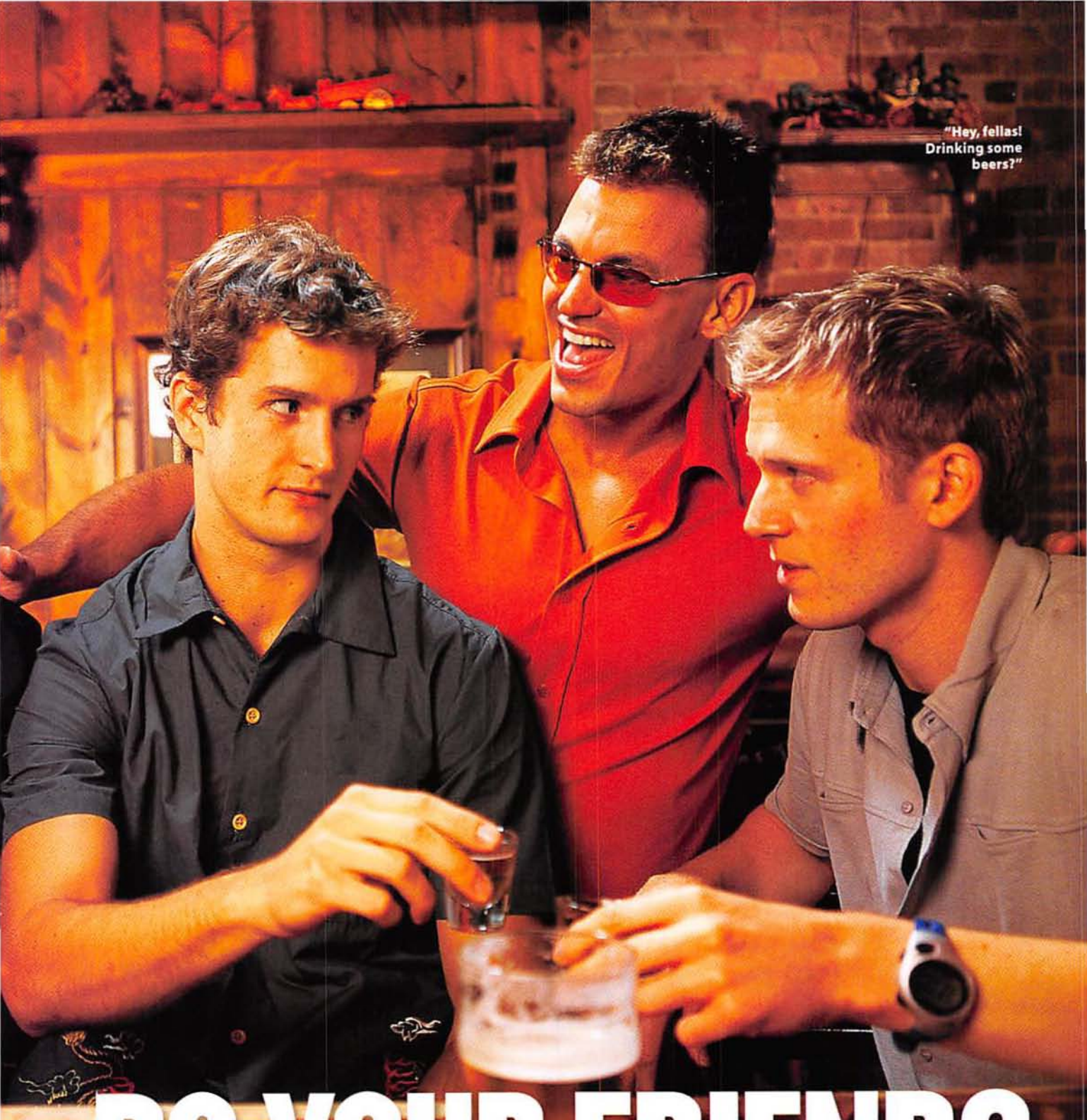

DO YOUR FRIENDS HATE YOU?

You may be unaware of your social shortcomings, but nobody else is. To see if you're secretly despised, take this simple quiz.

Photographs by Dale May

1 When you're talking to a buddy at a bar, what typically happens?
a. The two of you get drunk together.
b. He gets called away by another guy across the room.

2 When you say something that you think is funny, people:
a. Laugh.
b. Say, "That's funny."

3 For your last birthday, you got:
a. Great gifts and an unexpected party.
b. Some quiet time to organize your CDs.

4 At the end of a long day, you ask a coworker out for drinks. He:
a. Says, "Cool—let's go!"
b. Asks, "Who else is going?"

10 Counting with a stopwatch, how long does it take to tell your best "guy story"?
a. Ten minutes or more
b. Oh, man, um-m-m…

11 During the course of a 10-minute conversation, you talk for:
a. Five minutes, give or take.
b. People have 10-minute conversations without remembering they have an appointment?

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b. At the wrong bar. D'oh! And yet you could've *sworn* they said McGuire's…

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a. The winner accepts your challenge.
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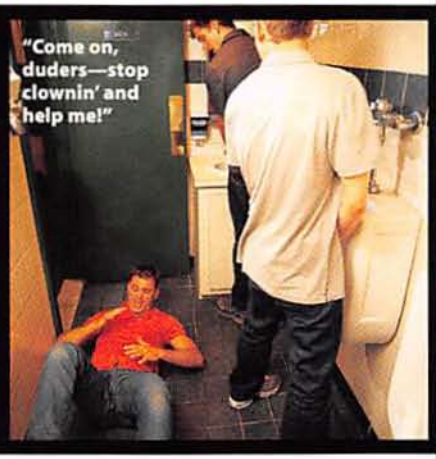
b. Received a firm handshake from someone in personnel.

17 Do you ever answer the phone only to hear a mysterious click and then silence?
a. No, not really.
b. Yes! What the hell is that?



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b. You can't call your friends because all their phones are being v

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18 You and your buddy are talking to two women in line, and...
a. You wake up being served breakfast in bed.

rash

6 You're out at a and everybod picture. You:
a. Give the person
Haw! You wag!
b. Get handed the

aine

7 You and the gu sporting event Why are you ther
a. It's everybody's f
playoffs.
b. Your dad, boss, o

g for.

8 When people a come out last n
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b. Have no idea wh

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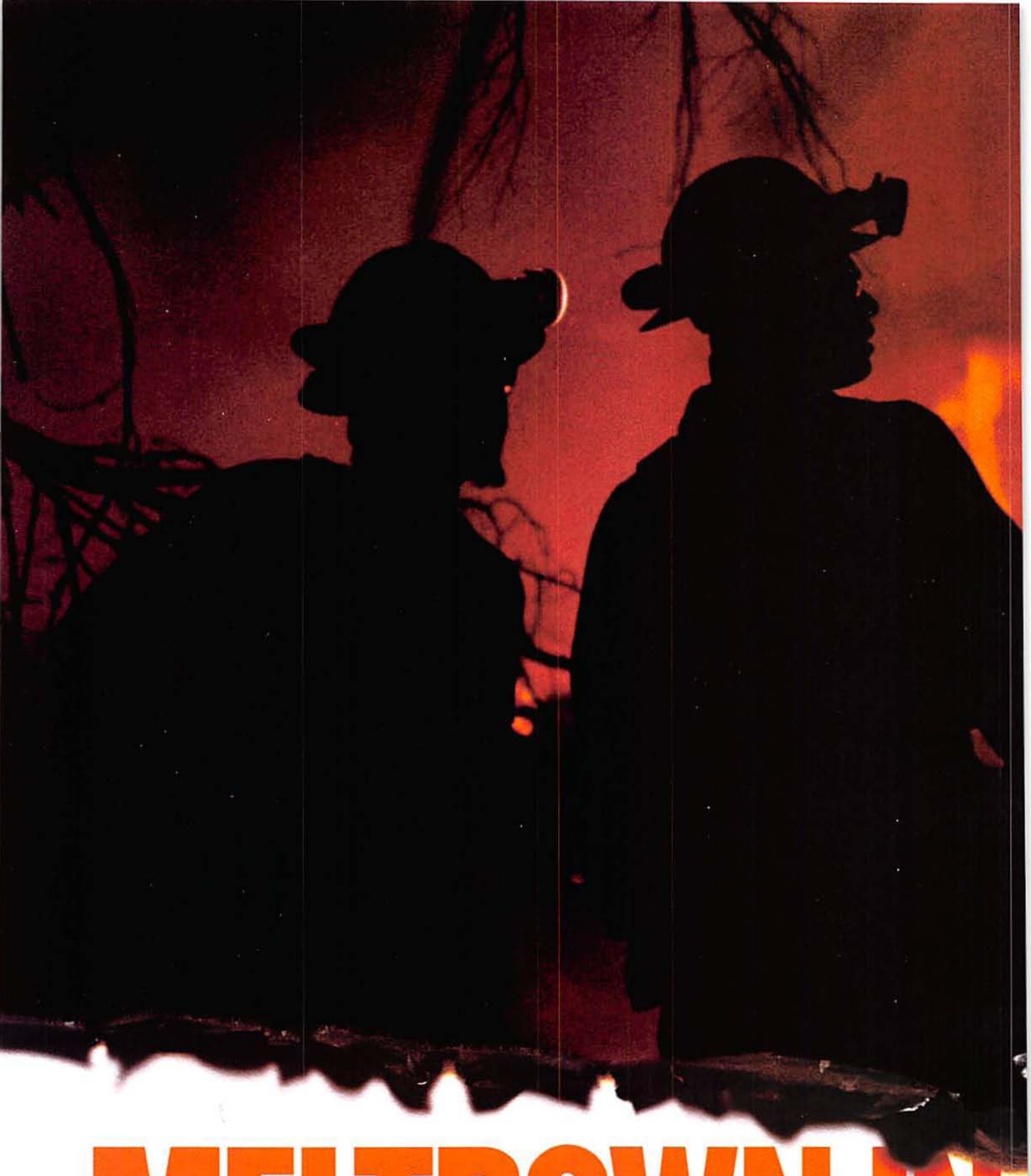


MELTDOWN IN

1 When you're talking to a buddy at a bar, what typically happens?
a. The two of you get drunk together.
b. He gets called away by another guy across the room.

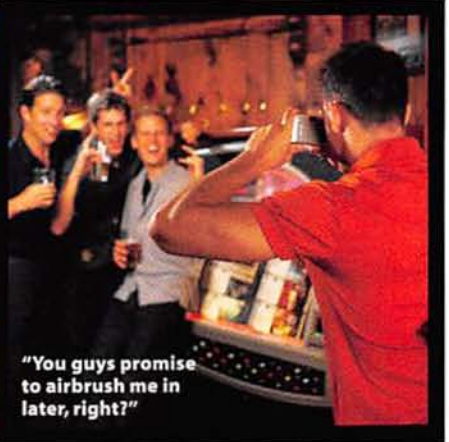
2 When you say something that you think is funny, people:
a. Laugh.
b. Say, "That's funny."

3 For your last birthday, you got:
a. Great gifts and an unexpected party.
b. Some quiet time to organize your CDs.

4 At the end of a long day, you ask a coworker out for drinks. He:
a. Says, "Cool—let's go!"
b. Asks, "Who else is going?"

"Come on, duders—stop clownin' and help me!"

"I dunno—guess I just love daiquiris."


"You guys promise to airbrush me in later, right?"

5 Your friends return your calls...
a. Shortly after you call them.
b. You can't call your friends because all their phones are being worked on.

6 You're out at a friend's bachelor party, and everybody wants to take a group picture. You:
a. Give the person in front of you bunny ears. Haw! You wag!
b. Get handed the camera.

7 You and the guys are having a blast at a sporting event. Now, try to remember: Why are you there?
a. It's everybody's favorite team, and it's the playoffs.
b. Your dad, boss, or brother scored the tickets.

8 When people ask, "How come you didn't come out last night?" you:
a. Tell them you were too tired to go out.
b. Have no idea what they're talking about.

9 You E-mail an old college buddy and you:
a. Swap stories about the good old days.
b. Are surprised to learn that—well, well! how about that?—he's been living three doors down from you for the past year.

10 Counting with a stopwatch, how long does it take to tell your best "guy story"?
a. Ten minutes or more
b. Oh, man, um-m-m...

11 During the course of a 10-minute conversation, you talk for:
a. Five minutes, give or take.
b. People have 10-minute conversations without remembering they have an appointment?

12 You're supposed to meet the guys at a bar on a Friday night. Typically you arrive:
a. Not first and not last...somewhere in the middle.
b. At the wrong bar. D'oh! And yet you could've *sworn* they said McGuire's...

13 When the bill comes for a big group dinner, you:
a. Throw in your fair share, and sometimes even pony up for a pal who's been caught a bit short. No big deal.
b. Wonder just how that bathroom can hold so many of your friends at one time.

14 You and your friends are at a bar, and you fall a beer behind. What happens?
a. They give you grief until you catch up.
b. You're in luck...nobody notices!

15 A couple of coworkers have just finished a game of pool; you ask to play winners. What usually happens?
a. The winner accepts your challenge.
b. They say they're tired of playing and that the table is yours.

16 When you left your last job, you:
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17 Do you ever answer the phone only to hear a mysterious click and then silence?
a. No, not really.
b. Yes! What the hell is that?

18 You and your buddy are talking to two women in line, and...
a. You wake up being served breakfast in bed.
b. He asks you, in a loud voice, if that nasty rash has cleared up yet.

19 A new hottie starts working in the office. You:
a. Meet your fellow male coworkers at the water cooler and talk about her breasts.
b. Get framed for the mail room's illicit cocaine and white-slavery trafficking and wind up getting gang-raped in prison.

SCORING *Add up your score. If the tally is 0, you're the kind of reader we're looking for.*

Score 1 point for each "B" answer, 0 for each "A" answer.

14 POINTS OR MORE
You're not a bad guy, really. No, really. So technically you "failed" our little quiz. So what? Some people just don't score well on written tests. It's individual differences that make the world an interesting place. Just steal some new jokes from stand-up comics, give yourself a facial scar, and keep that troll-doll fetish to yourself—you'll soon be the cool guy in the bar. And you can bet we'll be right there buying a drink for you, fella!

7 TO 13 POINTS
OK, so you didn't pass with flying colors...you're still a damn sight better than those fuckwit losers from the previous paragraph. Being in the middle as you are, though, it might not be a bad idea to keep a few such jerks hanging around to enhance your own cool factor. Not that you're not cool, you understand...it's just that everything looks better juxtaposed against total crap. Now, if we could just borrow some singles for the stripper...

0 TO 6 POINTS
Dude! We thought you'd never get here. For God's sake, what are you doing wasting all that time reading about those pathetic, muddle-headed gasbags in the other two categories? Pond scum like that only drags you down. There's few enough cool people in the world...it's high time we banded together to oppress the losers. Why were you reading about them, anyway—sick fascination? Maybe we were wrong about you after all.

MELTDOWN IN

On the seventh day of the Cerro Grande wildfire, Lieutenant Vince Baros of the Los Alamos Fire Department and two of his crewmates stood their ground. The three watched the ragged orange-red flames climb a towering ponderosa pine just 50 feet away. The heat on their faces, arms, and chests was almost unbearable. They hunkered down and blasted water straight into what they thought was the main body of the blaze.

The suburban neighborhood of Los Alamos, built right up against the forest, was ghostly and deserted.

It was late afternoon on May 10, but the smoke plume dimmed the sun, and it looked like evening. Baros, 30 years old and a 10-year department veteran, directed the flow of water from the hose. It was kicking out 1,250 gallons a minute from the pumper truck, parked back on Trinity Drive, 200 feet away.

But Baros didn't know that 300 yards into the forest, below a basalt cliff, the main body of the fire burned out of control. It was about to explode.

A little before 5 P.M., a 60 mph gust of wind blew down off Pajarito Mountain. It forced the flames into a deep break in the cliff. The slot acted as a chimney, and the fire punched up the side of the cliff like a fist, about 100 yards from the area where Vince Baros and two others were working.

Baros heard a low rumble—like a jet engine but louder, more guttural. *My God*, he thought, not getting it right away. *What the hell is that sound?*

At that moment a sheet of flame a city block wide exploded to Baros' left, rising immediately to the height of a 10-story building. The clammy mix of smoke from the fire and water vapor from the hose vanished in the scorching blast of dry heat.

The firestorm roared toward them. One after another, 60-foot ponderosas burst into flames, releasing gouts of black smoke.

"Get out! Get out!" Baros screamed to his crewmates.

The three of them sprinted wildly through the woods, past the empty houses, toward the street. Baros vaulted a backyard fence. He looked back once. The firestorm seemed to be overhead and toppling down on him. ▶

An out-of-control wildfire. A nuke factory with enough plutonium to wipe out the entire Southwest. A handful of exhausted firefighters. Just how close did we come to annihilation? By Gil Reavill

LOS ALAMOS

Then the propane tanks on the barbecue grills outside the houses started to detonate—round thudding booms in counterpoint to the deeper fugue rumbling of the fire.

Baros and his crewmates raced to the street, dropped the hose line from the truck, jumped in, and peeled down Trinity Drive.

Behind them, houses began to explode.

The wildfire, Baros realized, was heading east. Toward the heart of Los Alamos and the sprawling atomic laboratory on the mesa beside it.

Toward the nukes.

The Most Dangerous Fire

What would ultimately be known as the single most dangerous fire of the worst fire season in 50 years began unassumingly, near the town of Los Alamos, in north central New Mexico.

The blaze that towered over Vince Baros that day had been started a week earlier, by human hand—not by an arsonist, but by a government naturalist who was seeking to protect the forest from just such a destructive, uncontrollable wildfire. A series of bureaucratic blunders and hesitations allowed the fire to grow, at times virtually unchallenged.

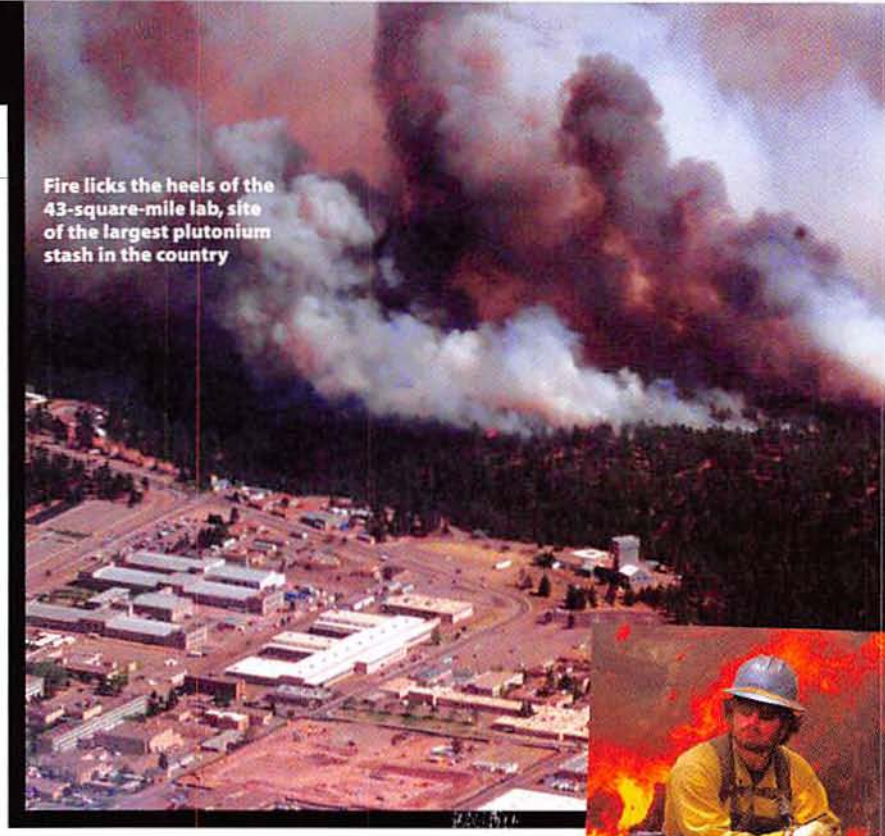
Los Alamos is known for another kind of fire—the nuclear kind. The town was created in 1943, when J. Robert Oppenheimer brought the top minds of his day to the isolated Pajarito Plateau, north of Santa Fe, an area he'd known as a kid. They came to build the world's first atom bomb.

In the six decades since, the Los Alamos National Laboratory (LANL) has maintained the nation's nuclear arsenal. The sprawling 43-square-mile campus, run by the Department of Energy, contains numerous deep underground bunkers crammed with nuclear and other designer high explosives, as well as a 1,000-barrel toxic waste dump. Also stored on the property are caches of plutonium, the most lethal substance on earth. A speck smaller than a pinprick will kill if inhaled. An ounce released across Denver could depopulate the whole city.

The lab has three tons.

Los Alamos has housed, since its inception, the greatest per-square-foot concentration of Ph.D.'s anywhere. But the brain trust never stopped to consider that locating a nuke factory amid the pine forests of the Pajarito Plateau was like storing a cherry bomb in a box of matches. In a catastrophic fire, the lab could decimate the entire Southwest.

For a week last spring, the Cerro Grande wildfire burned at the threshold of the laboratory land. Then, on May 10, the same day the fire took out the town of Los Alamos, the flames crossed over the threshold. Straight into the heart of the nation's bomb factory.



Fire licks the heels of the 43-square-mile lab, site of the largest plutonium stash in the country

Hot, but not radioactive...yet

Day One: The Burn

Early on Thursday, May 4, 2000, the fax machine in Bandelier National Monument superintendent Roy Weaver's office whirred to life. The report from the Weather Service predicted strong winds at higher elevations: potentially dangerous conditions, given the area's drought conditions. But it was Weaver's 60th birthday, and the report went unread.

That evening a 39-year-old Bandelier employee from Santa Fe named Mike Powell hiked up a steep slope of the 10,200-foot Cerro Grande, in the far northwest corner of the park. Located south of LANL, the 32,737-acre Bandelier National Monument Park is renowned for its 15th-century Pueblo Indian cliff dwellings, near the Rio Grande. Climbing with him were 10 other staffers as well as 10 members of an elite Native American firefighting team called the Black Mesa.

Although everyone in the group wore the flame-resistant gear and backpacks of western firefighters, they had come not to battle a fire but to start one. Powell was the burn boss, the head of an operation designed to set a small controlled fire to clear the mountainside of accumulated brush and timber. In the jargon of firefighting, it was a "prescribed burn," intended to prevent larger, more damaging wildfires.

Powell's boss, Roy Weaver, had signed off on the plan. The Bandelier fire management group had tried this burn before, in the fall of 1993, but the forest had been too wet at the time. "Now we were going to do it *right*," recalls Weaver, an earnest man who punctuates his speech with words like *neat* and *super*. "Conditions, we thought, were perfect."

Just below the summit, everyone stopped. It was 7:20 P.M. Powell ordered his three-man ignition

Behind them, houses began to explode.

crew to light their torches—galvanized canisters filled with a diesel-and-gasoline mix and equipped with nozzles and wicks. Ignition specialist Matt Snider passed his torch back and forth in front of him, laying down a fan of burning liquid.

The pace quickened. By 10 P.M. they had reached the burn site's lower boundary. Powell hiked back to check his blackline. As he approached the meadow, he saw that the flames had not died back. Instead of a charred strip, the fire was "slopping over"—burning outside its perimeter, creeping east.

Goddammit. Powell saw that things were moving quickly beyond his control. Using pickaxes and rakes, the crew tried to scratch a new perimeter in which to contain the fire. It didn't work; the fire was slopping over in too many places.

Powell watched as 12-foot flames wrapped around several dense stands of conifers, spewing a dirty gray plume of smoke. Behind him, to the west, another section of the burn site blazed openly. He was a juggler with too many balls in the air.

But after six hours, his crew was spent. Powell released them to get some sleep in their cars, parked at the foot of the mountain. He hiked down also, and as he descended, his panic grew. By the time the crew reached their cars, the mountainside above them was flecked with flames.

Day Two, 3 A.M.: The Call for Help

At 3 A.M. on May 5, Mike Powell finally left the scene, racing 12 miles down Route 4 to the Bandelier office. If he could get reinforcements in time, there was a chance he could stop the fire from spreading.

The jurisdictional conflicts between the Park Service and the Forest Service are the stuff of legend. John Romero, the main dispatcher for the Forest Service and the man in charge of allotting resources for fighting fires in the Santa Fe National Forest, had already told the Bandelier boys not to light the fire. Another controlled burn had escaped that year and turned into a wildfire. "We're sending mixed messages to the public" by battling fires in one county and lighting one up next door, Romero had told Powell the day before. The burn went ahead.

When Powell called the Fire Service, early that morning, he asked for fire crews to help him battle the blaze.

The night dispatcher responded by asking what exactly Powell had on his hands: a wildfire or just a prescribed burn?

Sweating in the deserted Bandelier office, Mike Powell wasn't prepared to debate definitions; he needed crews, and he needed them fast. The flames had already crept over the ridge line, and below the fire, a straight shot to the east, were the explosive bunkers of the lab's S Site. But he waffled.

Call back in the morning, the Forest Service told him.

12 P.M.: The Hotshots

Just below the summit of Cerro Grande, 18 members of the Santa Fe Hotshots blasted through the dense undergrowth of the forest, right above a cleft in the mountainside called American Springs. It was almost noon on Friday, May 5. The fire had been burning for a little more than 17 hours.

They stood directly in the fire's path, working to deprive it of fuel, racing against an enemy that at times moved toward them faster than a man could run.

Although Powell had yet to classify the blaze as a wildfire, a Forest Service morning dispatcher had gone ahead and sent in reinforcements at 11 A.M.: an 18-man Hotshot team. There are only 65 of these crews in the country—elite Forest Service–sponsored units, the shock troops of wildland firefighting.

Richard Tingle, leader of the unit, couldn't believe what he saw when he arrived that morning. "When we got up there, the fucking mountain was burning all over the place," he says. "So I just went full attack on it."

The team had just come off a fire to the north. Crew members frantically pulled burning stumps from the ground, dug trenches to catch embers. But slop-over fire was everywhere.

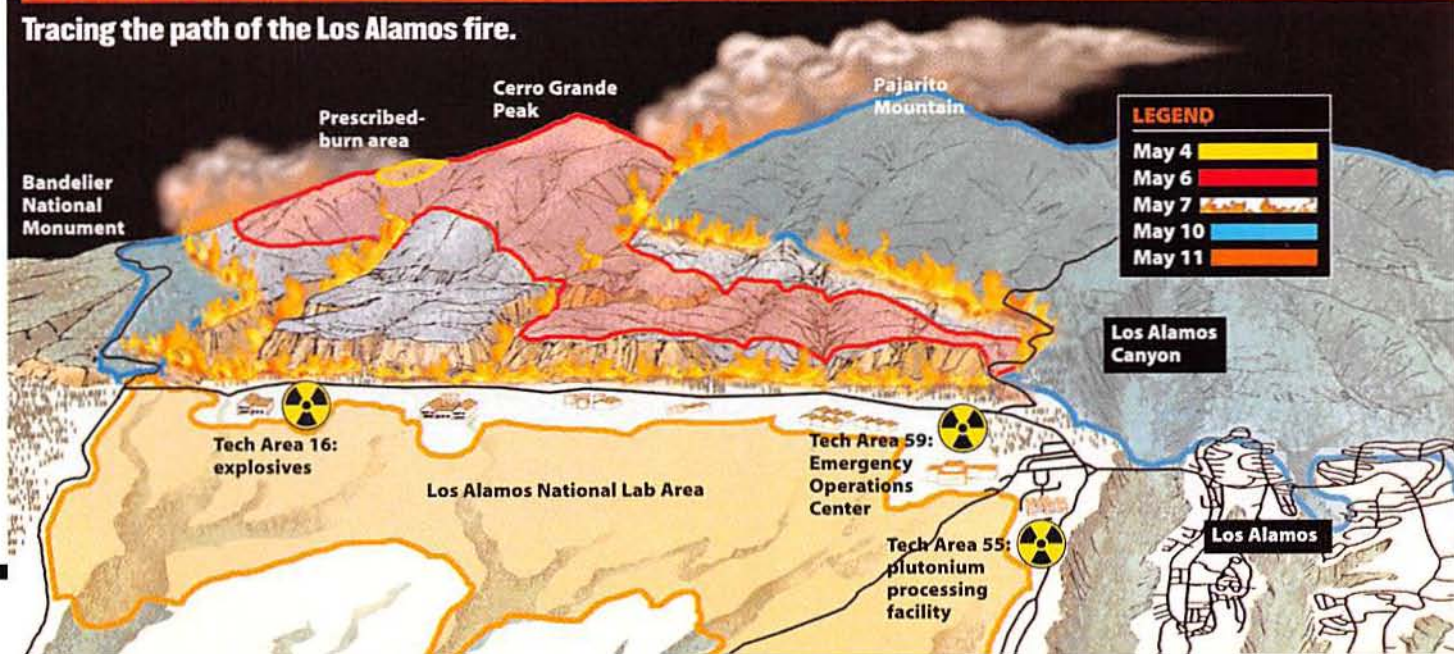
"We're getting our asses kicked up here!" Tingle said when he encountered Mike Powell.

"But there's only 20 acres of slop-over," argued Powell.

Tingle and his crew ripped into it, but they kept getting ▶

BLOW BY BLOW

Tracing the path of the Los Alamos fire.



chased off the mountain by the fire. Finally he recognized the obvious. Tingle called Forest Service dispatch to formally label the blaze a full wildfire. Now he could call in an air attack.

As other teams poured in from Flagstaff and southern New Mexico, the Santa Fe crew dug in and stayed, "sleeping right there in the dirt," as Tingle puts it. Two hundred firefighters eventually gathered, enough to keep the blaze from growing Saturday night and early Sunday.

Roy Weaver paced as he watched from the foot of the mountain. His prescribed burn had been a disaster. But things now looked manageable: The fire was still two miles from the high-explosive bunkers of S Site.

"We thought we'd have it completely controlled by Sunday and out in a couple of days," he says.

But mistakes piled on mistakes. The team obtained weather forecasts for Friday and Saturday and for Monday and Tuesday. Inexplicably, they neglected to get one for Sunday.

Next to a 2,000-degree forest fire, human skin blisters and eyelashes disintegrate in one second

Firemen didn't know whether to fight or run

Day Four: Hellish Winds

Sunday morning, winds of over 40 mph kicked up out of Navajo country, in northwest New Mexico, flowed east over the Continental Divide, and entered the Jemez Mountains.

That morning the Bandelier group lit a backfire near Route 4, another attempt to deprive the inferno of the fuel it would need to spread. The move would prove disastrous.

Pushed by the winds, this new fire soon leaped its boundaries, like its big brother before. Red-hot embers hopped into the parched gutters of Frijoles and Water Canyons, creating hundreds of instant spot fires. Before long a wall of flame was racing east, toward Los Alamos and the lab.

Firefighters felt burning windblown projectiles spatter against their gear. "Picture a hailstorm," says Los Alamos Fire Department Chief Doug MacDonald, "only the hail is on fire. Ash, burning embers, firebrands. We were just getting pelted."

Four miles away, in Los Alamos, most of the 11,000 residents were nervously glued to the network coverage of the encroaching fire, trying to figure out what the hell to do next. Al Toth didn't wait. After one look at the flaming foothills, the 44-year-old Los Alamos police detective packed the entire contents of his house—file cabinets, photos, clothes—into a pair of pickups. Then he drove with his wife, Linda, to the down-canyon safety of White Rock.

"There was lots of denial in Los Alamos," Toth says. "People thought the government was gonna stop the fire. But we knew that would've been like holding up a hand to stop a hurricane."

Day Five: Desperate Measures

Mercifully the winds died down, and for the next two days the Cerro Grande wildfire barely grew, giving firefighters a second chance to contain the disaster. They knew that if they could only keep the wildfire out of the canyons, they could save the town and prevent the fire from spreading into the lab. Time for some desperate, Hail Mary plays.

By Monday night hundreds of firefighters had poured into Los Alamos. The lab—a place so secretive that workers were once listed as numbers, not names—found itself hosting fire personnel from across the Southwest, security status unknown.

"As we drove to Los Alamos," says Captain Brian Romero of the Santa Fe Fire Department, "we were looking horizon to horizon at hundreds of fires. It looked like the Apocalypse."

The sky sounded with the beat of Sikorsky skycrane copters lugging 1,000-gallon bladders of water and P-3 slurry bombers dropping 3,000-gallon ribbons of the Day-Glo fire retardant, dyed orange so pilots can place it better and firefighters on the ground can know to get the hell out of the way. ▶

TOXIC SHOCK!

Since its creation in 1943, the Los Alamos National Laboratory has been ground zero for some of the freakiest nuclear experiments, accidents, and cover-ups in history. Here's a brief time line:

AUGUST 1944
The lab's entire supply of plutonium bursts in chemist Don Mastick's face and mouth. Once his stomach is pumped, he is ordered to gather plutonium from the contents.

MAY 1946
Scientists mishandle a plutonium bomb, and radiation leaks into the air. Eight men are poisoned and hospitalized; one dies nine days later.

MARCH 1950
Scientists explode a test nuclear weapon in the air over New Mexico. A B-17 bomber later detects fallout over residential communities 70 miles east of Los Alamos.

OCTOBER 1981
Fifteen are contaminated during an accidental release of plutonium. Only one suffers the effects of radiation "over the permissible body burden." Cause of the accident: mislabeled containers.

FEBRUARY 1994
Journalists uncover records of the lab's Autopsy Tissue Program, in which scientists burned and dissolved organs from more than 1,500 cadavers to study radioactive effects.

DECEMBER 1999
Engineer Wen Ho Lee is charged with 59 felony counts for downloading nuclear secrets onto nonsecure computer networks. Lee is also suspected of spying for the Chinese government.

APRIL 2000
Two hard drives containing highly classified nuclear defense secrets disappear from a locked safe. Two months later the hard drives are discovered behind a copy machine.

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'It looked like the goddamn Apocalypse.'

PUSHING THE ENVELOPE

To err is human, but Washington, D.C.'s regime of bumbling bureaucrats has a knack for turning clerical errors into death and destruction.

OFF THE MAP

On May 7, 1999, the CIA prepared to bomb a building they thought was a Serb weapons facility in Yugoslavia. Too bad the map they consulted was three years old. A ground check would've revealed that the Chinese embassy had moved into the building (it had a Chinese flag hanging in front). Officials sent a stealth bomber to drop its 2,000-pound weapons. They killed three, wounded 20, and pissed off the Chinese, who then trashed the American embassy in Beijing. To smooth things over, the U.S. coughed up $28 million to the Chinese government and $4.5 million to the victims' families.

A TAXING ORDEAL

During efforts to suspend taxes for thousands of flood victims in '93, the IRS experienced computer problems on July 21. As a result, 1,001 people living in Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, and Wisconsin were each billed $68,037,396,499.88. Meanwhile the IRS center in Ogden, Utah, borrowed the computer program to help flood victims in North and South Dakota and Nebraska. That system fired off 3,623 more bills for the same amount. The IRS responded by calling each person to explain (your tax dollars at work). Surprisingly, no one paid up...

SPACE CADETS

The folks at NASA may know how to launch rockets, but they were stumped by the difference between metric and English measurement—an error that destroyed the $125 million Mars Climate Orbiter on September 23, 1999. Lockheed Martin, which built the spacecraft, provided its info in feet, while Jet Propulsion Laboratory, the navigation team, were working with meters. No one caught the error in the nine months it took the craft to fly 461 million miles to Mars. It flew into the Martian atmosphere and burned to a crisp before making a single orbit.

The $125 million Mars Climate Orbiter: now a blackened curly fry

Day Six: The Pilot from Nowhere

Dick Burick, the deputy director of operations for Los Alamos National Lab, sat restlessly behind a bank of TV monitors, telephones, and computers in the fortified basement office of Technical Area 59. Ever since the fire started, he'd been monitoring regular field reports with Los Alamos fire chief MacDonald. If the situation went straight to hell, it was Burick's job to order the lab's 7,000 workers to evacuate.

On Tuesday evening he heard a report that chilled him to the bone: spot fire in Los Alamos Canyon.

Burick pushed open his steel-enforced door and jumped into his red Dodge Durango to inspect the blaze himself. He drove about a mile, then stood on the bridge in the middle of town and looked west. What he saw confirmed his worst fears: A circle of flame inside the canyon was already growing larger.

That's it, Burick remembers saying to himself. *We're dead.*

Once the fire entered the canyon, he knew, the town itself would burn. And then the lab. There'd be no way to stop it.

As if in answer to his thoughts, a lone P-3 slurry bomber dropped out of the sky. It was already dusk, and Burick realized that it must be nearly impossible for the pilot to see.

Battling murderous updrafts, the aircraft disappeared in the haze, then reappeared in the canyon itself. Then, like clockwork, a spurt of orange fire retardant dropped dead on target, quickly smothering the blaze. The plane pulled up sharply and headed back toward the airport.

A surgical strike. "When you get a P-3 pilot that does that, in New Mexico we say he has *huevos*," Burick says.

The mystery pilot had bought the town another day.

Day Seven, 3 RM.: A Ghost Town in Flames

But only a day. Wednesday morning the winds kicked up again. The fires were back in the canyon—bigger now, and heading straight for the town. At 1 P.M. New Mexico governor Gary Johnson ordered Los Alamos evacuated immediately.

And not a minute too soon. Gusting winds of 60 mph were busily transforming the Cerro Grande fire into a deadly weapon. Roaring and flaring, it quickly began one of the most destructive runs in the history of western wildfires.

The fire crowned, running along the tops of the ponderosas in the canyons and on the foothills. The flames didn't poke at the town like fingers, they swept down like forearms, clubbing whole neighborhoods and burning entire blocks at once.

Above Los Alamos, the town that had given the world its share of artificial suns, the sun dimmed.

6 RM.: The Nuke Factory Evacuates

Captain Brian Romero and Ed Pulliam, a battalion chief with the local Los Alamos Fire Department, raced to the LANL campus. They headed straight for one of the main nuclear bunkers on the campus.

It was chaos. As they pulled into one of the main storage buildings, Romero saw security forces in full military gear and carrying M-16s. "They were running out of buildings as we were running in," he says. ▶

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The wildfire burned with the energy of a Hiroshima-type atom bomb going off every five to 10 minutes

More than 400 were left homeless

"We should get our pumpers up there," Pulliam shouted to him. "You wanna hit this one?"

"I don't know what the hell is *in* these things," Romero replied. He had heard about the bunkers, and now he saw the signs: WARNING: DEADLY FORCE WILL BE USED. HIGH EXPLOSIVES. "Let's back off," he said. *"Now."*

The fire was getting closer, already impinging on buildings at the perimeter of the campus. They decided to head back into town to save as much property as they could. About 20 minutes later, they were still driving toward the heart of the blaze when they heard a succession of teeth-jarring explosions rip through the canyons. Romero counted them: 20.

Nuclear? Romero wondered silently. *Biological? Radioactive?* There was no way to tell.

12 midnight: Waiting Out the Firestorm

The air inside the lab's Emergency Operations Center was filtered and recirculated, but thick smoke still seeped in from outside every time the door was opened.

Dick Burick and fire chief Doug MacDonald watched as the TV monitors and computers confirmed their worst fears.

My God, thought MacDonald. *How much are we going to lose?* At this rate 60 percent of the town would be destroyed.

The fire was working its way up the canyon walls to the operations center itself. MacDonald and Burick, along with Ed Nettles, head of LANL's emergency management group, took a last look outside. Immediately to the south, the flames rose to a dizzying height of 200 feet. Nettles had taken five minutes earlier in the day to rush home and scoop up his 17-year-old dog, Ginny, now curled beneath a table in the EOC.

Nettles swung the door shut. Then 16 humans and a blind dog waited for the fire to engulf them.

1 A.M.: Burned Meat

Al Toth, moving through the empty neighborhoods to check for stragglers and looters, looked up through the orange haze at the pinprick in the sky. "The sun was like a flashlight in the forest at midnight," Toth recalls. "It was *nothing.*"

There was so much ash in the air, big coin-size flakes, that Toth, driving his own Ford Taurus, had to use his wipers. He eased his car west, where dozens of homes were already burning. The power poles were on fire, and the transformers were exploding in yellow flame.

Los Alamos was full of strange sights. Half-burned houses suddenly reignited, like trick birthday candles; other houses had already been reduced to concrete slabs covered with ash. "There was no sense to it," one firefighter recalls. "You'd have one house completely burned to embers, while at the house next door, the roses were budding and blooming."

Bizarre smells. Heavy, throat-stinging smoke and the thick, oily fumes from the rubber on the power lines burning. But something else too, a sweet smell it took a while for Toth to place.

Then he got it: The meat in the refrigerators was roasting as the houses burned.

Aftermath

Two hours after they'd closed the doors at the EOC, Doug MacDonald opened them again. The trees on all sides of the parking lot were smoldering, and the lot itself was carpeted with glowing embers and firebrands the size of a man's fist.

"It looked like the beds of coals that Haitian firewalkers walk across," Burick says. The fire had swept right over them.

A few miles down Pajarito Road, Technical Area 54, with its thousands of barrels of toxic waste, never saw the fire. The flames got within a half-mile of the area.

On the map it wasn't even the breadth of a finger.

Less than 10 percent of Los Alamos had been destroyed. A five-degree shift in the wind at a crucial point that night had directed the fire north. At LANL several older buildings dating back to the Manhattan Project burned to the ground. But the nuclear bunkers were mercifully spared.

Remarkably, no one died in the fire, which scorched 80 square miles and still burned a month later.

Bandelier's Roy Weaver fell on his sword, accepting full responsibility for the fire and taking early retirement from the Park Service. Mike Powell was reassigned. Investigations after the fact faulted him for inexperience and for not completing a required safety checklist before lighting the prescribed burn.

Al Toth's house survived, but over 200 others in Los Alamos did not, leaving more than 400 people homeless.

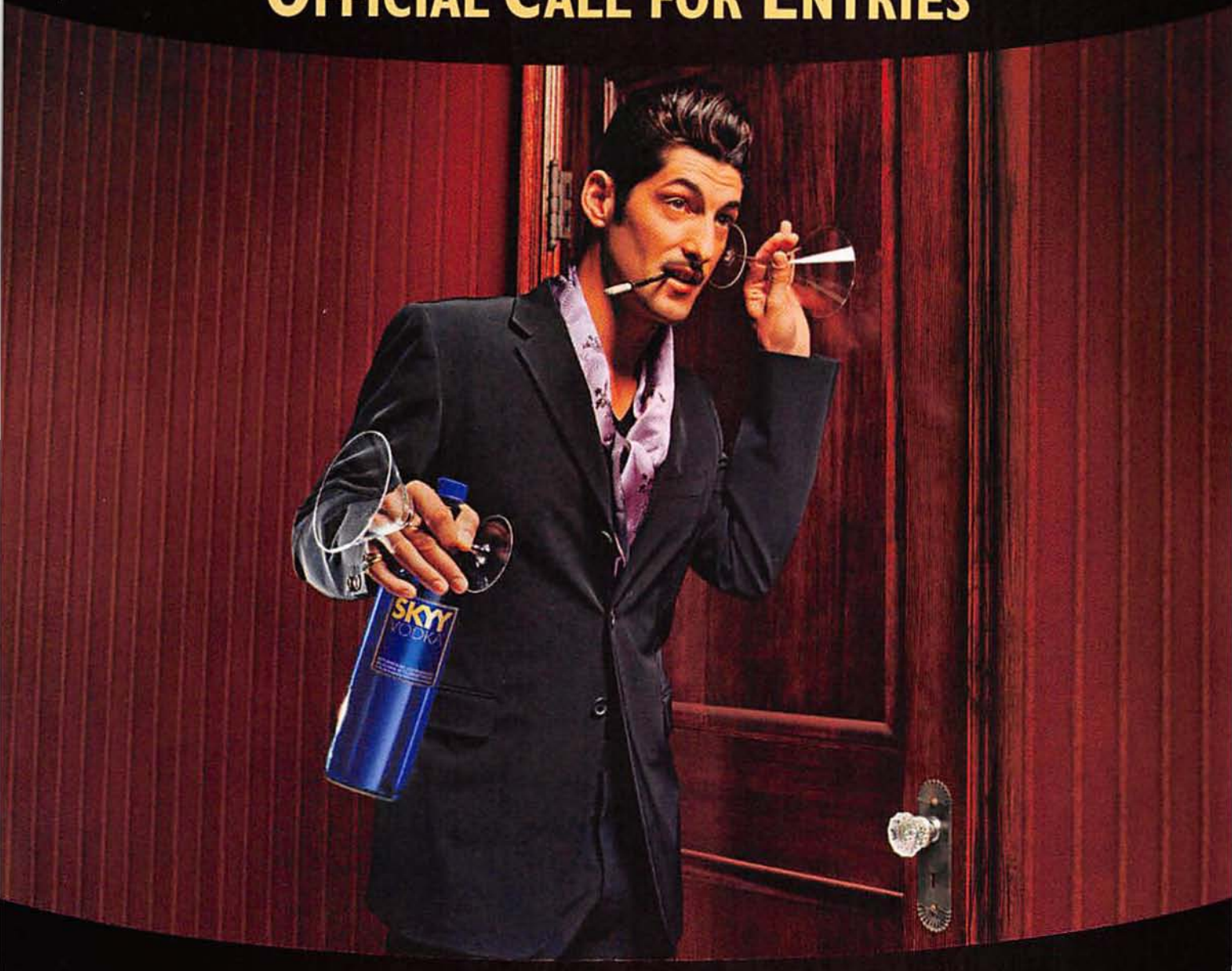
In a summer in which so much of the western U.S. seemed to be burning, no fire came closer to disaster. Still, wildfires threatened two other nuclear facilities later in the summer, a lab in Idaho and a power plant in Washington State.

In Los Alamos, the smoke plume and the air around the labs have been measured exhaustively ever since the fire. The most recent tests revealed the presence of plutonium and other extremely toxic radionuclides in the runoff water from the lab areas burned in the wildfire.

The amount, said government officials, was not statistically significant. ■

—Additional reporting by Laurina Gibbs

OFFICIAL CALL FOR ENTRIES



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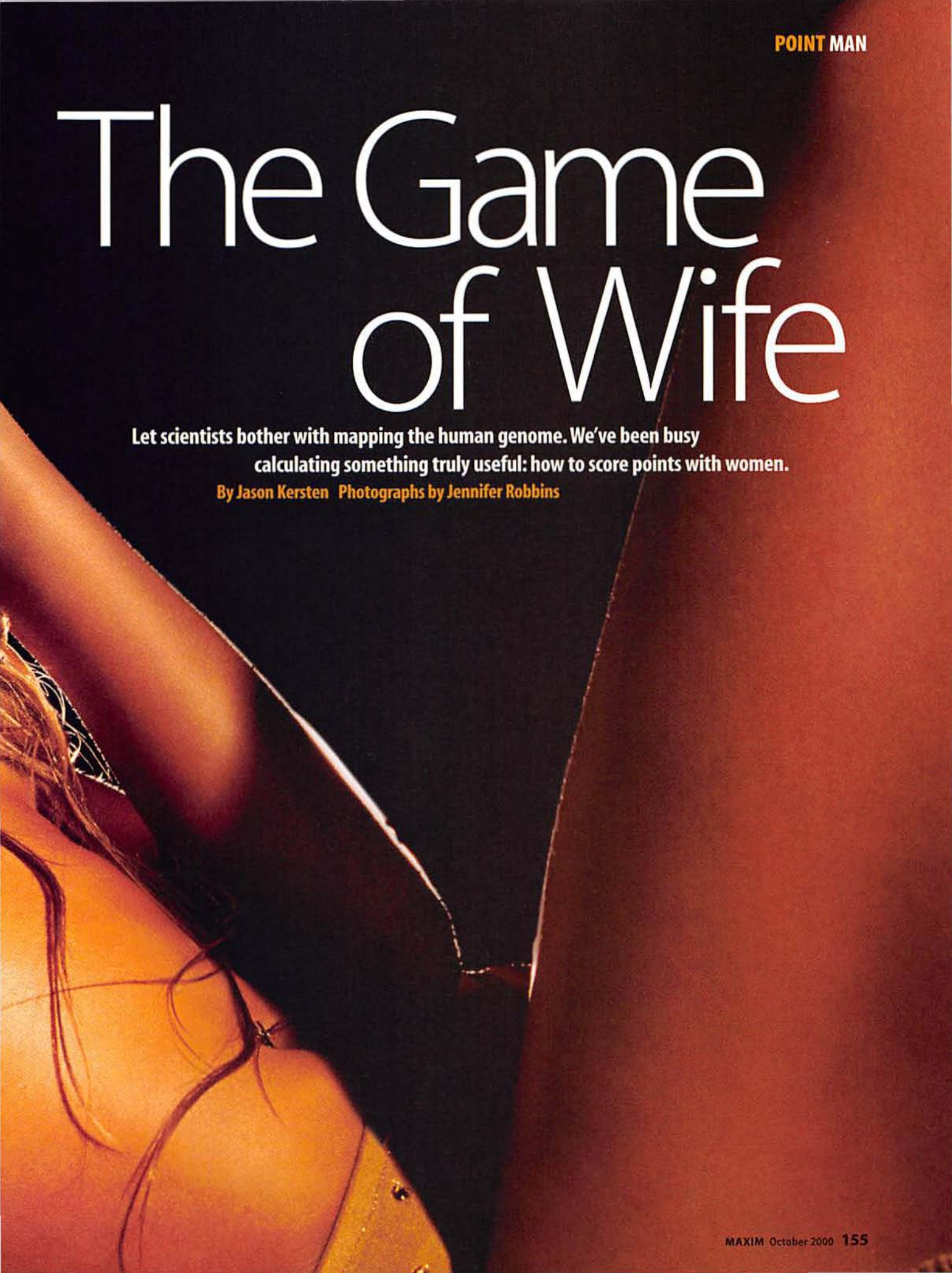
The Game of Wife

Let scientists bother with mapping the human genome. We've been busy calculating something truly useful: how to score points with women.

By Jason Kersten Photographs by Jennifer Robbins



A 600 cc engine, a 1.3 ERA, and a No. 2 pencil. How comforting and predictable the world becomes when we break it down into numbers. If only female behavior could be quantified in a similar way.

We submit that it can be.

Think about it. We've all talked about "scoring major points" with women at one time or another. This harmless colloquialism merely scratches the surface of a deeper, more precise mathematical system by which women rate and reward us. Within this system, our every word and action is registered, assigned a numerical point value, and plugged into a constantly shifting algorithm in which our stars are either rising or falling. When we're up points, the carnival's prize racks are open and the ladies grant us the commensurate rewards. When we're down points…let's just say we get a shovel and directions to the elephant cages. To help you score in every mathematically possible way, we've asked women to help us, ah, milk them for points. Build your score and you can trade 'em in for valuable sex prizes! Just don't be a point hog—the rest of us will get screwed by inflation.

Help keep her calm when her crazy family visits: 800 points

Spot Her an Orgasm

Your score: 1,000 points for giving her an unrequited O; 50 points extra for each time she scratches your name into your back

The points explained: Any idiot with a penis, a hand, and an ounce of self-restraint can learn to give his woman orgasms regularly. But rare is the man who's willing to give his girl a trip to Kingdom Come without getting off along with her. Give her a freebie and you're looking good for a long time. "My guy totally proved himself a rock star in bed by going down on me and being really good at it [400]," explains Madeline, 30. "But afterward, when I made a pathetic, exhausted move to initiate his turn, he said, 'That's OK, baby, just enjoy it' [600]—even though he was clearly aroused. He seemed totally content with how great I felt, and because he did that, I was really looking forward to the next opportunity to pay him back, when we went out two nights later."

Cope with Her Psycho Family's Visit

Your score: 800 for each day they stay; points double after the third day; a 1,000 bonus if you put them up and cook at least two nontoxic meals for everyone

The points explained: Never mind that her dad once privately threatened to beat you to death with a shovel if you broke his baby's heart; when she tells you her family is coming, act like this is a natural and routine event (200). "Your apprehension over a family visit will rarely surpass hers," says Debby, 29, "so you'll be down points right off the bat if you add to her nervousness." So your first lie, er, reaction should always be "I know a good restaurant" (100). Once her freaky kin arrive, help her keep 'em occupied by arranging other activities (200 for each one) and suffering through their war stories (75; add an additional 25 for each time you've heard them before). Most important, don't bitch to her—even in private—about how neurotic they are, but instead let *her* bitch while you provide commiserating comfort (200). This will counteract the subliminal guilt they're laying on her for no longer needing them, reconfirming for her that getting away from them was the right thing to do so she could forge a healthy relationship with a guy like you.

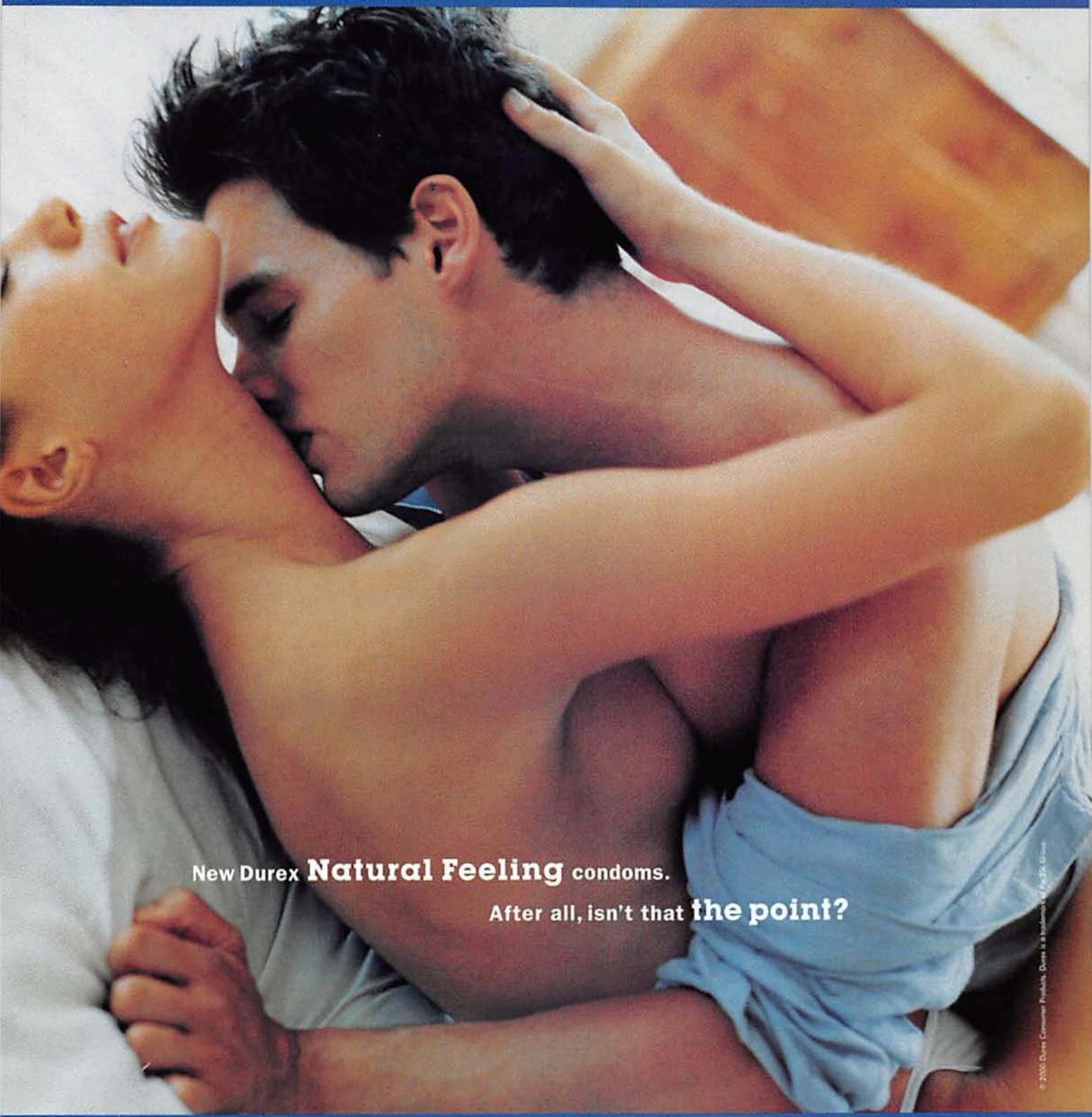
Charm Her Pet

Your score: 400 for getting it to like you; 600 for getting it to like you best

The points explained: Her dog or cat may be a neurotic, carpet-soiling mongrel, but your very survival may depend on winning it over. "If my dog doesn't like a guy, he's history," says Rachel, 25.

Dogs are easy: The first time you meet Fido, make sure you have some doggie snacks in your pocket to slip him, but don't let her see you bribe him. When the hound sticks close to you for more, she'll assume he has instantly bonded with you (400). With cats, don't directly approach them, stare at them, or try to pin

Stylist, Bonnie Thornton; hair, Thomas Hintermeyer; makeup, Devra Kinney for Frame; location, Chelsea Hotel



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set yourself free

Treat her pathetic boo-boo with love: 500 easy points

their tiny heads under the sofa when you first meet 'em. According to the Wisconsin Cat Society, Tiger will probably reject you and bail to a corner. Wait until your girl's about to feed the cat and tell her you'd like to do it (200). Not only will she be touched that you want to be friends with her cat, but after you provide a few meals, Tiger will get with the program and approach you (400).

Charm Her Mom

Your score: 1,000 if you can get her to like you; 2,500 if you can get her to lighten up on her daughter

The points explained: As long as you're not winning them in bed, points won from a girlfriend's mother are as good as points won from her daughter. The fastest, easiest points come from simply communicating with her mom in complete sentences. "Whenever my mother called, my boyfriend would chat with her for five minutes" (75 points per minute flat-rate; 50 points per minute weekends and evenings), says Adriana, 27. Always deftly remind her that you have a job (200) and a fondness for her daughter (200), and subtly indicate that you remember something from your last conversation with her (100). Pick up courtesy points by sending Mom birthday cards (250) and thank-you notes (200), though an even heavier tallying will come if you give Mom the *illusion of influence* (400). "My mom always bitches about my safety," explains Velotti, 22. "So my boyfriend put an extra lock on my door, and suddenly he was golden." This move also served another purpose: It got her mom off her back (2,500!).

Wash Her Hair

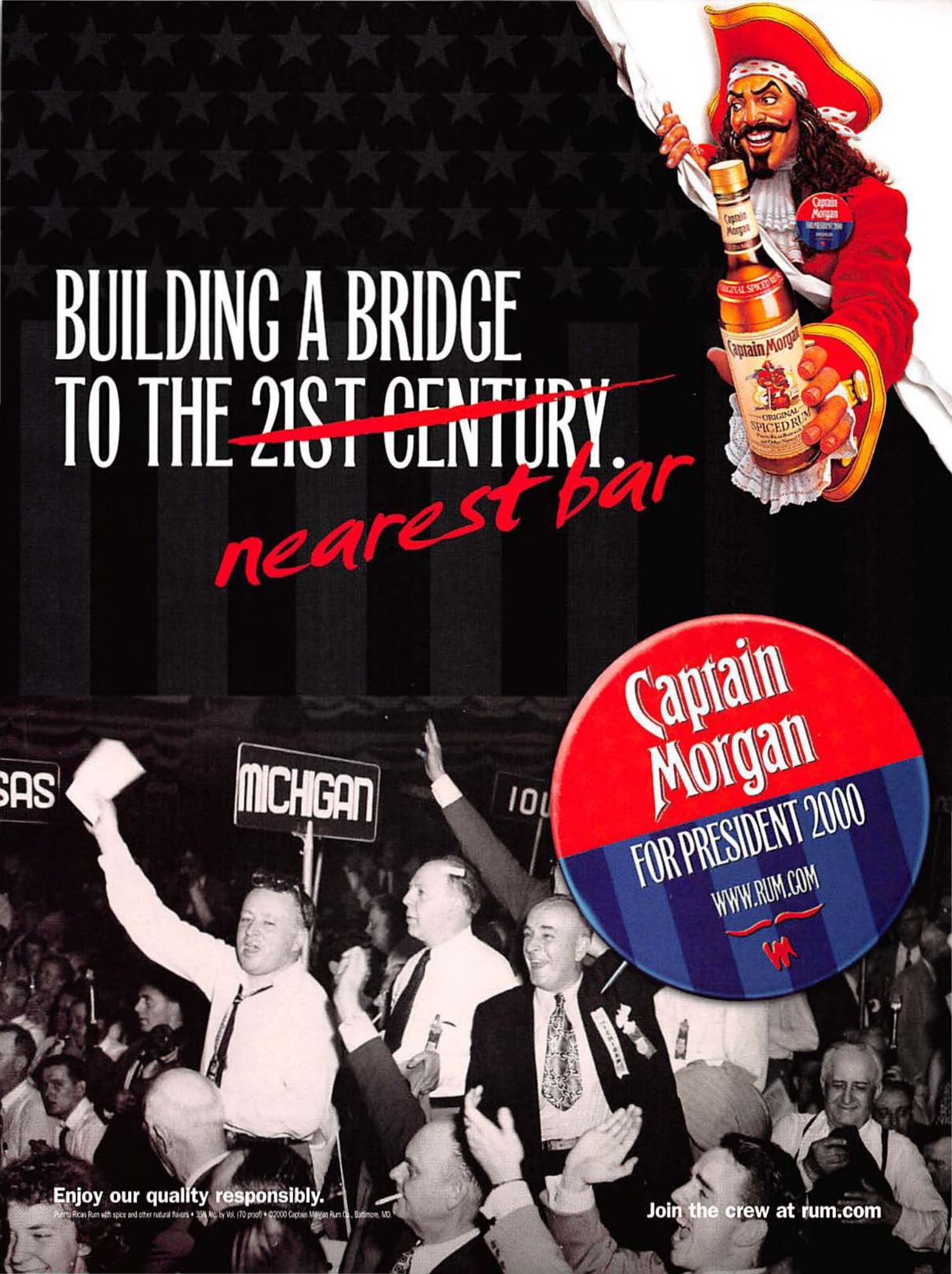
Your score: 300 if you do a thorough job; 200 bonus points if you resist jumping into tub, raising periscope, and patrolling for hand jobs

The points explained: All women love that scene in *The English Patient* when Ralph Fiennes sits beside the bathtub and washes Kristin Scott Thomas' hair. "There's something about a guy washing a woman's hair that drives us crazy," says Jennifer, 26. "It's proof of his tenderness. On my birthday last year, my boyfriend climbed into the tub with me and washed my hair. He gave me a great head massage [150] using the right amount of shampoo and conditioner [25]. And when he rinsed [75], he made sure no soap got in my eyes [50]." (Note to *The English Patient* director: Scene would have been better if Thomas had jumped from tub, giggling, "I've lost me soap!")

Treat Strangers Well

Your score: 150 for basic niceness; 50 bonus points if the waitress calls you "honey" or "sweetie"; minus 1,000 if she says, "How come you haven't called?"

The points explained: On a date any stranger you meet is a potential fountain of points. The box-office ticket salesman, the bum on the street, the bartender. But none is more influential than your waitress. "I believe that the way a guy treats a waitress is the way he's going to be treating me a year from now," says Madeline, 28. "So if she forgets the ketchup, he should just say, 'No big deal' [75], and he should say thanks when she clears his plate [25]. It shows me how he treats people when he's not immediately out to impress." Lastly, be sure your gal sees you left her a 20 percent tip (50). And if the date goes badly anyway, you can always come back and get her number.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Trick her pet into liking you more than her: 600 points

Confess the Wacky Things You Did to Win Her Over

Your score: 500 if your story involves sleeplessness, spying, or setups; 1,000 if it involves the sneaky, but nonlethal, elimination of a rival
The points explained: Back when you were falling for her, there's a good chance you did some pretty obsessive things she didn't know about. Maybe you hung out at a Starbucks across from her work just to watch her leave (250). Maybe you followed her home (250). Maybe you even disguised yourself as a gay encyclopedia salesman and...never mind. The point is, what amounts to borderline stalking when you first met her can score "cute" and "romantic" points a year later, when you casually tell her what you did. "My boyfriend and I got together when he threw a dinner party for 17 people," says Amy, 27. "A year later he confessed that the entire party—for which he slavishly cooked a huge gourmet meal—was just a setup so he could to talk to me" (500). Of course, the story you tell her could itself be an elaborate lie, in which case you're entitled to any points you get away with.

Nurse Her Back to Health

Your score: 500 for providing comfort when she's sick; 100,000 for removing a cancerous tumor with kitchen tools
The points explained: Small injuries and sicknesses are perfect opportunities to score points—provided you don't act like George freakin' Clooney on *ER* every time you remove a sliver (add 3,000 if you *are* George Clooney). A good rule of point scoring, in general, is never to draw attention to the fact that you're scoring them. If you bring her chicken soup

DISASTER RELIEF

Hail Mary scoring tactics to help you recover from any misstep.

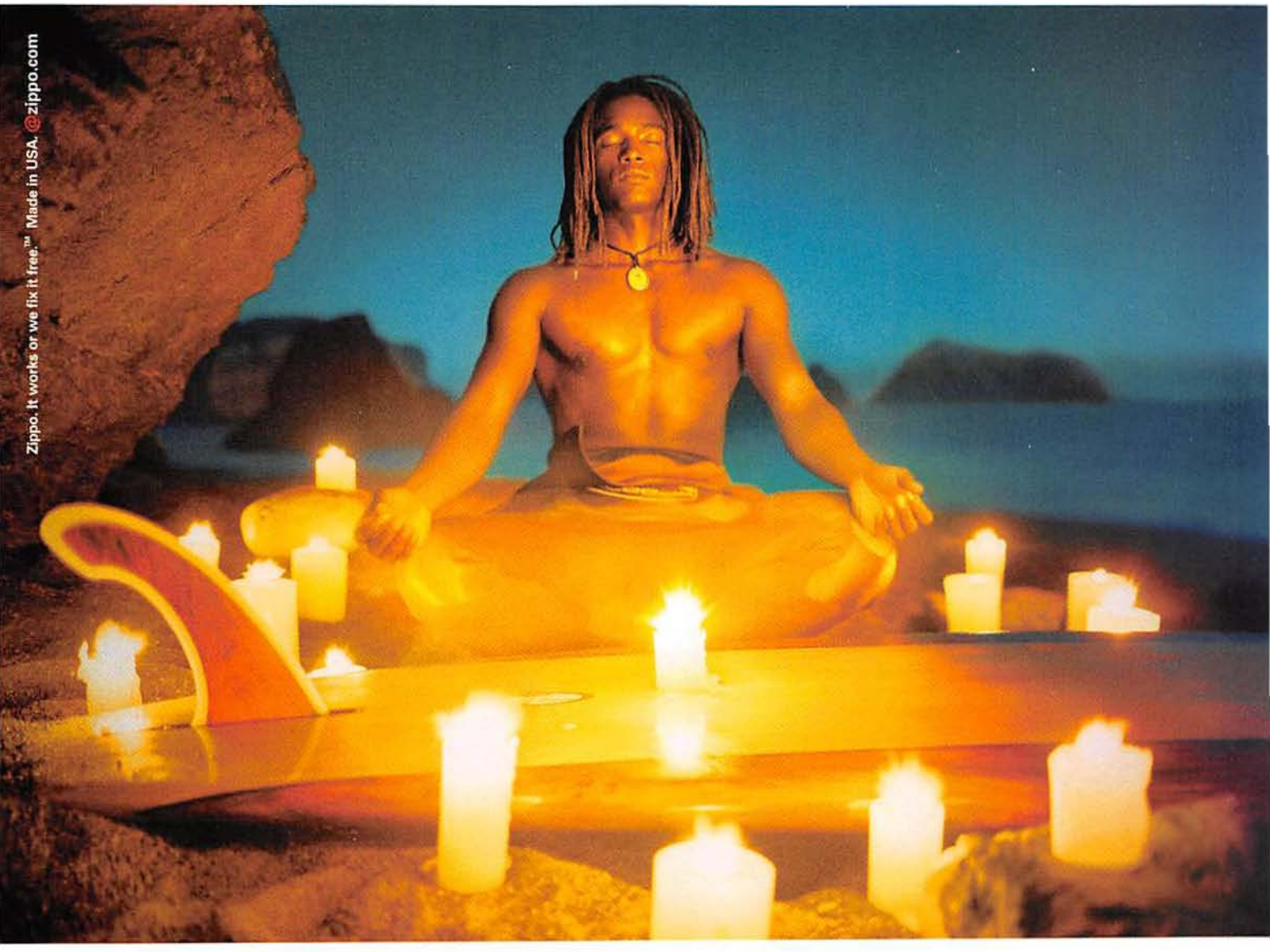
FUMBLE: She's been talking to you for the last 10 minutes, and she just realized you stopped listening nine minutes ago (-750).
RECOVERY: Apologize profusely (+300) but with a smile on your face (-100) and say, "This is so bizarre, but I just figured out the perfect birthday present for you" (+250). Then ask her to repeat what she said, but touch her arm or pull her to you as you ask: This tells her you're truly ready to be attentive now (+300). Just don't forget to come up with the goods on Judgment Day.

FUMBLE: She catches you in the act of ogling another woman (-1,000).
RECOVERY: Play Detect the Defect, that all-girl party game in which women defuse potential mating threats by pointing out as many flaws in them as possible. Next time you're snared with a glare, point at the perfect superbabe in question and say, "Check out Kangaroo Hips over there" (+1,000).

FUMBLE: You came home stinking drunk, threw up loudly in the bathroom, then tried to crawl into bed for some lovin' (-1,500).
RECOVERY: First, get away from her (+500); your red-eyed, ugly mug will just keep reminding her of your crime. Use the time to do something she's been bugging you to do. Buy new shelves for the bathroom, clean out the garage, or tune up her car—you know what's on your list (+1,000).

FUMBLE: You're late (-500). Very late (-750). Again (-1,000). She's now had 35 minutes to get slowly, blisteringly pissed.
RECOVERY: First apologize sincerely (+500) and show that you understand why making her wait is a big deal. "I hated thinking of you here all by yourself. Did anyone bother you?" works wonders (+500); women often fear being a freak magnet. Let her tell you the details of her torturous wait to get it out of her system (+500), then jump straight to the ass kissing. Buy dinner (+250), fess up to anyone else your tardiness affected (+250), and take care of all the details of your next date (+250). And next time set the alarm.

FUMBLE: You apparently, God knows how, intimated ever so slightly that maybe she was possibly gaining weight (-3,000).
RECOVERY: Treat her accusation as bizarre and nonsensical—as if she's saying you called her Croatian (+500). Then restore her wounded body confidence by throwing her onto the bed and ravaging her like a wolf. Lots and lots of cunnilingus couldn't hurt (+650 per orgasm; this could take a while).



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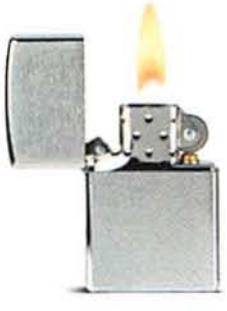

zippo Use it to start something.

After switching to the WB, "The Price Is Right" was never the same

(400), act like it's the natural thing any boyfriend would do (100). "I had blistered my feet with new shoes, and my guy insisted on getting me Band-Aids from a nearby deli," says Trina, 24. "It gave me that warm feeling of knowing someone was looking out for me."

Nail the Perfect Gift

Your score: 700 for getting it wrapped and on time; 1,200 for doing it on a random day

The points explained: Don't worry about finding a "thoughtful gift" for her (too much thought and you'll eventually convince yourself she secretly wants Steelers tickets). Instead just go shopping with her a few times (200 points per session), and pay close attention to what she goes gaga over. Then go back later and buy exactly that. Wait six months before giving it to her, at which point she'll be astounded that you "remembered" something that caught her fancy so long ago. "That not only guarantees that she'll like it, but it also shows her that you pay attention to her desires," says Dana, 30.

Slip Her a Love Note

Your score: 600 for the note (but only 150 if you misspell her name)

The points explained: You'll do fine with a plain old Hallmark card sent along for no special reason (350), but a handwritten love note stuck to the fridge or slipped into her purse will really score (600; but subtract 300 if you slipped some money out while you were in there). Don't go all crazy with love sonnets about her eyes of glimmering sapphire, because it's you and you're gonna screw it up. "The guy I was dating stuck a note on my computer at work that said, 'I just stopped by to tell you you're beautiful. I can't wait to see you tonight.' I totally melted," says Mandy, 22. Just put it in an envelope so she doesn't come back from lunch to see the guys from the mail room snickering over it (-100). M

CASHING IN

Welcome to the prize counter, gentlemen. Exchange your hard-earned points for any of the following rewards of equal or lesser value.

POINTS	REDEMPTION VALUE
10	One itch scratched
50	One instance in which you can be five minutes late, hang up the phone first, or not hear what she just said without catching flak
100	One audible expulsion of gas passed without comment (choose any orifice!)
200	Choice of one button sewn on or one shirt ironed
300	Appearance of actual interest in your theory of why Marino was better than Elway (10-minute maximum)
400	Acceptable display of affection: approaching her from behind, swinging an arm around her, and briefly fondling a breast (valid for vendor's breast only)
500	One small piece of formerly extensive porn collection returned to house
600	"Totally innocent" 10-minute phone conversation with ex-girlfriend
750	One date composed entirely of pizza and pay-per-view
1,000	Blow job (unrequited)
1,250	"Totally innocent" lunch in public place with ex-girlfriend
1,500	One evening of your favorite meat-laden dinner entrées served to you without dishwashing duties
1,750	One poker night that conflicts with plans with her friends (can be traded for attending her event and flirting with the hot one)
2,000	Choice of Dutch-treat date: any movie featuring promiscuous au pairs, motor cycle jousting, or pets that kill; beer and chicken wings at sports bar
2,500	One insensitive drunken rant forgiven
3,000	Evening of her wearing drop-dead sexy but completely impractical lingerie
5,000	Late-night drinking session with guy friends followed by sex upon arrival home
7,500	Evening of her wearing drop-dead sexy but completely impractical cheerleader/schoolgirl/dominatrix outfits
10,000	Admittedly not-so-innocent dinner in public place with ex-girlfriend
15,000	All-night poker session in which you lose half her CD collection, start a small kitchen fire, shave her cat, and pee in the garbage can beneath the sink
25,000	Porn collection restored to former glory
50,000	Extended fishing trip during which you run out of beer, drunkenly call her, and ask her to drive 400 miles, hike another seven, then wade topless into a 40-degree stream to hand you and your pals you a cold one, and it's "no problem"
100,000	Admittedly not-so-innocent dinner and drinks with ex-girlfriend after which you "forget" to come home and sleep over at "um, a friend's"
500,000	Her undying love and devotion, and complete ownership of her mind, body, and soul
1,000,000	Blow job while driving

Photograph, Satoshi; prop stylist, Cesar Alcantar

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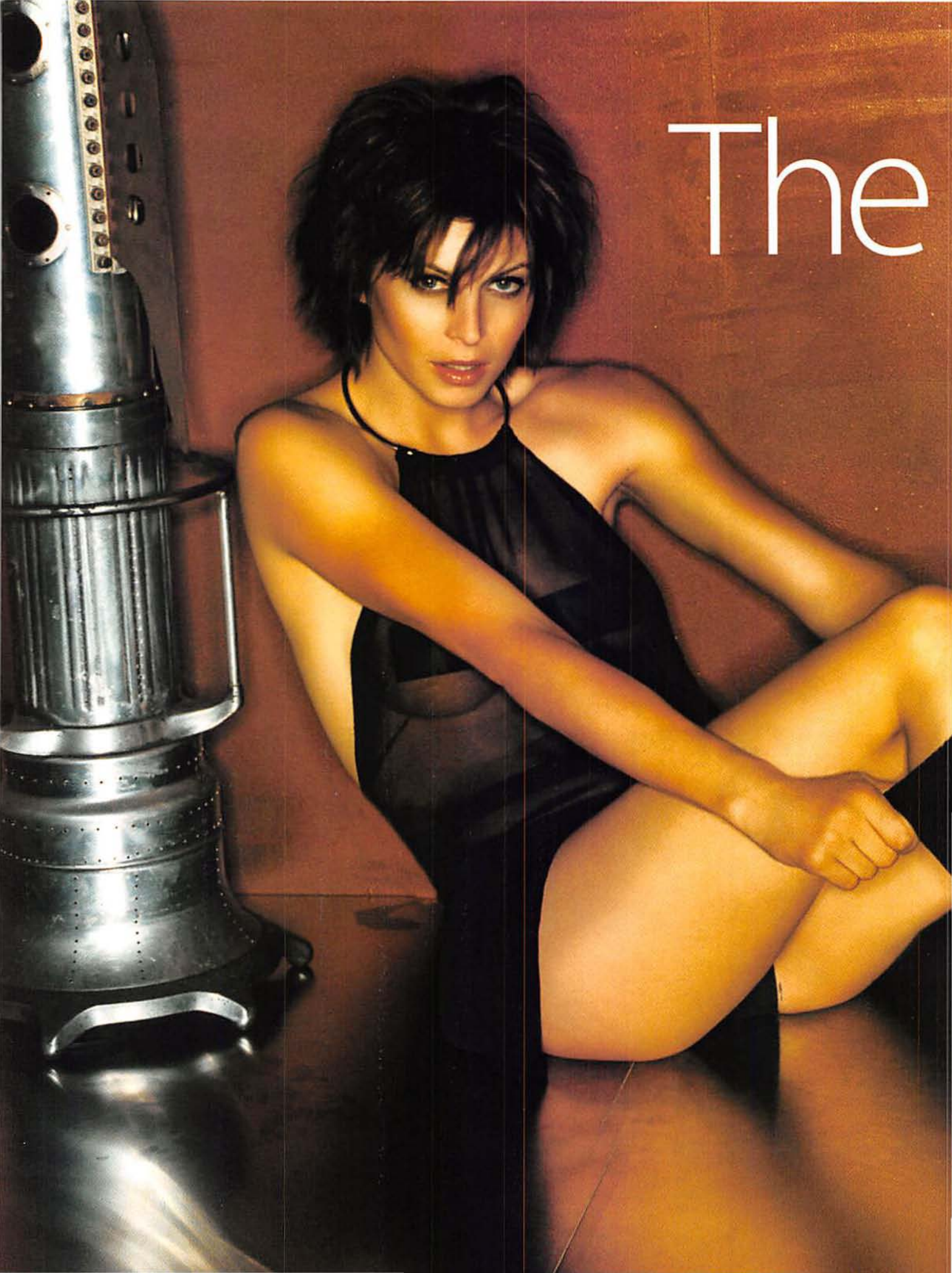

The

Fall Guide

Smash your remote after the cancellation of *Welcome Back, Kotter*? This season's sexy new TV offerings will make you a couch potato again. And there are some cool new shows too.

Photographs by Jim Malucci

Scarlett Chorvat

You know her as: The nightie-clad wife expecting a private birthday gift from her husband who stumbles into—*surprise!*—a room full of friends in a recent Michelob ad.
Her series: *Freedom,* in which the sole resistance against military rule of the U.S. is a renegade commando quartet—and this time the A-Team isn't available. (UPN, Friday, 8 P.M.)
She plays: Becca Shaw, an army Ranger who kicks ass while wearing designer labels. "It's good to know that even after the world ends, there will still be Prada," jokes Chorvat.
Frankly, Scarlett: Her moniker is courtesy of her mother's *Gone With the Wind* fixation. "At an audition once, this guy came up and said, 'My name is Rhett.' I said, 'I've heard that before.' He had to whip out his driver's license to prove it."
Leap of faith: Though Chorvat does many of her own stunts, she has limits. "I wanted to jump off a building, but they wouldn't let me. They said, 'If the show's a hit, we need you.'"

Who says TV isn't educational? Here are just a few of the lessons we learned from eyeballing almost all of the 31 new network shows: 1) Precocious tykes possess the eerie power to address viewers directly through the camera. 2) Everyone lives in New York City. 3) Watching sitcoms starring Bette Midler as herself or John Goodman as a gay dad will put you off solid food for a week. But before you toss that new Trinitron into a landfill, we *can* report some serious bright spots on the schedule—from our ass-kicking cover girl to guys who ditch their law careers to become pro wrestlers and bowling-alley owners. In other words, you can have our remotes when you pry them from our cold, dead fingers.

CHEAT SHEET FOR E-Z TUBE VIEWING

- Big star on board
- Gratifying violence
- Bodacious babe alert!
- Backstabbing for fun and profit
- Lovable gay character
- Strictly for chicks
- Television loves New York
- Zoinks! There's ghosts in there
- Adorable kid warning!
- Chock-full of stunts
- Full frontal nudity
- Live on-screen executions

TV FOR TOUGH GUYS

The Fugitive

No fresh ideas in Hollywood? Nonsense! Sure, this action-suspense series is based on the 1993 action-suspense movie, which was, um, based on the '60s action-suspense series—but this one has Tim Daly! The *Wings* star plays the doctor on the run who's hunting for a one-armed man after being accused of slaying his wife. Still, the spectacular stunts make this prime escapist fare. **Line, please:** "We got ourselves a manhunt." **The mix:** *The Fugitive* meets…um…itself…again. (CBS, Friday, 8 P.M.)

Perfect *Dark*

Dark Angel

Jessica Alba stars as Max, a genetically enhanced cat burglar who kicks major bad-guy butt in postapocalyptic Seattle (now even grungier!) while eluding the military unit that made her. Creator James Cameron may be king of the world, but Jessica is the new queen of our daydreams. Hands down the coolest new show on TV. **Line, please:** "Whaddaya think—maybe after I betray the woman who trusts me, and you grease her and her daughter, we could, say, go out on a date?" **The mix:** 1/3 *Buffy,* 1/3 *Tomb Raider,* 1/3 *The Pretender* (Fox, Tuesday, 9 P.M.)

Freedom

The closest thing to *The Matrix* ever to hit the small screen. After the U.S. economy goes into the toilet and the military pulls a brutal coup, a small group of rebels fights to preserve the American way—with automatic weapons, movie-quality stunts, and a tough-as-nails Rambette (Scarlett Chorvat) who favors black-leather uniforms. **Line, please:** "They took away my life. But they let me live. Their mistake." **The mix:** 1/3 *The Matrix,* 1/3 *Red Dawn,* 1/3 *Mission: Impossible* (UPN, Friday, 8 P.M.)

The District

A tough-talking, karaoke-singing, movie-quoting police chief (Craig T. Nelson) is hellbent on cleaning up crime-ridden Washington, D.C. But first he has to clean up his corrupt, bureaucracy-choked force and take on a sleazy mayor. **Line, please:** "I'm kind of like a combination of Rain Man and Forrest Gump. You can call me Rain Forrest." **The mix:** 1/2 *Hill Street Blues,* 1/2 *Law & Order* (CBS, Saturday, 10 P.M.)

C.S.I.

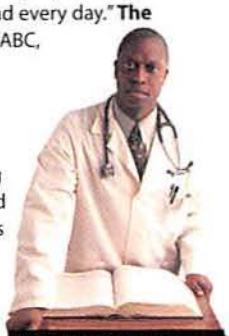
Dead men tell no tales. Except maybe to Gil Grissom (William Petersen) and his intrepid crime scene investigation unit, who use stomach-churning forensics to catch killers in Las Vegas. Which means we get treated to closeups of decaying corpses, bloated corpses, and even a choice few dismembered corpses. **Line, please:** "The third stage of larva metamorphosis. This guy's been dead seven days." "Yeah, that's a maggot. And he stinks." **The mix:** 1/2 *Homicide,* 1/2 *Quincy* (CBS, Friday, 9 P.M.)

District do-gooders

WEEPY CHICK FARE

Gideon's Crossing

André Braugher has gone from busting perps as a *Homicide* detective to jerking tears as a brilliant, empathetic, and really touchy-feely doctor. Theoretically this medical melodrama only lasts an hour, but with all the treacly music and long…meaningful…pauses, it moves about as fast as a Jamaican HMO. **Line, please:** "The things I said to this poor dying woman. I can still hear them in my head every day." **The mix:** *ER* meets slow motion (ABC, Wednesday, 10 P.M.)



"Oooh, you were right. *Two* kidneys, *one* liver."

The Gilmore Girls

This dramedy about a young mother (Lauren Graham) and her teenage daughter (Alexis Bledel) in a picturesque Connecticut town was spawned by something called the Family Friendly Programming Script Initiative. Let's just say that these aren't the folks who brought us *The Sopranos.* **Line, please:** "She'll finally get to go to Harvard…and do all the things that I never got to do, and I can resent her for it and we can finally have a normal mother-daughter relationship." **The mix:** 1/2 *One Day at a Time,* 1/2 *Martha Stewart Living* (WB, Thursday, 8 P.M.)

SHOWS TO SLIT YOUR WRISTS TO

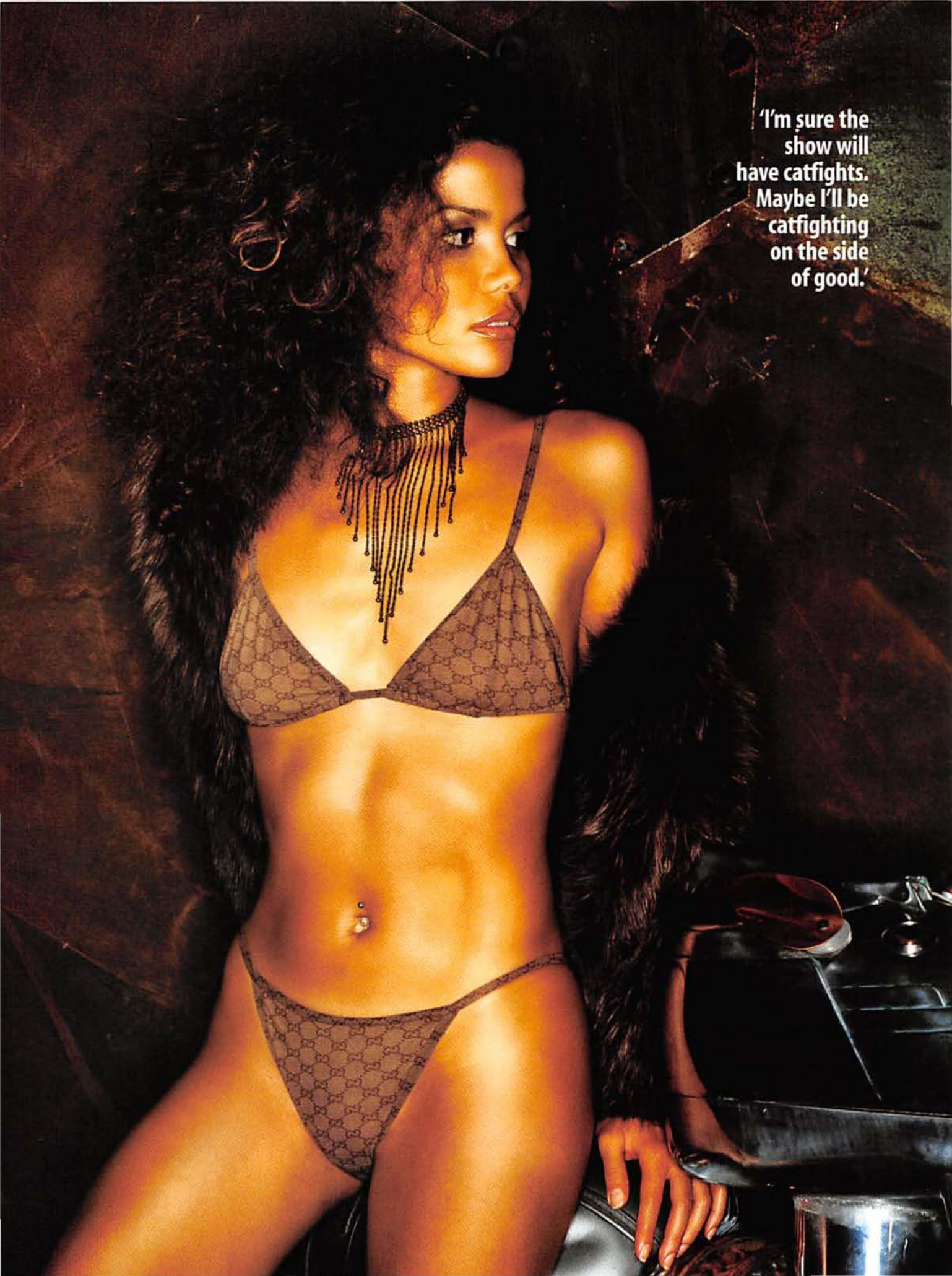
The John Goodman Show

If there were a horse race for dumbest sitcom concept of the year, this one would win the Triple Crown right outta the gate: John ▶

Lourdes Benedicto

You know her as: *NYPD Blue*'s sexy secretary, Gina Colon, a role that, unfortunately, never had her stealing bare-butt screen time from Detective Sipowicz.
New show: *Titans,* about a rich family so prone to backstabbing, the show makes *Dynasty* look like *Growing Pains.* "It's a mega-saga," Lourdes gushes. "Decadent, fun, and full of passion." (NBC, Wednesday, 8 P.M.)
She plays: A maid's daughter grown up to be the patriarch's assistant. "She's definitely on the moral good side, but you never know when the writers will pull a switch."
Acting up: Brooklyn-born, she was expected to be a professional or go into business, like the rest of her family. "The irony is that I tend to play MBA types. Now my parents are waiting for me to play a doctor."
Name game: "Lourdes is a good Catholic name, but ever since Madonna's baby, people ask me if I changed it to be hip. Do they think it was hip to have to explain my name to boys at seventh-grade dances?"

(Previous spread and next page) Stylist: Shirko Iura for Rex; hair, Giovanni for Celestine; makeup, Agostina for Cloutier/Valerie of Beverly Hills.


'I'm sure the show will have catfights. Maybe I'll be catfighting on the side of good.'

'I don't have a boyfriend right now, and even if I did, I'd probably say that I don't.'

Goodman plays an easygoing blue-collar divorced dad…who just happens to be gay. Yes, *that* John Goodman. Yes, *gay*. Why didn't they just call it *Will & Gross*? **The mix:** 1/3 *Ellen,* 1/3 *The King of Queens,* 1/3 numb disbelief (Fox, Wednesday, 8:30 P.M.)

Bette

We had this nightmare that the remote got stuck on a sitcom starring Bette Midler as a singing, dancing, screeching diva named Bette. And we can't wake up! Oh, dear God, why hast thou forsaken us? **Line, please:** "If I keep taking all these guest spots, pretty soon I'll have my own series, and then I might just as well kill myself." OK, *that* we'd watch. **The mix:** 1/3 *Cybill,* 1/3 *The Nanny,* 1/3 *Isn't She Great* (CBS, Wednesday, 8 P.M.)

"I'm a little teapot, warped and stout."

DAG

Comedian David Allen Grier is a Secret Service agent assigned to protect the loud-mouthed first lady (Delta "SlimFast" Burke). Never has a laugh track had to work so hard. We'd rather take a bullet. **Line, please:** "If a boy gets near her, shoot him. Shoot to kill." **The mix:** 1/2 *In the Line of Fire,* 1/2 *Designing Women* (NBC, Tuesday, 9:30 P.M.)

Grosse Point

Now that the cast members of *Beverly Hills, 90210* have been shipped off to nursing homes in less prestigious ZIP codes, the teen soap's creator has apparently decided that this is the perfect time for a parody. Too bad it's not nearly as funny as Luke Perry's movie career. **Line, please:** "Hey, check out how golden and downy these hairs are getting around my navel. They're kinda soft, like chest hair, but sexy, like pubic hair." **The mix:** 1/2 *90210,* 1/2 *E! True Hollywood Story* (WB, Friday, 8:30 P.M.)

Cursed

A nice guy pisses off a witchy blind date, who puts a curse on his head: not the sort of curse that makes blood ooze from his pores, but the sort that leads to nutty *Seinfeld*-ian mix-ups. Only viewers forced to watch this stinker will have blood oozing from their pores. **Line, please:** "I just spent the entire night being chased by an enraged mob who thought I beat the hell out of a guy who may or may not be a clown, but who, parenthetically, is doing the humpy-bumpy with my ex-girlfriend." **The mix:** 1/2 *Seinfeld,* 1/2 all those *Seinfeld* ripoffs that sucked (NBC, Thursday, 8:30 P.M.)

WORTH LEARNING HOW TO PROGRAM A VCR FOR

Nikki

A big moosie virgin with a bad haircut (Nick von Esmarch) who's on the path to corporate lawyerdom instead chases his pro-wrestler dreams and weds a Vegas show girl played by vivacious, halter-top-friendly Nikki Cox. Not that all this isn't enough, but it may actually be the funniest new comedy of the season. **Line, please:** "By the way, even though it was only one night together, I've decided to keep the baby. I'm naming it Jose Cuervo, and I think you know why." **The mix:** 1/2 *Unhappily Ever After,* 1/2 *Mad About You* (WB, Sunday, 9:30 P.M.)

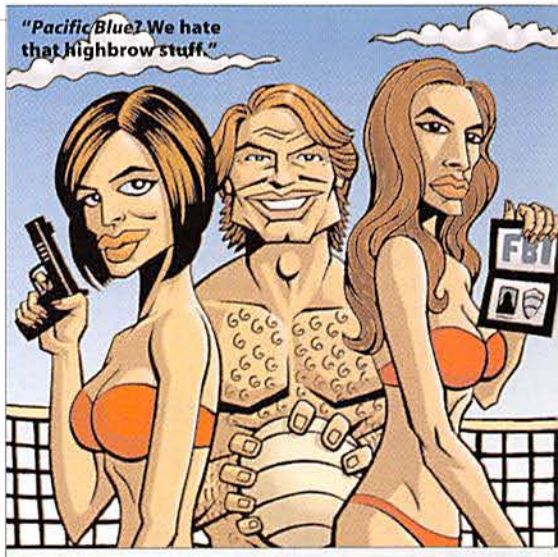
Welcome to New York

An Indiana weatherman (comedian Jim Gaffigan, from those Rolling Rock commercials) comes to the Big Apple and winds up getting involved with his sharp-tongued producer (Christine Baranski). If the sarcastic humor reminds you of David Letterman, it's because his company helped create the show. **Line, please:** "People in New York don't wear brown, Jim. We wear black, and that's only until something darker comes along." **The mix:** 1/2 *The Late Show,* 1/2 *Murphy Brown* (CBS, Wednesday, 8:30 P.M.)

Halter we'll shoot!

Summer Altice

You know her as: The model of the moment, who's graced every cover from *Mademoiselle* to German *GQ*.
Her series: *Chromium Blue.com,* a late-night soap about people searching for *love* while hopscotching around on a luxury pleasure *boat*, hoping to fulfill their *fantasies* as they travel the *islands*. (Showtime)
She plays: The tough limo driver who chauffeurs the ship's clients. "Her idea of a good time," says Altice, "is drinking Jack Daniel's and arm-wrestling guys all night."
Tattoo you: The L.A. native sports four: a dolphin, a butterfly, and Chinese characters for truth and destiny. "Don't tattoo a band's name on your arm. When you're 60 you probably won't be listening to Korn."
Hail to the King: Altice enjoys working with *Chromium*'s executive producer, Zalman King, the auteur behind *9 1/2 Weeks*. "When you see a woman in his films, you know you're not going to just watch her walk a dog down the street."



PILOT ERROR

Think this season sucks? Could have been worse. Real pilots that didn't make the cut.

I SPIKE

It's *Charlie's Angels* meets *Baywatch* when female FBI agents go undercover as…wait for it…pro volleyball players. The career-risking cast was to include Daisy Fuentes as an ex-Navy SEAL and *Melrose Place*'s Lisa Rinna as squad leader. Obviously the spandex-clad babe potential didn't escape us…but after the pilot's "counterfeit sunscreen" plot line, where could you go from there?

DOG YEARS

A woman and her talking dog, Zak, do… something. Conflicting reports had the dog voiced by Andy Richter and the guy who does the Pets.com puppet. Other canines reportedly had the voices of rapper Tone Loc and Tommy Chong. Somebody was certainly smoking *something*…

DAY ONE

A meteor wipes out virtually all life forms on earth, including Michael Jackson. Luckily eight strangers on a train survive, including a carpenter, a veterinarian (*someone's* gotta heal those triumphant cockroaches), and an ex-con. A coed cast and no more condom manufacturers ensure that humans will live on, while the fact that most of them are soap opera stars means society will start over with excellent teeth and hair.

WED AT FIRST SIGHT

Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire was a long courtship compared with this show, wherein women choose a husband in an hour. Features *inspired by* other reality shows include advice lifelines, taped interrogations, and on-air proposals. The pilot, buried after the *Millionaire* debacle, similarly produced a real marriage. Bet *they* feel stupid now…—*David Jacobson*

Stylist, Shinko Iura for Rex; hair, Halle for Tiffany Whitford; makeup, Amanda Shackleton for Gabler/Noonan; illustration, Justin Hampton

The $treet

Greed is good, according to this soapy drama about the high-pressure days and hard-partying nights of young Wall Street. Sounds as risky as a dot-com IPO, but with blue-chip actors Tom Everett Scott, Adam Goldberg, and the bodacious Jennifer Connelly buying in, we're adding *The $treet* to our don't-miss portfolio. **Line, please:** "What exactly is your stand on Xena?" "Is that a pharmaceutical?" "No, Xena the warrior princess." **The mix:** 1/2 *Boiler Room,* 1/2 *The Practice* (Fox, Wednesday, 9 P.M.)

IF THERE ARE NO SPORTS ON AND YOU FORGOT TO RENT PORN...

Ed

What's a regular fella (Tom Cavanagh) to do when he loses his attorney job and his wife in the same damn day? Move back home, buy a bowling alley, and chase after the girl of his high school dreams, of course. *(Duh.)* This has the soul of a chick show; luckily it also has the funny bone of your buddies after a few beers. **Line, please:** "If you got two bowling alleys that are exactly the same but one has wall-to-wall whores, I'd patronize the one with the whores." **The mix:** 1/2 *Jerry Maguire,* 1/2 *Kingpin* (NBC, Sunday, 8 P.M.)

Baby, you are so money

The Michael Richards Show

Not content to sit at home and pratfall into the zillions he's making from *Seinfeld* reruns, that Kramer guy is back on TV in a sitcom about a bumbling gumshoe. For his first case, maybe he can solve the mystery of why we weren't allowed to see the pilot. **The mix:** 1/2 *Naked Gun,* 1/2 *The Pink Panther* (NBC, Tuesday, 8 P.M.)

Hype

Does the world really need another Monica Lewinsky parody? The WB thinks so and is launching its own frenzied sketch show. This one is supposed to poke holes in the Hollywood hype machine, which basically means we get more Regis Philbin jokes—but it's still pretty damn funny. **Line, please:** "Did Gwyneth Paltrow ever have to stand in line at the Department of Motor Vehicles or use toilet paper for a coffee filter? Well, I have." **The mix:** 1/2 *Laugh-In,* 1/2 *Talk Soup* (WB, Sunday, 9 P.M.)

I WANT MY FLAT TV!

True television luxury doesn't come cheap.

Considering the latest technology, your 57 channels and 20-inch set seem ...inadequate. We say upgrade to more manly equipment now—that's what credit cards are for! Here's our handy guide to easy sacrifices you can make this year that'll cover your shameless splurging.

NECESSARY SACRIFICE	DESIRED UPGRADE: SATELLITE DISH WITH SPORTS PACKAGE ($900)	50-INCH BIG-SCREEN PROJECTION TV ($3,000)	HIGH-DEFINITION PLASMA MONITOR FLAT TV ($10,000)
PERSONAL HYGIENE	Limit showers to every other day (save $40)	Take cold-water showers (save $100)	Learn to lick yourself clean (save $300)
ENTERTAINMENT	Settle for bad seats at baseball games (save $150)	Stop buying souvenirs at ball games (save $200)	Become a hard-core Little League fan (save $500)
UTILITIES	Turn off call waiting and voicemail (save $100)	Turn off long-distance (save $200)	Burn phone book to make smoke signals (save $750)
DRINK	Stop buying favorite imported beer (save $100)	Start brewing your own beer (save $400)	Ferment your own bodily fluids (save $1,000)
ROMANCE	Take girlfriend out only once a month (save $250)	Make girlfriend pay for herself (save $500)	Dump girlfriend, peer into hot neighbor's window (save $1,250)
CLOTHING	Shop only at discount stores (save $60)	Shop only at thrift stores (save $400)	Shop only when shopkeeper isn't looking (save $2,500)
FOOD	Cut out dessert (save $200)	Cut out lunch (save $1,200)	Cut out pictures from food mags and eat them (save $3,700)
TOTAL	$900	$3,000	$10,000

Stephanie March

You know her as: A regular character on *Early Edition* and Miss Forsythe in the recent live broadcast of *Death of a Salesman.*
Her series: *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit,* the hard-boiled spin-off hit going into its second season. (NBC, Friday, 10 P.M.)
She plays: A new character, Assistant D.A. Alexandra Cabot, adding a touch of pulchritude to a gritty urban ensemble. "She's blue-blooded, ambitious, and incisive," says March, "which isn't like me, even though we *are* of similar hair color and height."
Judge and jury: "If I could make laws, I would devote my life to bringing the phone company to its knees. In the time it took them to install a fax line, I could have had several children."
Off-duty outfit: Unlike her TV counterpart, this Texas girl doesn't even own a power suit. "I do have lots of jeans and boots. Back home, people wear ostrich-skin boots to weddings. You know, fancy ones."

Boston Public

Sure, producer David E. Kelley brought us *The Practice.* But he's also responsible for *Ally McBeal, Snoops,* and taking Michelle Pfeiffer off the market. So naturally we're suspicious of this drama about teachers at a Boston high school. And of the fact that nobody has been allowed to see it yet. Kelley better have a note from his mother. **The mix:** 1/2 *The Practice,* 1/2 *Blackboard Jungle* (Fox, Monday, 8 P.M.)

BEWARE—THESE SHOWS ARE OUT TO GET YOU!

Freakylinks

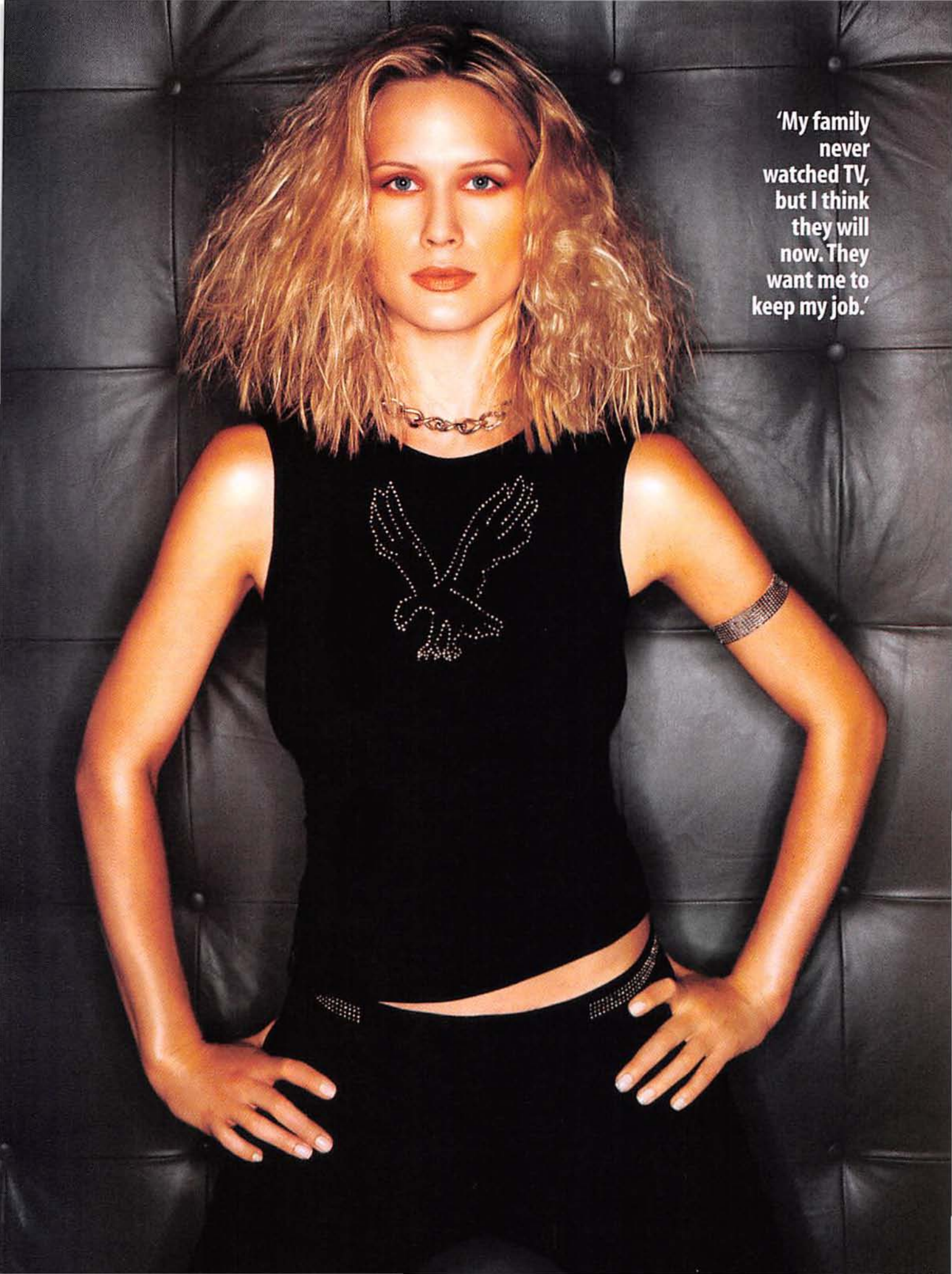
"A pratfall? Hmm, perhaps..."

Not only are *The Blair Witch Project*'s creators (a.k.a. the lucky bastards) busy cranking out sequels, they're also behind this eerie drama, about a slacker who takes over a paranormal-investigation Web site after his twin's mysterious suicide. Despite that annoying shaky camera, dammit if they haven't scored again. **Line, please:** "Suppose all those times you thought you heard footsteps or thought you saw something flash out of the corner of your eye, you really did." We're...so...scared. **The mix:** 1/3 *The X Files,* 1/3 *The Blair Witch Project,* 1/3 *Scooby Doo* (Fox, Friday, 8 P.M.)

The Trouble With Normal

Take *Seinfeld.* Keep the neurotic New Yorkers. Drop the funny. That's about what you get with this sitcom about two delusionally paranoid neighbors (David Krumholtz, Jon Cryer) who suspect each other of being spies. Bonus: Many punch lines are delivered in therapybabble. ▶

Stylist, Shinko Iura for Rex; hair and makeup, Andrea Shackleton for Gabor Noonan


'My family never watched TV, but I think they will now. They want me to keep my job.'

VANITY FARE

With big-screen stars Charlie Sheen, Geena Davis, and, God help us, Bette Midler taking the small-screen plunge, how long can it be before we see...

ROBERT DE NIRO
In: *You Talkin' to Me?*

An aging wise guy is losing his hearing...but is too vain to get a hearing aid. Got a problem wit' dat? Queen Latifah cameos as his wacky blind neighbor who never notices anything unusual. **Episode one:** De Niro orders a hit on a rival who he thinks insulted him but who was really just ordering calamari. Later Latifah's Seeing Eye dog won't stop digging up bones in De Niro's backyard.

CATHERINE ZETA-JONES
In: *The Catherine Zeta-Jones Hour*

Finally a variety show without all that annoying variety. No singin', no dancin', no boring skits...just the *Mask of Zorro* goddess letting us gaze upon her radiance for a solid hour every week. **Episode one:** Taped in front of slack-jawed, standing-room-only audience at a sports bar, Catherine, wearing her skintight cat burglar outfit from *Entrapment*, does a few halfhearted stretching exercises.

SHARON STONE
In: *Bewitched Instinct*

A classic '60s sitcom updated: Instead of wrinkling her nose, Samantha casts spells by crossing and uncrossing her legs. Gérard Depardieu costars as Darrin, now slaving at a pre-IPO dot-com. **Episode one:** Darrin begs Samantha not to pull anything funny at his make-or-break investors' meeting. But when she shows up in a clear plastic micromini, the guys ante up twice what he asked!

ROBERT DOWNEY, JR.
In: *Lockdown!*

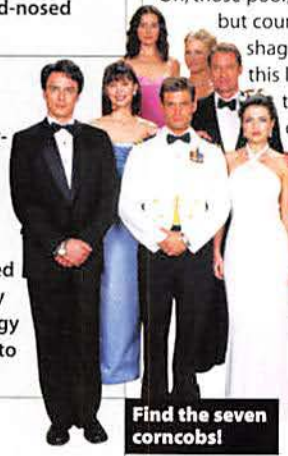
The high-tech surveillance of *Big Brother* meets the raw drama of *Oz* when multiple "cell-cams" follow Junior through every moment of his stint in a California prison on drug charges. **Episode one:** Due to face the parole board, Downey's cellmate asks for tips on acting remorseful. Later Downey is confronted in the prison laundry room by a hard-nosed guard with an original script.

ROBIN WILLIAMS
In: *Manic Depressive, P.I.*

Williams plays a private dick who's really hyper and funny one moment, then all sappy and sentimental the next. As his shrink, Judd Hirsch helps him work through his feelings and solve crimes. **Episode one:** Williams gives a speech that starts off all zany, with John Wayne imitations and stuff, but ends with a tearful plea that we recognize our common humanity. The killer begs to be put in solitary.

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER
In: *The Determinator*

After tossing Judge Judy off a skyscraper, Arnold takes over as judge, jury, and executioner, settling small-claims cases with monosyllabic wisdom. **Episode one:** When a divorced couple argues over a veterinary bill, Arnold calmly tears their doggy in half. "Happy en-trails," he says, to roars of canned laughter.



Find the seven corncobs!

Well, *that* shouldn't get old fast. **Line, please:** "Obviously somebody doesn't want us soundproofing our homes. And they got to the egg people." **The mix:** 1/2 *Seinfeld,* 1/2 *Conspiracy Theory* (ABC, Friday, 8:30 P.M.)

Level 9

"Mulder? Scully? Never heard of 'em."

Strangely, the high drama of nerds feverishly tapping keyboards and downloading pics of Cindy Margolis has never made for great TV (or have you forgotten *The Net*?). That's why the top-secret group of tech wizards in this series use sniper rifles and gratuitous explosions to battle computer terrorists. **Line, please:** "Great. Geeks with guns. That's all we need." "They aren't geeks, man. These people spook me." **The mix:** 1/3 *Sneakers,* 1/3 *The Untouchables,* 1/3 Dungeons and Dragons chat room (UPN, Friday, 9 P.M.)

Night Visions

In the tradition of *The Twilight Zone,* this drama promises a different spooky mind-fuck every week, complete with B-list movie stars we're supposed to feel privileged to see on the tube. **Line, please:** "No woman would ever wear that top with that skirt. Find another torso. And no stripes." **The mix:** 1/2 *The Twilight Zone,* 1/2 the unemployment line (Fox, Friday, 9 P.M.)

GET YOUR GAL HOOKED ON THESE AND YOU CAN PLAY POKER

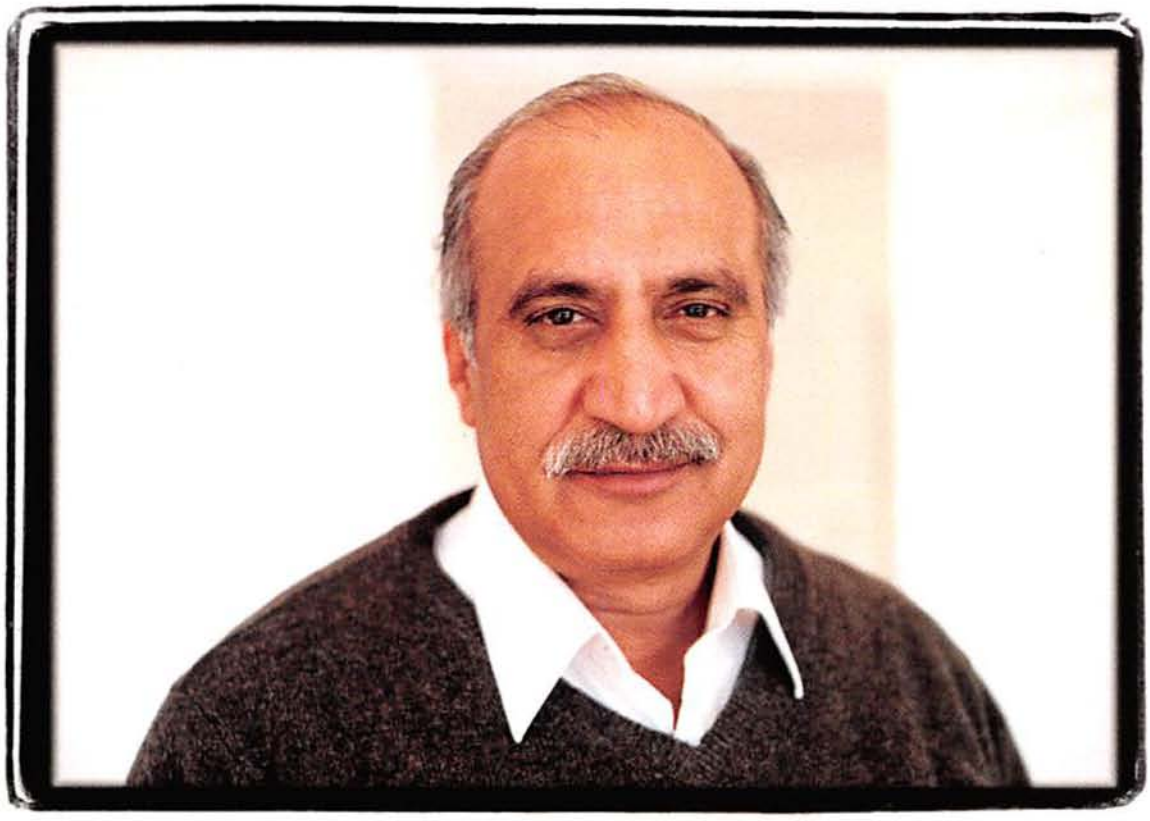
That's Life

A saucy 32-year-old Italian-American barmaid (Heather Paige Kent) dreams of going to college even if it means dumping her pasta-for-brains fiancé and breaking her mother's heart. Your girlfriend will find it "empowering," but it just gave us indigestion. **Line, please:** "You wanna find yourself? Go to mass." **The mix:** 1/2 *Jesse,* 1/2 *Providence* (CBS, Saturday, 8 P.M.)

Titans

Oh, those poor, poor rich folk. Nothing to do but count money, hit the booze, and shag until the yachts come home. In this latest Aaron Spelling cheese factory, an aviator (Casper Van Dien) comes home to find his father set to wed a hottie (Yasmine Bleeth) our flyboy just had an affair with. **Line, please:** "Congratulations to you, Chandler. I'm pregnant. And it's your child." **The mix:** 1/2 *Dynasty,* 1/2 *Melrose Place* (NBC, Wednesday, 8 P.M.)

Stylist, Shinko Iura; hair, Giovanni for Celestine; makeup, Agostina for Cloutier/Valente of Beverly Hills



How TiVo kept me from having permanent kidney damage.

I love sitcoms. Love them. But I have what is commonly referred to as a nervous bladder. Anything can set it off. Especially belly laughs. Whenever there's a funny scene I start sweating. Stay on the couch and watch the last joke, or run to the bathroom. Stay or run. Stay. Run. It's horrible! All the time I was running back into the room asking, "What happened, what happened?" Annoying! Then I got TiVo. Now when I start laughing, I just hit "pause" and leave the room. It pauses live TV. I don't know how, and frankly, I don't care. It just works. Pause, relief. Pause, relief. You have no idea how much this helps me. I encourage you to go to **tivo.com** or your local electronics store.

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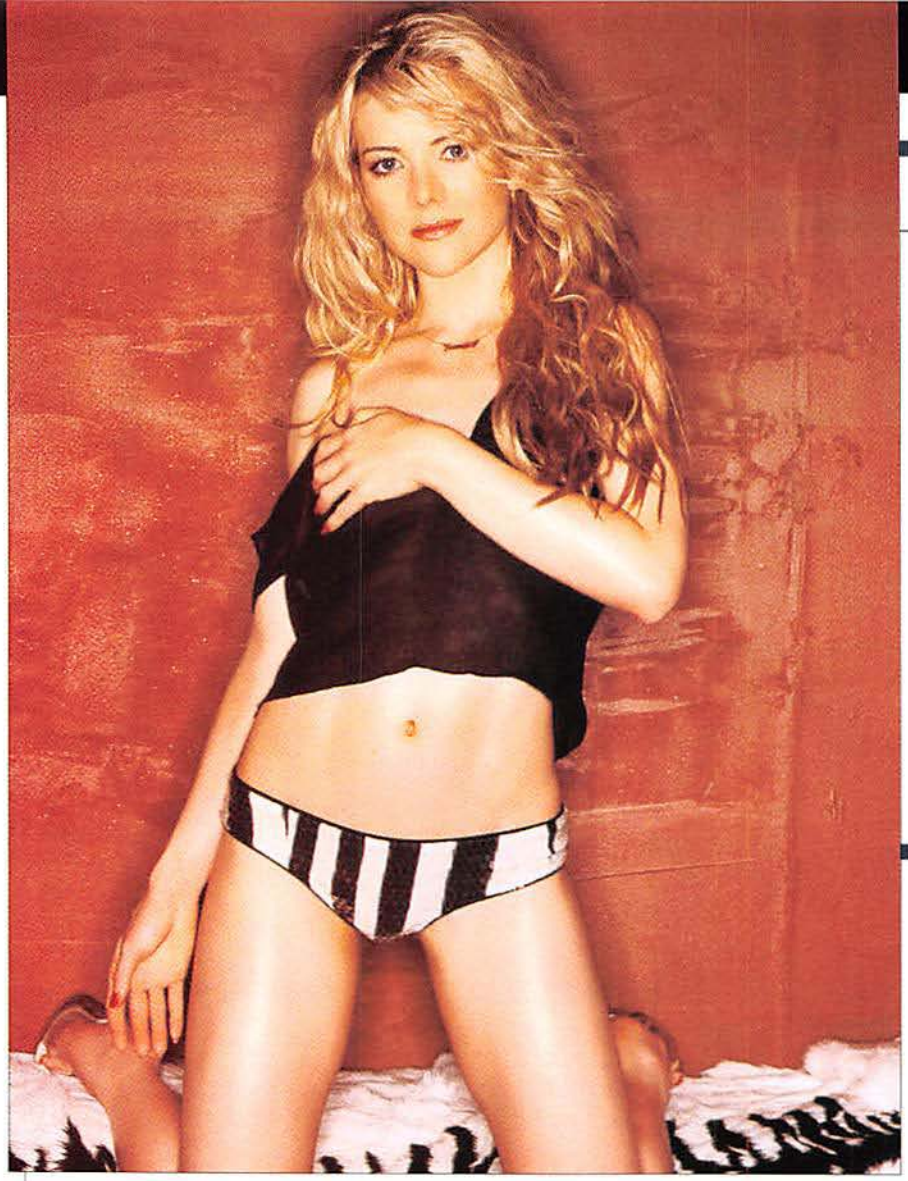

Jennifer Elise Cox

You know her as: Braces-bedecked Jan in *The Brady Bunch Movie.* "I like younger or older guys, so if I hooked up with a Brady, it'd probably be Bobby or Mr. Brady."
New show: *Hype,* a fast-paced sketch comedy show she describes as "like *Saturday Night Live* for people with attention deficit disorder." (WB, Sunday, 9 P.M.)
She plays: Parodies of Britney Spears, Gwyneth Paltrow, and Calista Flockhart. "I'm also obsessed with female rappers, but they haven't let me do Foxy Brown."
Keeping a straight face: During a sketch about Britney and Prince William in the loo, Jennifer surprised the other comic. "I totally stuck my tongue in his mouth. He lost it, but I think we covered it up."
Stretching the joke: "I'm Miss Flexible. I'm always doing the splits and shaking my ass as part of my comedy. It's a misconception that women can't be sexy *and* make you laugh."

Geena

Geena Davis is tall. Big Bird tall. Maybe that's why she looks so damn uncomfortable in an itsy-bitsy alleged sitcom, playing a Manhattan public relations flack who falls for an easygoing suburban widower (Peter Horton) with two adorable kids. As if that weren't hee-larious enough, there's even a sassy black housekeeper! Hey, Geena, better hide that Academy Award before the repo squad arrives. **Line, please:** "I'm so happy for you. Although that may be the Prozac talking." **The mix:** 1/3 *The Brady Bunch,* 1/3 *Sex and the City,* 1/3 *Sesame Street* (ABC, Tuesday, 9:30 P.M.)

Yes, Dear

In this groundbreaking new sitcom, a young husband and wife (Anthony Clark, Jean Louisa Kelly) get into all kinds of domestic wackiness while raising a toddler and hanging with their slobby friends. We bet all the networks are going to jump on *this* trend next season! **Line, please:** "Count your blessings. Once they start walking, you have to get up off the couch and go after them." **The mix:** 1/2 *Mad About You,* 1/2 *Roseanne* (CBS, Monday, 8:30 P.M.)

"Oh, fucking shut up about *Cutthroat Island.*"

Girlfriends

What kind of cruel network mind would schedule this sitcom, about the romances, careers, high times, and hard knocks of four African-American women, opposite *Monday Night Football*? Egad, this is worse than *Sophie's Choice*! **Line, please:** "How's that gonna look? You being the birthday girl and all, and gonna be the only one at your party who ain't got no man." **The mix:** 3/4 *Living Single,* 1/4 *How Stella Got Her Groove Back* (UPN, Monday, 9:30 P.M.)

"Will these cursed pits never dry?"

HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW! MISS 'EM WHILE YOU CAN

Madigan Men

This sitcom's Irish characters may not be in the IRA, but they sure know how to put a bomb together. Gabriel Byrne, last seen as the devil himself in *End of Days,* plays a recently divorced architect jumping back into the dating game. His teenage son and blarney-spoutin' father complicate matters. We'd drink a pint to that if it weren't for all the forced bonding moments. **Line, please:** "I was taking you to pubs when you were six." "Oh, yes, the Irish Head Start program." **The mix:** 1/2 *My Three Sons,* 1/2 a bowl of Lucky Charms (ABC, Friday, 9:30 P.M.)

Deadline

A rumpled, politically incorrect tabloid reporter (Oliver Platt) and his plucky multicultural journalism students fight for bylines and solve crimes in Manhattan. Yeah, but why is he pudgy and dressed like a complete retard? That's not like any journalists *we* hang out with. **Line, please:** "He told me he married you because you could crack walnuts between your knees, Mommy." **The mix:** 1/2 *Lou Grant,* 1/2 *Columbo* (NBC, Monday, 9 P.M.)

Tucker

We'll try to make this perfectly clear: The next network executive who green-lights a series featuring a precocious kid who wisecracks directly into the camera lens will be shoved against a wall and shot in the head like a mangy dog. Really, what reasonable jury would convict us? **Line, please:** "If I had a feminine side, I'd never stop touching it." **The mix:** 1/2 *Malcolm in the Middle,* 1/2 *The Wonder Years* (NBC, Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.)

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(Previous spread and next page) Stylist, Shinko Iura for Rex; hair, Giovanni for Calistino; makeup, Agostina for Cloutier/Valerio of Beverly Hills.

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Tessie Santiago

You know her as: You don't, since Tessie won the starring role on her syndicated series from her first professional audition. "I was a restaurant hostess; then my life changed overnight. I had a big check on the way but didn't have 25¢ for a phone call."
Her series: *Queen of Swords,* a Xena-meets-Zorro action-adventure.
She plays: A seemingly shallow daughter of wealth who fights for the oppressed as the Queen of Swords, a 19th-century masked avenger.
Cruel whip: The Miami-born beauty immersed herself in sword and whip training: "The whip is tricky. You think you have it; then it snaps back and bites you at 750 miles per hour. A sound guy got in the way, and I whipped him. By accident, of course."
Leather and lace: "My first scene was fighting on a cliff while wearing high-heeled boots and a corset. I'll never get used to corsets. They're beautiful and sexy—and terribly uncomfortable to wear for 12 hours."

Stylist, Shanéka Bang; hair, Hallo for Tiffany Whitford; makeup, Amanda Shackleton for Gabler Noonan

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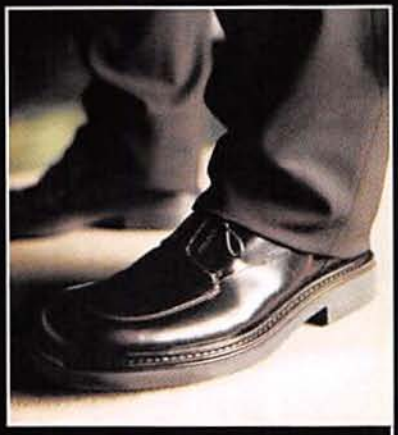

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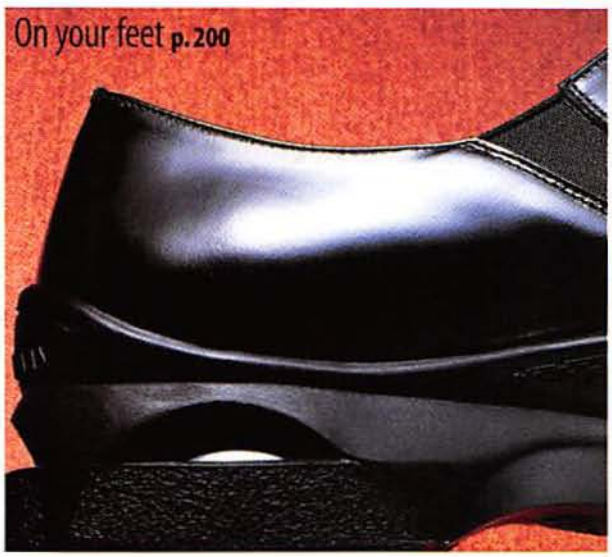
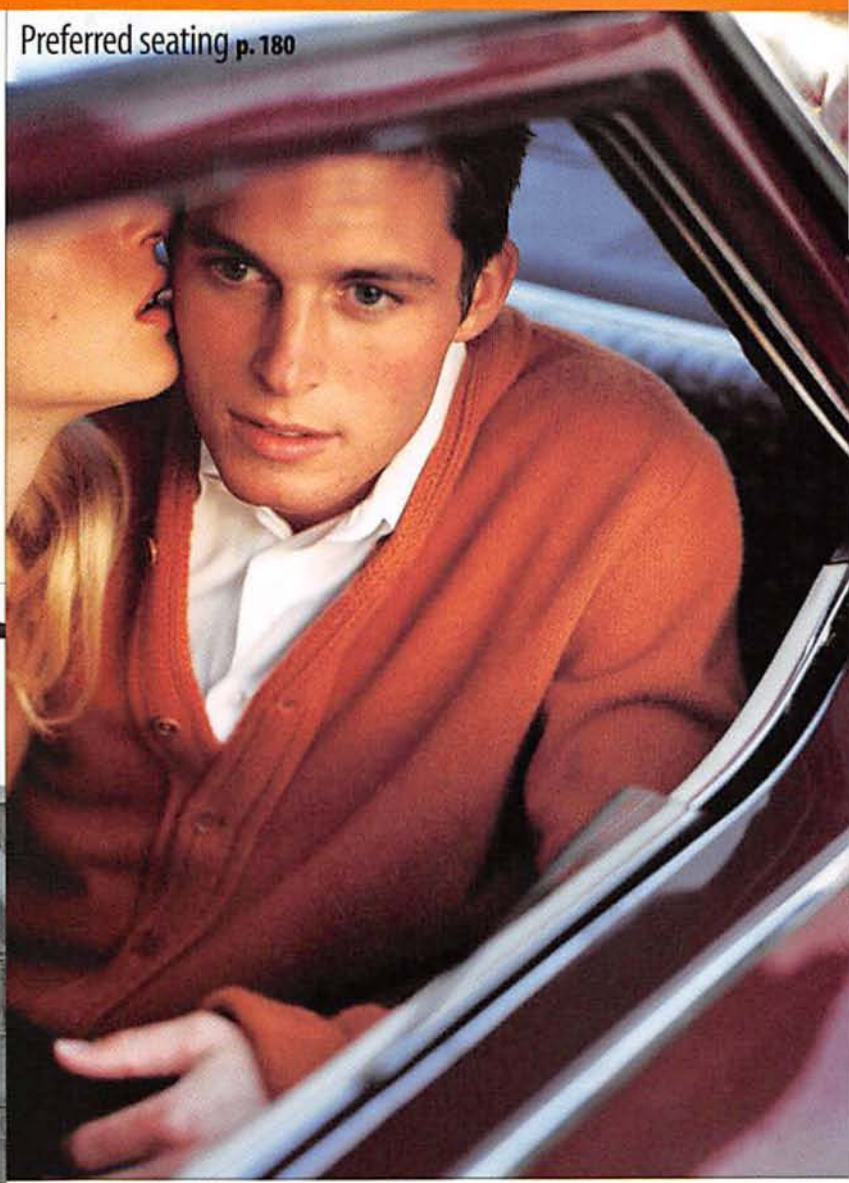
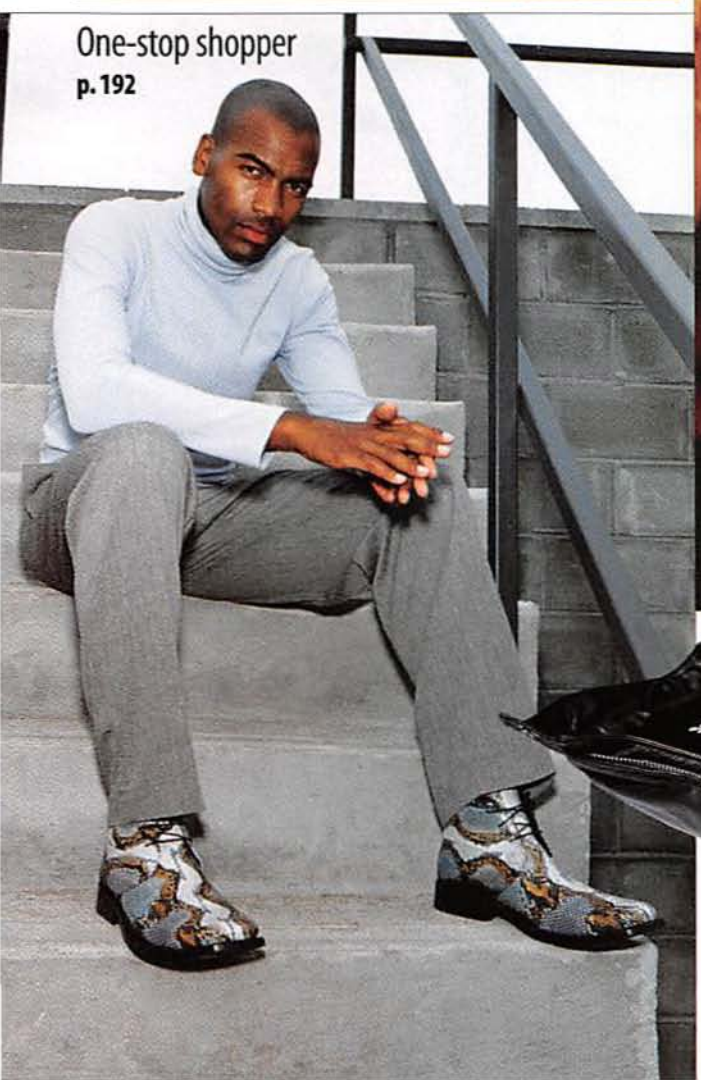
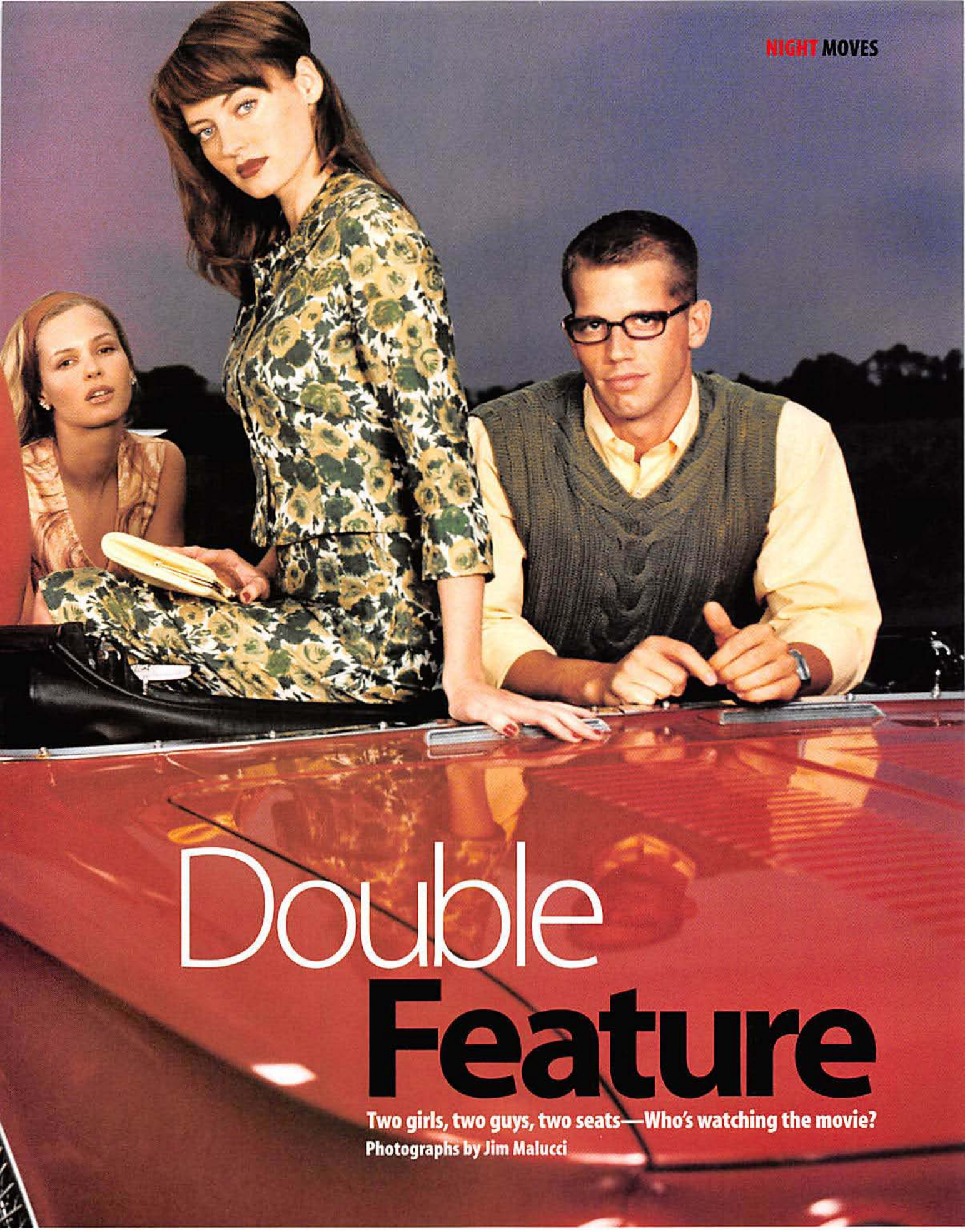






new 16 pages of the coolest clothes

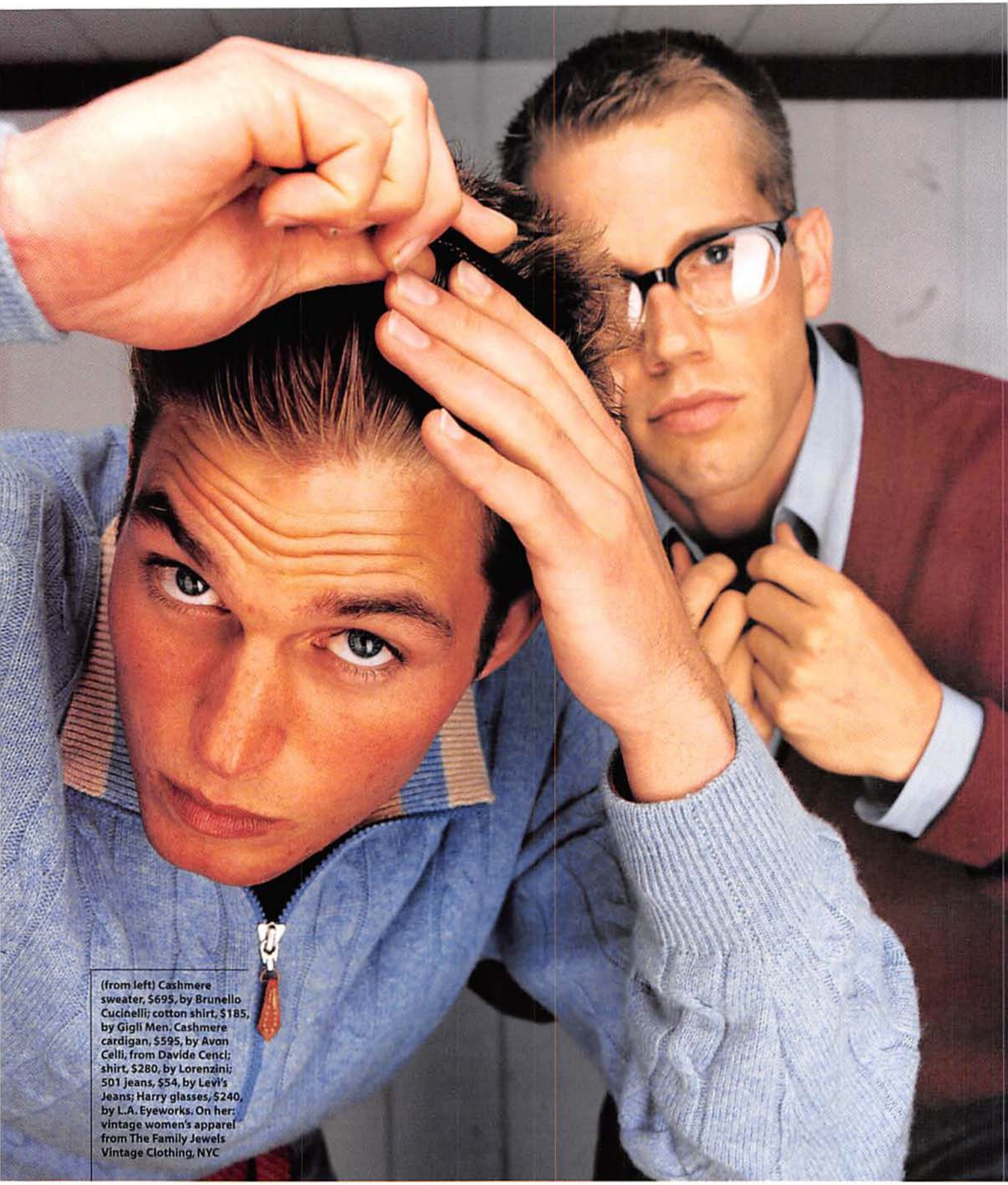
(from left) Wool sweater, $595, and cotton shirt, $225, by John Varvatos; jeans, $48, by Guess?; boots, $425, by Fratelli Rosetti. Cashmere sweater vest, $245, by M.A.D. Men; cotton shirt, $280, by Lorenzini; Everest watch, $400, by Hamilton; glasses, $275, by Clayton Franklin. On her: vintage women's apparel from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, NYC



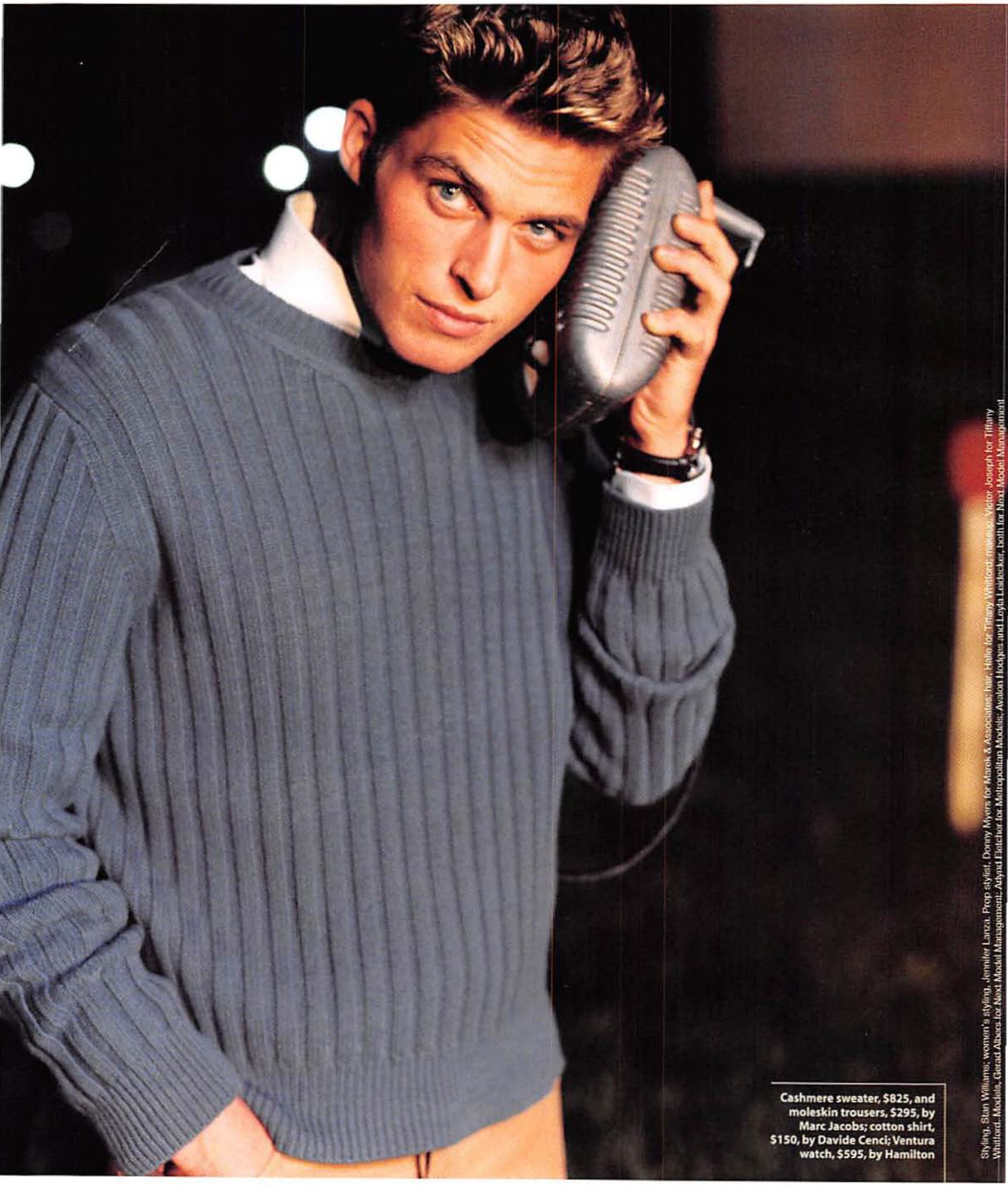
Double Feature

Two girls, two guys, two seats—Who's watching the movie?

Photographs by Jim Malucci

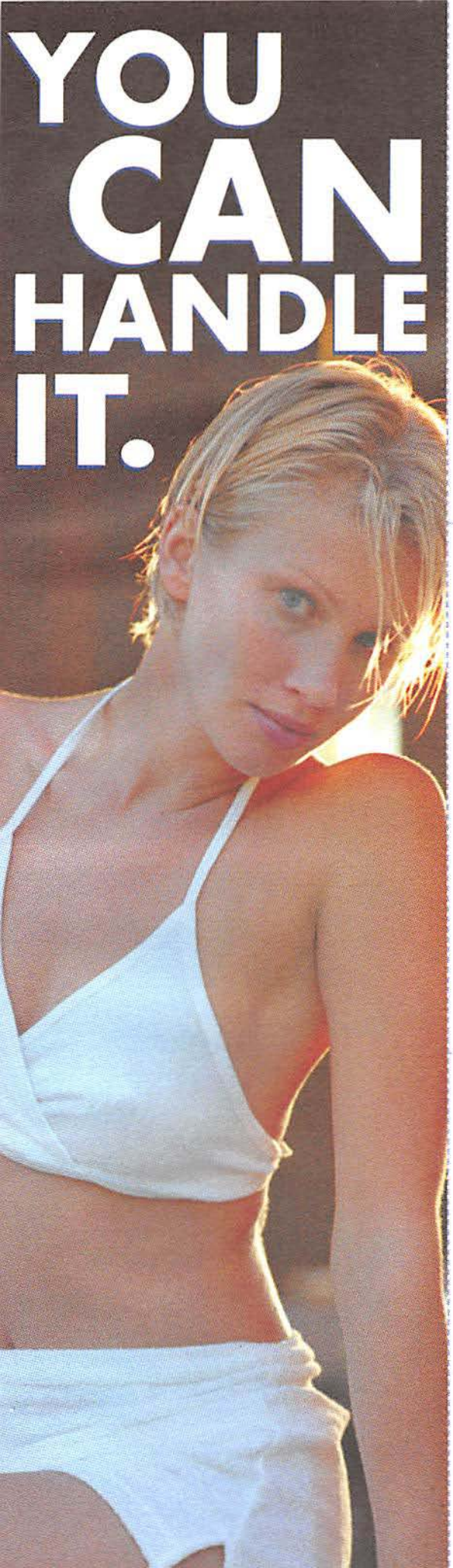


(from left) Cashmere sweater, $695, by Brunello Cucinelli; cotton shirt, $185, by Gigli Men. Cashmere cardigan, $595, by Avon Celli, from Davide Cenci; shirt, $280, by Lorenzini; 501 jeans, $54, by Levi's Jeans; Harry glasses, $240, by L.A. Eyeworks. On her: vintage women's apparel from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, NYC



Cashmere sweater, $825, and moleskin trousers, $295, by Marc Jacobs; cotton shirt, $150, by Davide Cenci; Ventura watch, $595, by Hamilton

Styling, Stan Williams; women's styling, Jennifer Lanza. Prop stylist, Donny Myers for Marek & Associates; hair, Halle for Tiffany Whitford; makeup, Victor Joseph for Tiffany Whitford. Models, Gerad Albers for Next Model Management; Arbyd Fletcher for Metropolitan Models; Avalon Hodges and Leyla Leitecker, both for Next Model Management



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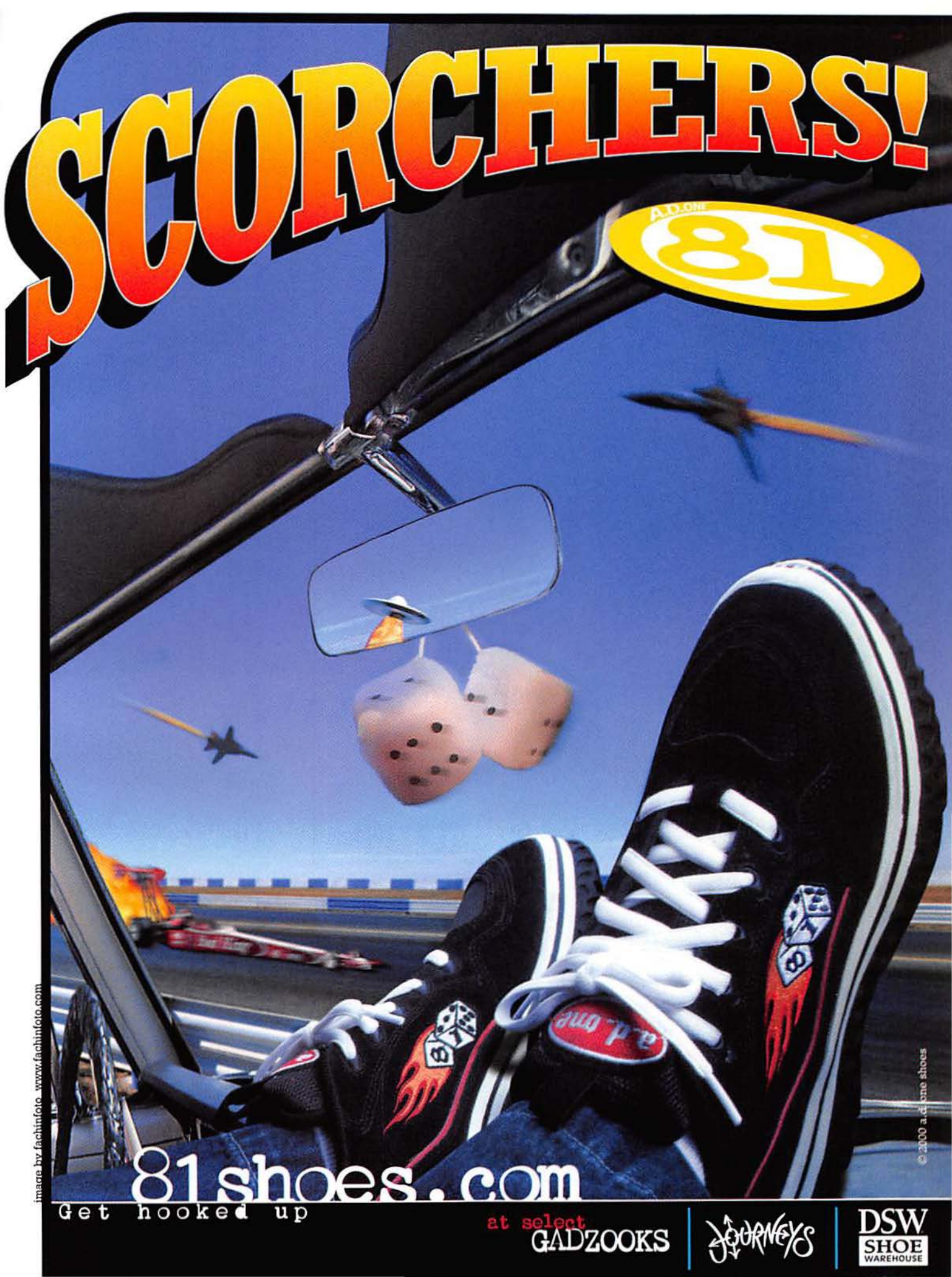
Cashmere sweater, $1,350, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; cotton shirt, $65, and corduroy pants, $90, by Polo by Ralph Lauren. On her: vintage dress from The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, NYC; shoes by Freelance

Merino wool vest, $225, waxed-cotton shirt, $175, and wool trousers, $325, all by Sandy Dalal; Everest watch, $400, by Hamilton. Cashmere sweater, $407, by gentryportofino men; cotton shirt, $185, by Gigli Men; stretch cotton pants, $225, by Gianfranco Ferre Jeans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Cashmere sweater vest, $350, and corduroy pants, $165, by Burberry London; cotton shirt, $75, by Henry Cotton's. On her: vintage apparel by The Family Jewels Vintage Clothing, 130 W. 23rd Street, NYC

For buying information, see page 236.

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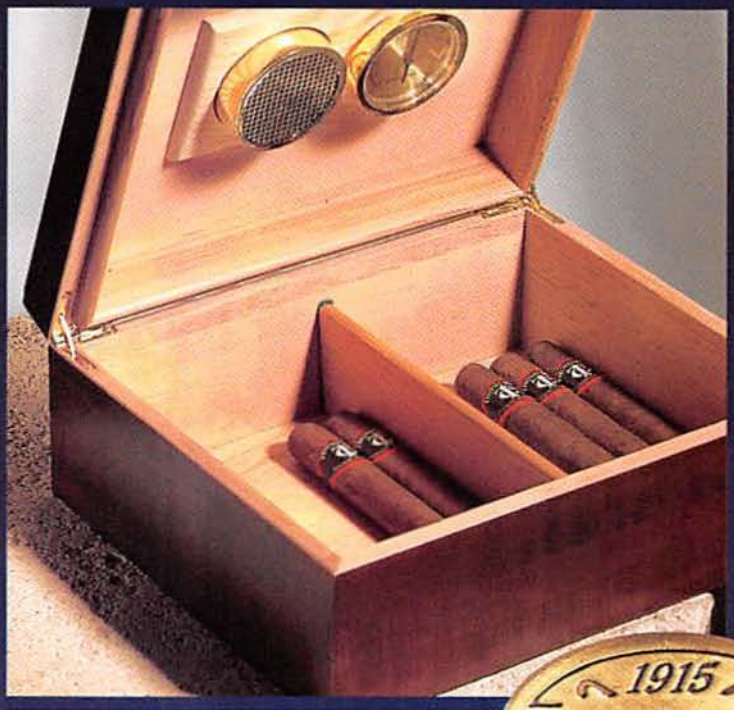

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Palmer in carpenter pant, micro-ringer with SONY miniDV. Allison in drill pant, square neck top with SONY minidisc/headphones.

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Clothing Allowance

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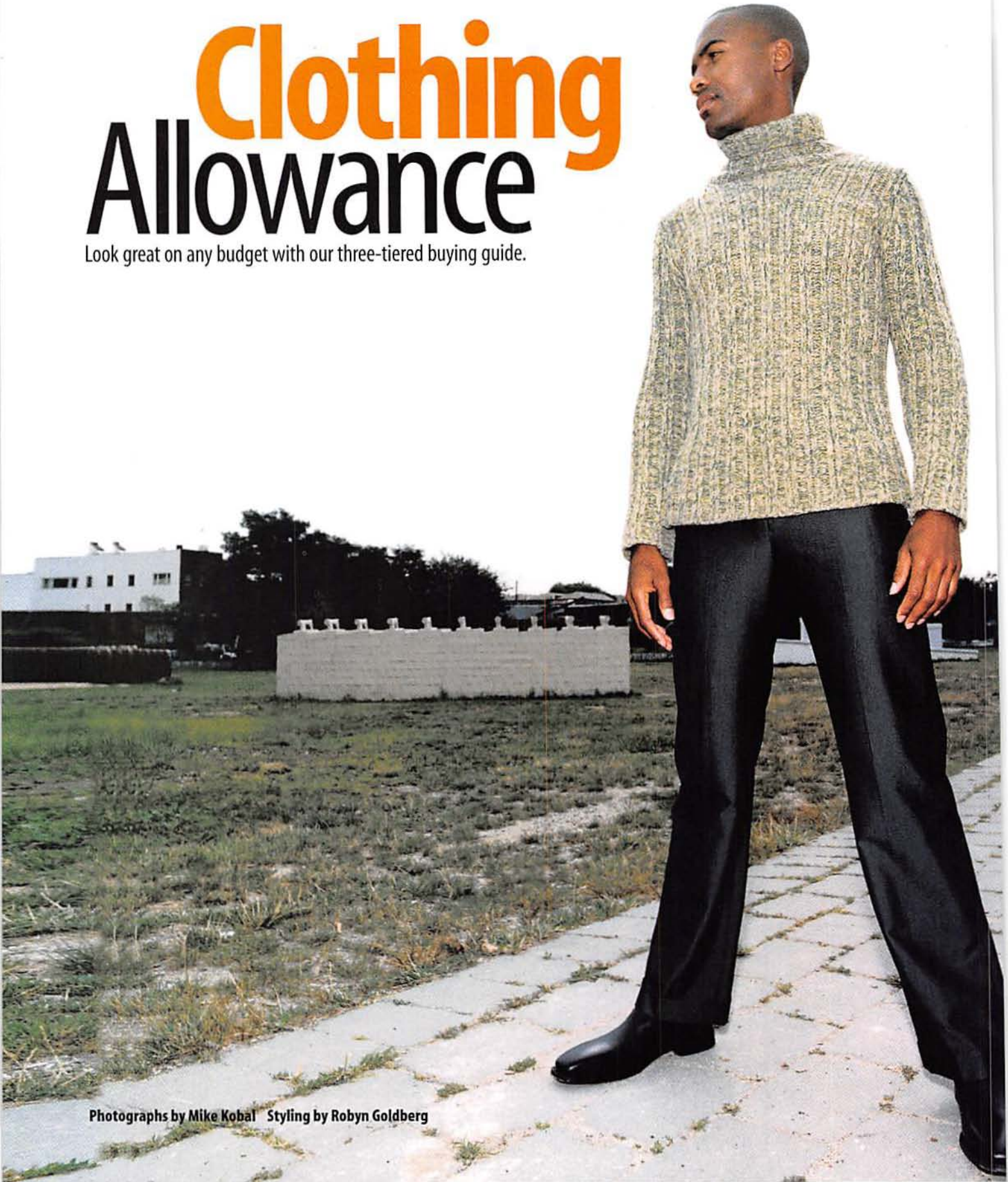
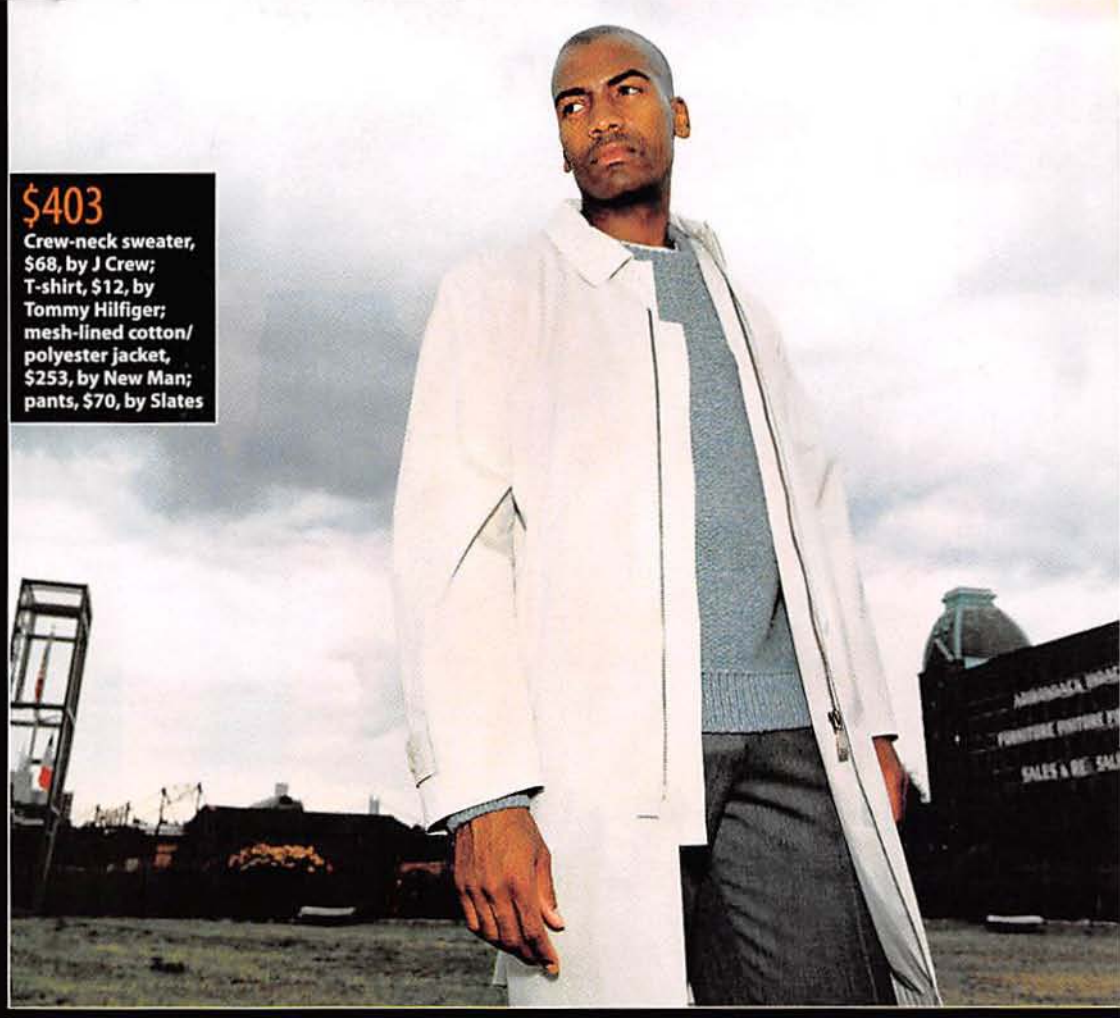
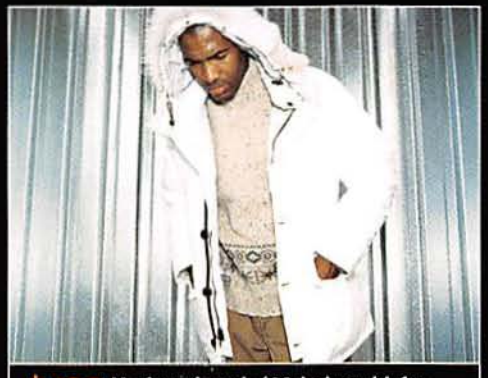


Photographs by Mike Kobal Styling by Robyn Goldberg

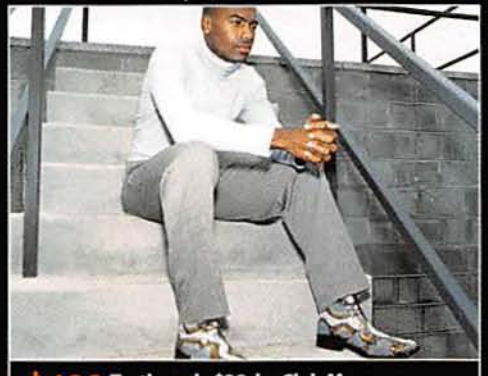
$550
Turtleneck, $128, and pants, $138, by French Connection; shoes, $284, by Jean Baptiste

$403
Crew-neck sweater, $68, by J Crew; T-shirt, $12, by Tommy Hilfiger; mesh-lined cotton/polyester jacket, $253, by New Man; pants, $70, by Slates



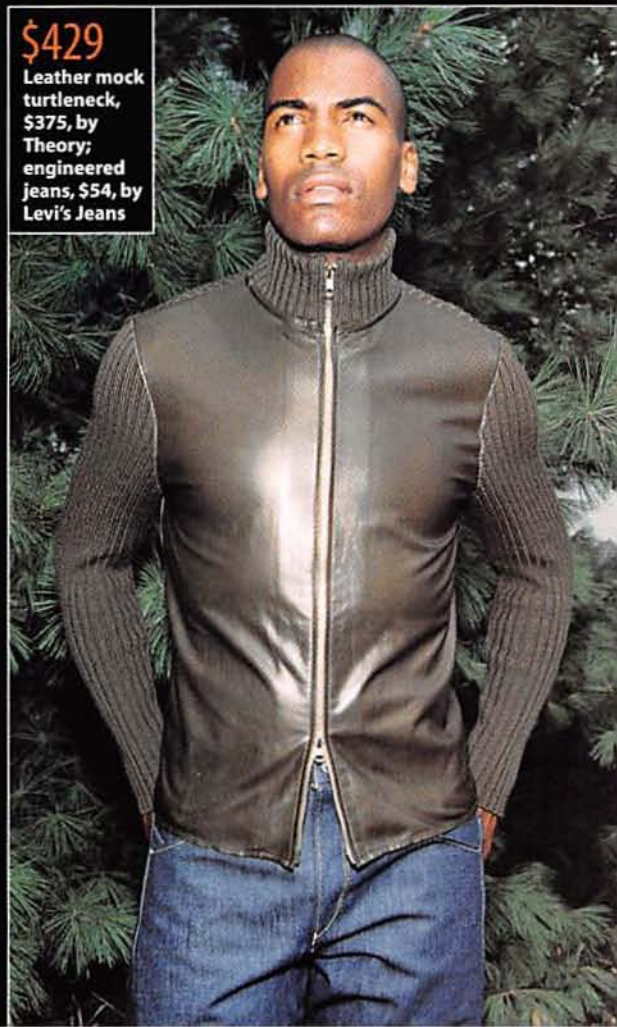


$432 Mock turtleneck, $98, jacket with fur-trimmed hood, $265, and drawstring pants, $69, all by Nautica Jeans Company

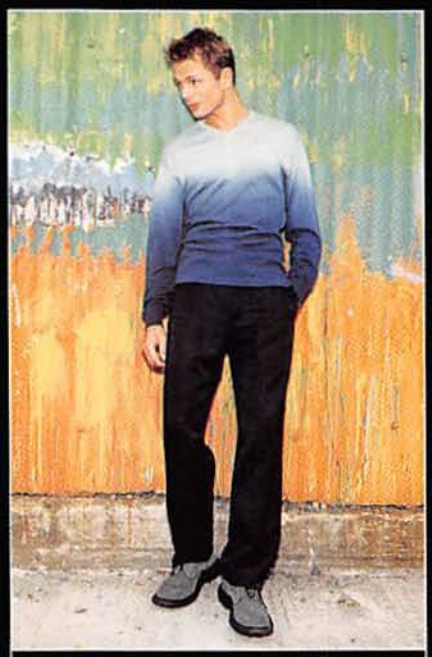


$499 Turtleneck, $39, by Club Monaco; pants, $115, by 4YOU; boots, $345, by Jean Baptiste

$429
Leather mock turtleneck, $375, by Theory; engineered jeans, $54, by Levi's Jeans



MaximWear $350 and Under



$205 V-necked sweater, $45, by Visitor; pants, $70, by Slates; shoes, $90, by Cyclonics

$240 Quilted vest, $88, by Guess?; ribbed turtleneck, $62, by Nautica Jeans Company; flat-front pants, $90, by Ben Sherman

$286 Cotton jacket, $64, and cotton shirt, $29, by American Eagle Outfitters; pants, $58, by Dockers; fur belt, $45, by 4YOU; shoes, $90, by Cyclonics

$336 Leather shirt, $195, by Tommy Jeans; ribbed tank top, $13, by Calvin Klein Underwear; pants, $128, by French Connection

Grooming, Brett Strange; models, Donte Chappel and Marcus Fitzgerald for Ford Men, Miro for Boss Model Management

$329 Crew-neck sweater, $89, and flat-front pants, $150, by DKNY; shoes, $90, by CAT

$99 Zippered jacket, $29, cotton sweater, $29, and cotton shirt, $19, all by H&M; jeans, $22, by Wrangler

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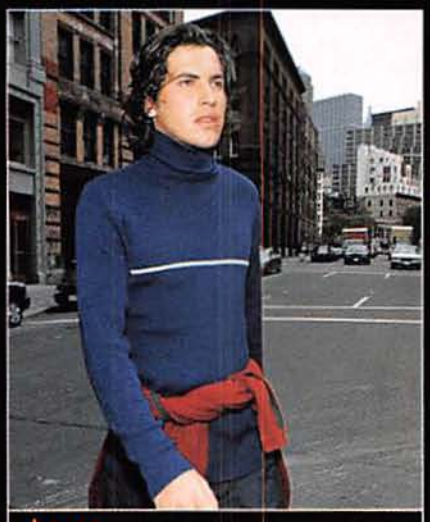
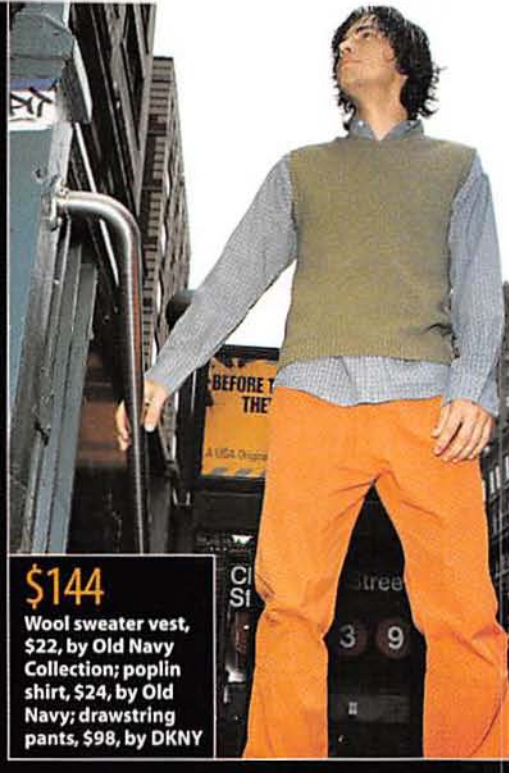
$150 Crew-neck sweater, $45, and wool pants, $85, by Chereskin; knit cap, $20, by Gap



$140 Ribbed turtleneck, $46, and jeans, $46, by Unionbay; cotton sweater, $48, by Eddie Bauer



$144 Wool sweater vest, $22, by Old Navy Collection; poplin shirt, $24, by Old Navy; drawstring pants, $98, by DKNY

$126 Nylon vest, $36, by Flipbox; T-shirt, $16, by Op; sport pants, $29, by H&M; shoes, $45, by New Balance. RazorScooter (price not included) from FAO Schwarz

For buying information, see page 236.

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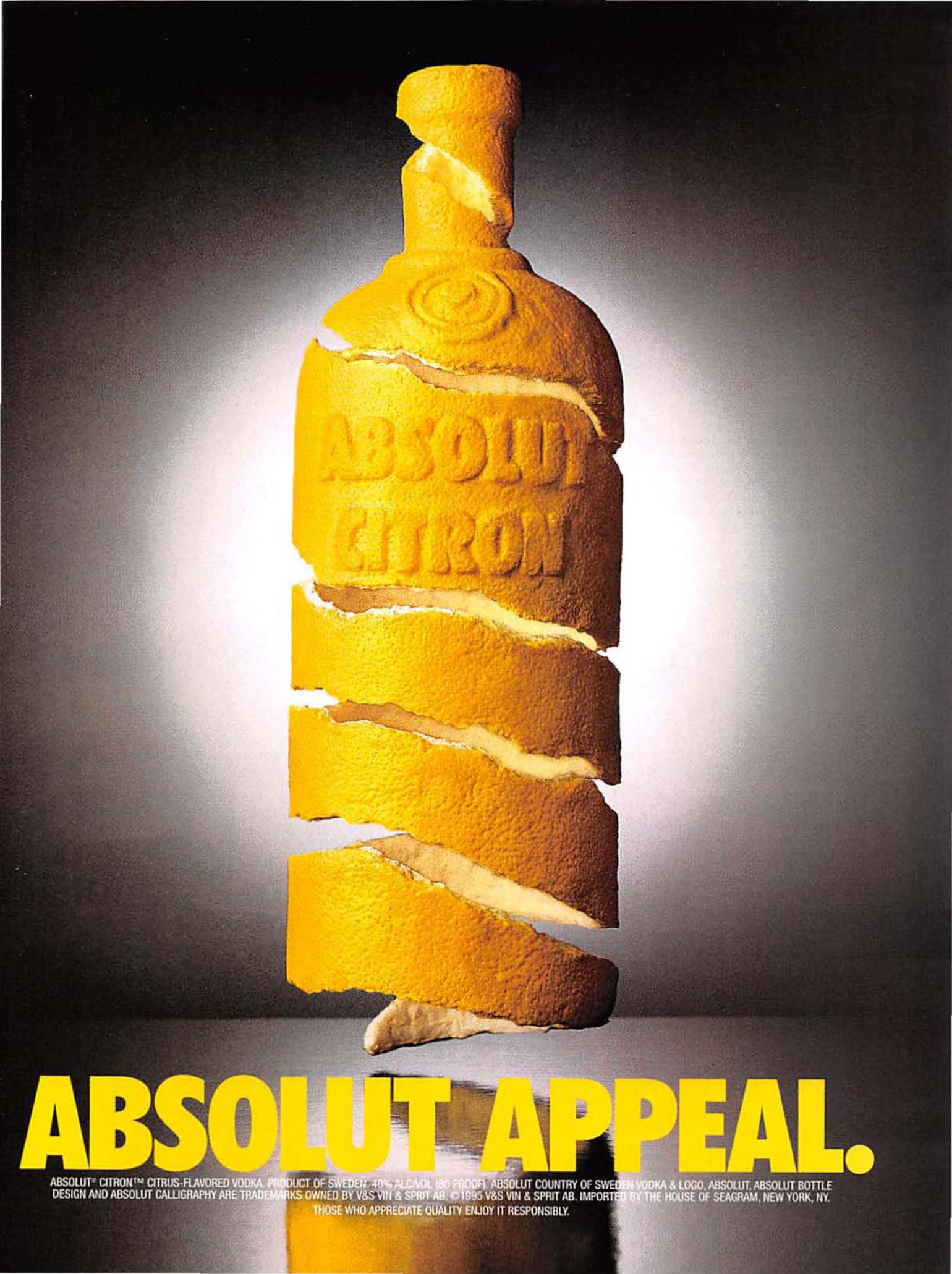
Soft Step

Cole Haan's new shoes with technology from Nike Air in the soles will make your feet happy. Merrit, pictured here, retails for $225.

Photograph by Nigel Cox

For buying information, see page 236.



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Sole Salvation

California designer Michael Toschi makes fine Italian shoes with outsoles that are more like sneakers; they're quite possibly the most comfortable dress shoes you'll ever own. Milano, pictured here, retails for $420. Check out others at www.toschi.com.

Sky's the Limit

DKNY's new men's fragrance looks as good as it smells. Designed to look like a towering skyscraper, the DKNY The Fragrance for Men bottle is sure to find a prime spot near your bathroom sink. The eau de toilette retails for $50 for a 3.4-ounce spray.

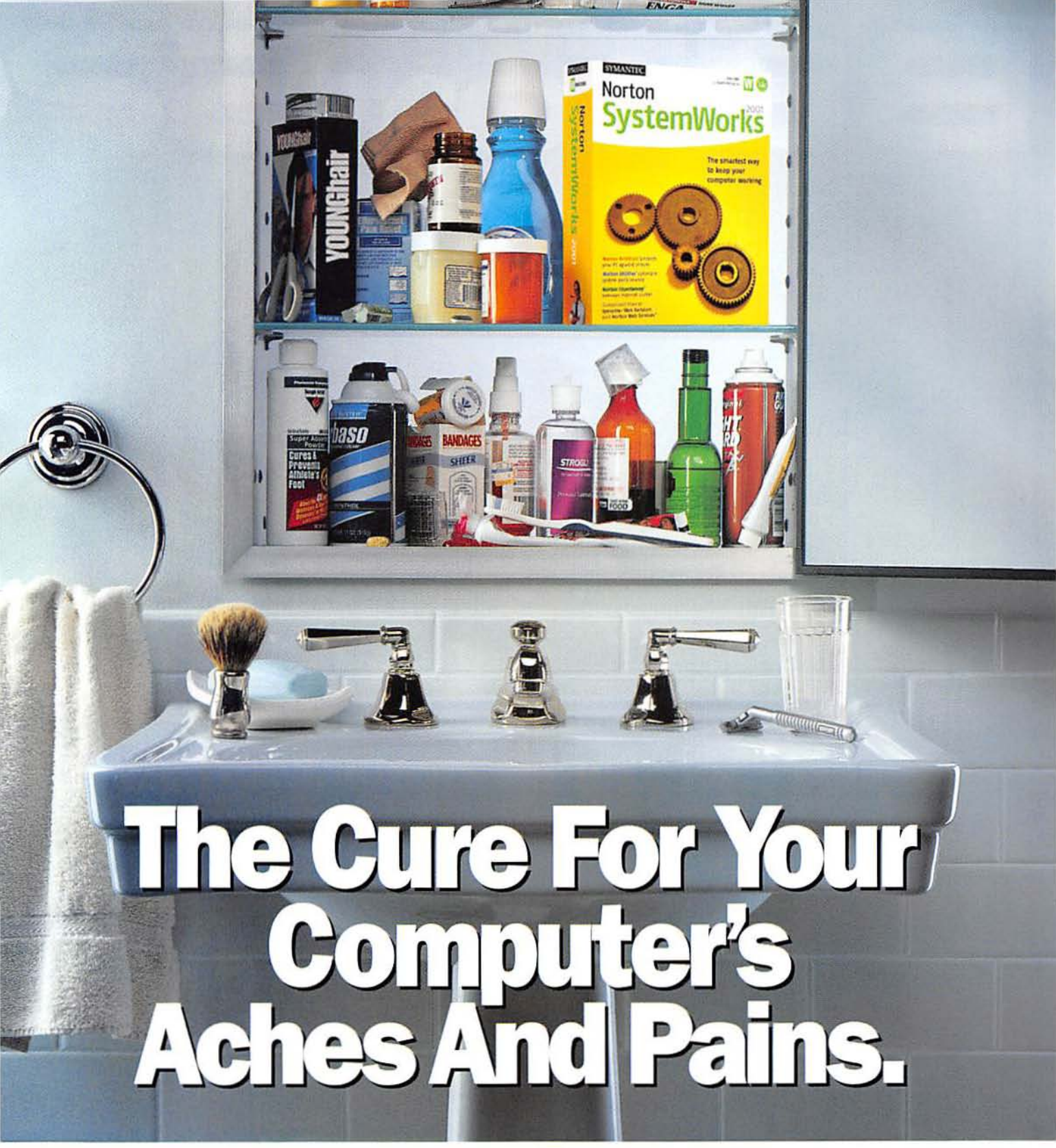
This Month's Label

Reporter may not be a name you know, but after you check out the super-sophisticated style of this Italian sportswear, you'll definitely take note. The Milan company pays special attention to fabrics and details, and its clothes are sold at Springer's, East Hampton, L.I.; American Rag, San Francisco and L.A.; and Detour, New York.

Name Your Price

Feeling like a jacket worthy of a road warrior? Choose from Harley-Davidson, A|X Armani Exchange, and Schott.

For buying information, see page 236. Photographs, Mark Weiss



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*Warren Ernst, Winmag.com 9/20/1999

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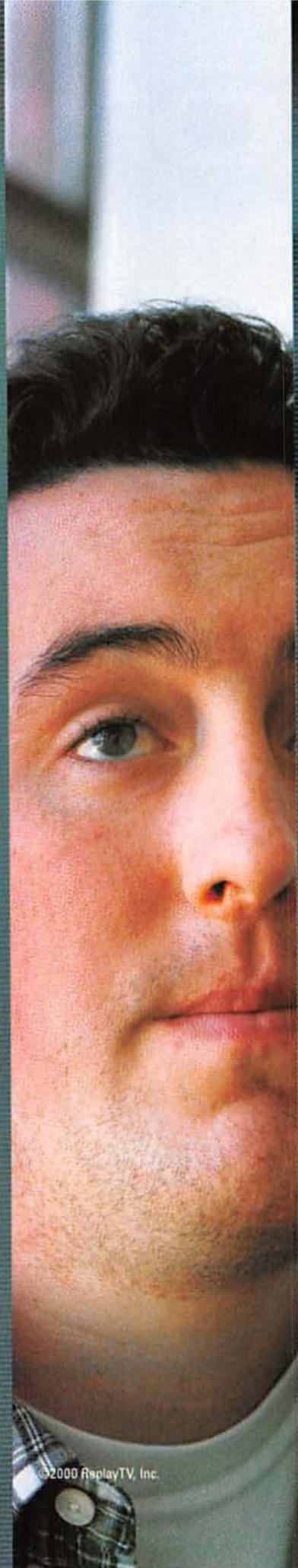

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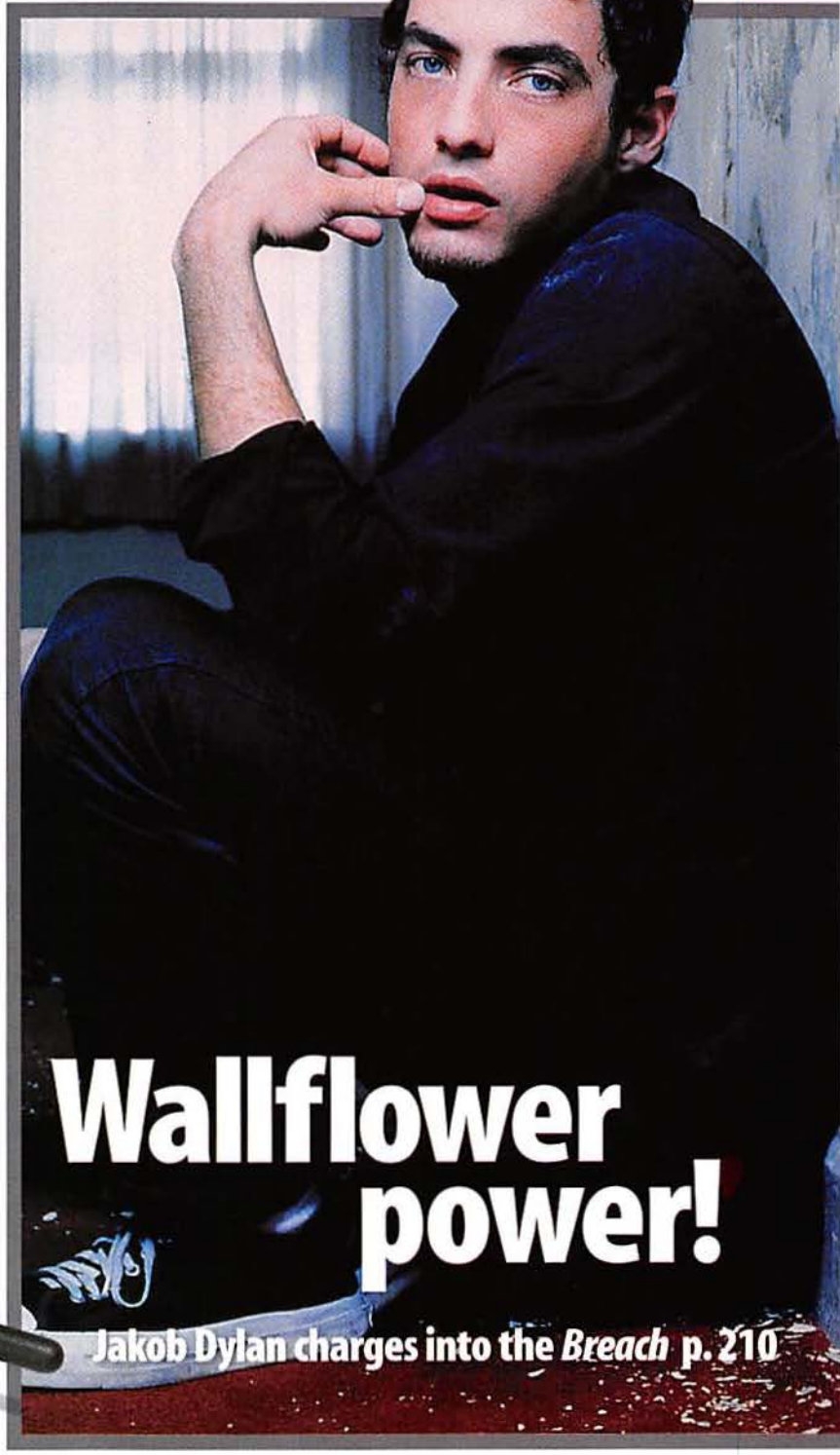
Reviews

Movies

Kate Hudson rocks the bus in *Almost Famous* **p. 208**

Games

Horror flicks possess your joystick **p. 214**



Wallflower power!

Jakob Dylan charges into the *Breach* p. 210

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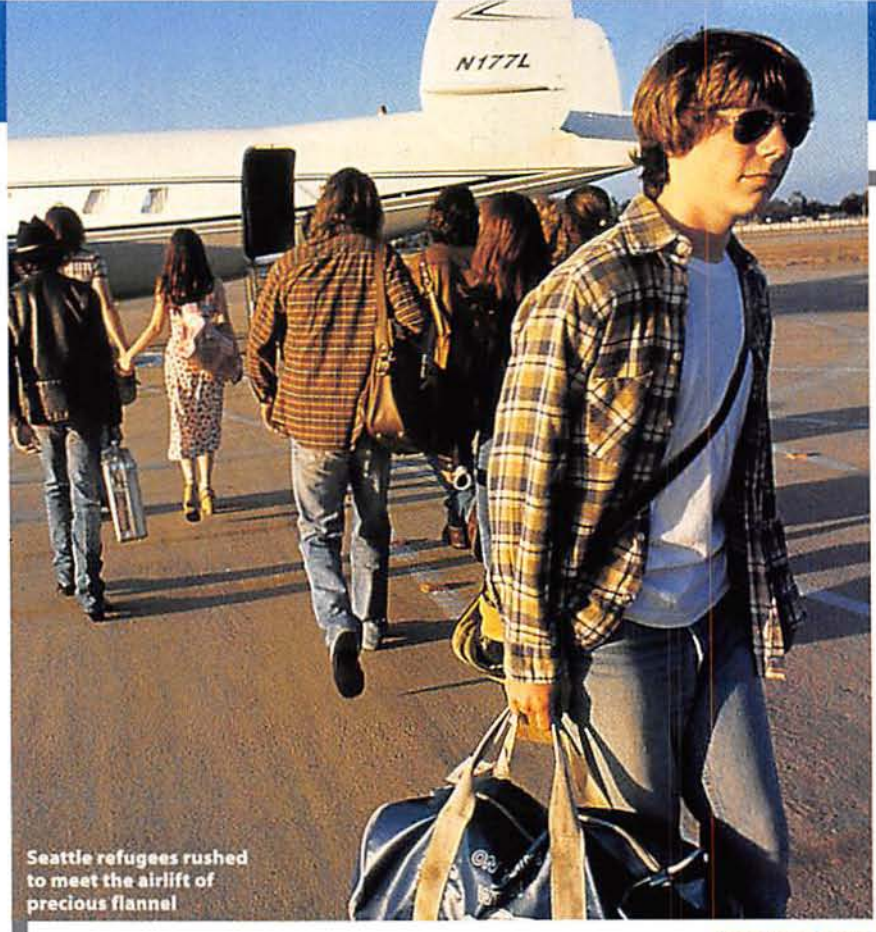


Seattle refugees rushed to meet the airlift of precious flannel

PICTURE THIS

Almost Famous

Cameron Crowe takes us on his long, strange trip through '70s rock'n'roll.

Before director Cameron Crowe combined pro sports and misty romance in *Jerry Maguire*, even before he wrote the definitive high school comedy *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*, he was a teenage music critic, scoring an all-access pass to '70s rock gods while still in high school. *Hey*, you're thinking, *that sounds like a cool idea for a movie.* Well, the bulb over Crowe's head finally blinked on too. The result is *Almost Famous*, his semiautobiographical comedy about a lost era of rock'n'roll.

Turned on by his sister's Zeppelin and Hendrix records, awkward 15-year-old William (likable newcomer Patrick Fugit) wants to write about his radio heroes, despite the belief of his mother (*Fargo*'s Frances McDormand) that this will lead to ruin or—gasp!—marijuana smoking. When proudly uncool real-life critic Lester Bangs (Philip Seymour Hoffman) sends him to cover a Black Sabbath concert, wet-nosed William lands backstage with opening act Stillwater, a fictitious Midwestern blues-rock combo (think Grand Funk Railroad).

Soon he scores a *Rolling Stone* assignment to chronicle Stillwater's 1973 tour. (The inside-joke lampooning of *RS* editors won't spoil the movie even if you don't know the difference between Jann Wenner and an Oscar Meyer wiener.) William first bonds with the groupies, who are so sweet and dewy, we can only assume that '70s starfuckers were of a higher caliber than today's skanky stripper rejects. He's especially hot for mysterious hippie Penny Lane (Kate Hudson); too bad she belongs to the star guitar player (Billy Crudup), whom William needs to interview to complete his article.

As gig blurs into gig, William becomes the band's sidekick. By the time he loses his cherry to three groupies and, in one of the movie's funniest scenes, baby-sits the acid-tripping guitarist, his objectivity has long left the building. Then, since this is a Cameron Crowe flick, the druggy hijinks yield to sentimentality, including a painful scene in which the band averts a breakup by singing Elton John's *Tiny Dancer*. (*Tiny Dancer*? We don't think so.) Still, while *Almost Famous* doesn't wind up being as sordid as the average episode of *Behind the Music*, it does a fine job of mixing high times with innocence and the message that rock stars can be just as human as their fans. We'll get on that bus. (DreamWorks, September 29)—*Steven Russell*

FLICK FLAK

Rock Horrors

Can't sing, dance, or play an instrument? You too can be a movie rock star!

What happens when actors portray rock stars? Besides questions like "What's my *motivation* for shooting that heroin?" you often get performances that make the Partridge Family sound like the Stones. Brace yourself for these music manglers, ranked by degree of tone-deafness.

1. DENNIS QUAID Rock'n role: Jerry Lee Lewis, piano-poundin', God-fearin', hell-raisin' wild man of the '50s (*Great Balls of Fire!* 1989) **Opening act:** Set to swipe the King's crown, he creeps fans out by marrying his 13-year-old cousin. If she were 14, sure... **Sour note:** Quaid could be in the Lip-Syncing Hall of Fame, but with his jock persona, looks like he'd be more comfortable moving a baby grand than playing one.

2. BETTE MIDLER Rock'n role: Rose, a Janis Joplin ringer, boozin' and bluesin' her way through the '60s, which was apparently kind of a wild decade (*The Rose*, 1979). **Opening act:** Rose fights for the equality of female rockers by shagging any groupie she can find. **Sour note:** Bette's got the sweaty underarm fur down, but her New-York-cabaret-singer-as-Texas-blues-mama impersonation is a divine disaster.

3. DAVID KEITH Rock'n role: Elvis circa '72, after he was hip, before he was a hungry, hungry hippo (*Heartbreak Hotel*, 1988). **Opening act:** Kidnapped by Ohio teenagers, the King waters his rock roots by jamming at a diner. **Sour note:** The Pelvis he ain't: Keith gyrates like an epileptic Pat Boone, and his singing would make Elvis spin in his grave. If Elvis were dead, that is.

4. MADONNA Rock'n role: The trollop of a thousand faces stretches to play...herself, a yappy, self-centered pop princess in a documentary of her *Vogue* tour (*Madonna: Truth or Dare*, 1991). **Opening act:** To prove how avant-garde she is, gags when backstage visitor Kevin Costner declares her concert "neat." **Sour note:** Somehow manages to make slutty blondes who wear lingerie in public seem boring.—*Brian Rosenkrans*

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	Cherry Falls (USA Films) Release date: September 29	Brittany Murphy, Michael Biehn, Jay Mohr	A serial killer is preying on a small town's virgin population. To stop the offing, the high schoolers start boffing, complete with a Pop Your Cherry ball.	The teens take a bite out of crime with a big, sweaty orgy. Several chastity fans meet grisly fates.	Ripe for the picking. While it's no *Scary Movie*–style gross-out spoof, this dark comedy puts a stylishly cool spin on the slasher genre.
	Remember the Titans (Walt Disney Pictures) Release date: September 29	Denzel Washington, Will Patton	Amid the racial turbulence of the early '70s, a black football coach (Washington) must transform an integrated high school football team into winners and teach townies about tolerance.	Plenty of punting, no poon tang.	Go long...and keep going. If people wanted politics with their pigskin, Dennis Miller would be on *Monday Night Football.* OK, bad example...
	Get Carter (Warner Bros.) Release date: October 6	Sylvester Stallone, Rachael Leigh Cook, Miranda Richardson, Michael Caine	A mobster (Stallone) seeks redemption after burying his murdered brother. Redemption in the sense of shooting people in the face.	The bad guys get it from Carter. Carter gets it from a bad girl.	Get in line. Not only does this remake of a '70s Brit crime flick retain a retro grittiness, but mumble-mouth Stallone actually comes off cool. No, seriously.
	Meet the Parents (Universal) Release date: October 6	Robert De Niro, Ben Stiller, Teri Polo	A groom-to-be (Stiller) tries to impress his fiancée's parents. Too bad her father (De Niro) is an ex-CIA nut-job.	C'mon, who can get it up with their girlfriend's parents right across the hall?	We'll take a rain check. The De Niro vs. Stiller sparring is surprisingly funny, but mostly this comes across like a straight-to-Comedy-Central lightweight laffer.
	Bounce (Miramax) Release date: October 13	Gwyneth Paltrow, Ben Affleck	When an adman gives up a seat on a plane that crashes, he goes to meet the widow of the dude who died in his place. Since she's Paltrow, bittersweet romance ensues.	Paltrow and Affleck. If you put white bread in a steamy situation, doesn't it just get soggy?	Boing! Boing! Boring. Your girlfriend, excited that the stars are real-life on-again-off-again lovers, will beg to see this. You, darn the luck, have come down with the plague.
	Lost Souls (New Line Cinema) Release date: October 13	Winona Ryder, Ben Chaplin	A young woman must convince a faithless crime writer that he is the target of a satanic conspiracy to plunge the world into darkness. Aha! We knew they ran the power company!	Sex? C'mon, you've seen a Winona Ryder movie before, right?	Lost cause. It may seem spooky to open this silly supernatural thriller on Friday the 13th, but the only bad luck will be at the box office.

EJECTION SEAT

The Rents

Rewind? No problem. Be kind? They wish.

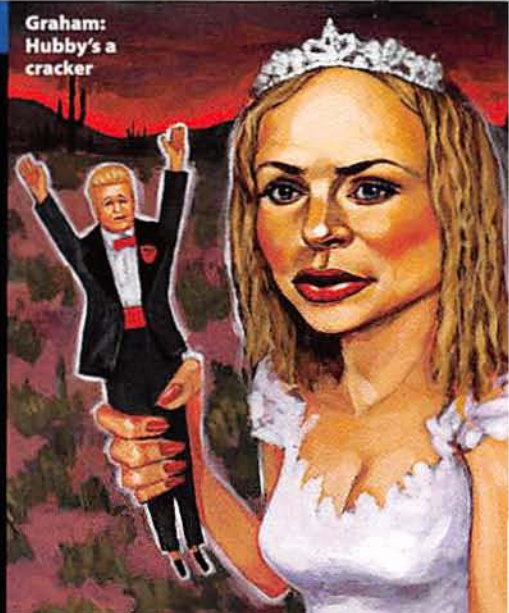
High Fidelity John Cusack is a pop-music-obsessed owner of a failing vinyl-only record store who's forced to reexamine his priorities when his girlfriend skips out on him. Who directed this, Casey Kasem? (September 19)

28 Days Sandra Bullock is a New York journalist and wacky party girl who learns lessons about life and love when ordered into rehab for crashing a rented limo. Shouldn't there be a 12-step program for studio execs who keep paying Bullock millions to star in wretched flops? (September 19)

Final Destination A teenager's premonition keeps his classmates from getting on a doomed plane; then the Grim Reaper picks them off one by one. The box office was grim, too, but this quirky chiller is worth renting. (September 26)

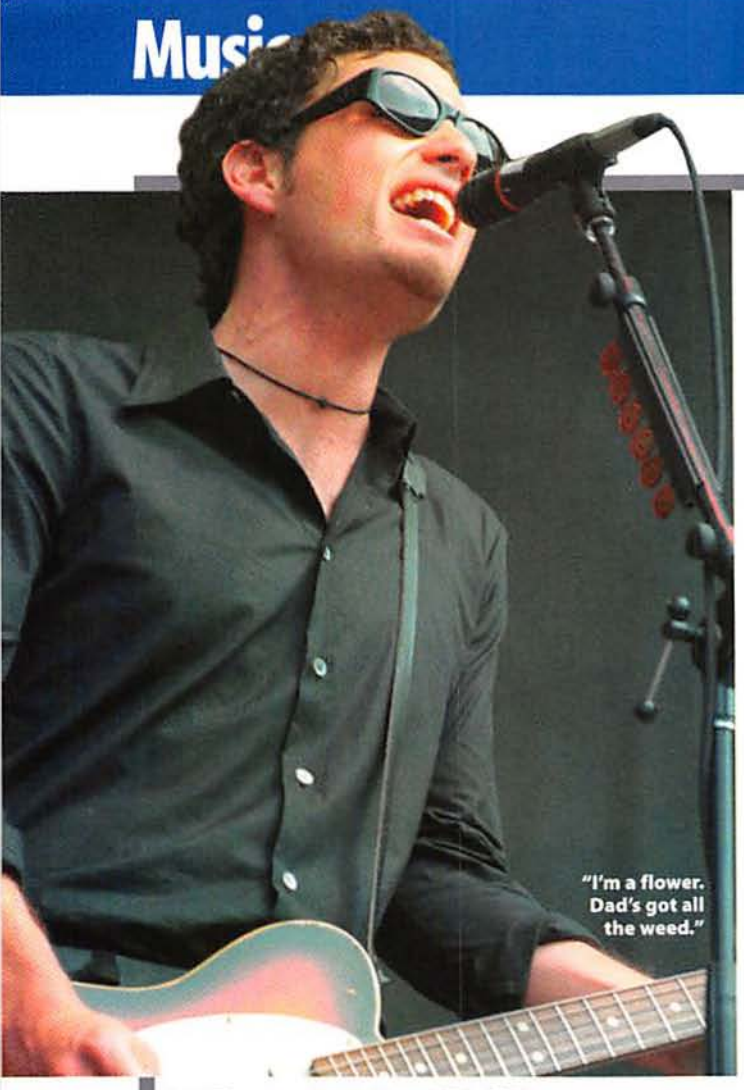
Keeping the Faith A priest and a rabbi (Edward Norton, Ben Stiller) fall in love with the same babe (Jenna Elfman). Romantic comedies are against our religion, but we confess this one has a few sinfully funny scenes. (October 10)

Committed Heather Graham refuses to give up on her marriage, even when she finds her hubby living in a trailer park with another woman. Sorry, we just can't commit to a two-hour relationship with this dreck. (October 10)



Graham: Hubby's a cracker

Illustration: Shawn Barber



The Wallflowers

Breach (Interscope)

Jakob Dylan's got it rough. Sure, the Wallflowers' breakthrough album, *Bringing Down the Horse,* outgrossed several east African nations in 1996 and shut up all those expecting him to ride his daddy's coattails straight to the special level of hell reserved for embarrassing rock offspring. (Are you feeling the heat, Julian Lennon and Carnie Wilson?) But now, four years later, Jakob and, um, those other guys must prove they can live up to another mighty legacy: their own. With *Breach* they accomplish this task and barely break a sweat in the process. Not so much a departure from the hummable roots-rock of the last record as an extension of it, *Breach* delivers a melancholic but instantly memorable batch of songs with almost effortless grace. While continued comparisons with his father's work are inevitable, the melodic urban-blues of "Hand Me Down" and "Mourning Train" suggests Jakob has more in common with one of Bob's buddies, Tom Petty. Elsewhere keyboards hijacked from the *Close Encounters* spaceship conspire with a banjo, a pedal steel guitar, and a flugel horn (yes, we checked the credits) to create the ambitious "I've Been Delivered." At times it all feels a bit too polished, but that's like complaining to the chef that there are no bones in your fillet. Just dig in and enjoy.—*David Peisner*

Radiohead

Kid A (Capitol)

Kid A is Radiohead's special child, an oddball indulgence of electronic art rock. Hey, give the British quintet credit for going all the way: Pushing the sprawl of 1998's critical darling, *OK Computer,* even further, swirling bleeps and pings take center stage here, only occasionally yielding to soft guitar strumming, traffic-jam saxophones, and Thom Yorke's weepy vocals of alienation ("I'm not here," "I've lost my way"). What these "songs" lack in structure they make up for in spaced-out grandeur. Cool, hypnotizing, and definitely not kid stuff.—*Bill Crandall*

Cherry Poppin Daddies

Soul Caddy (Mojo/Universal)

The Daddies were to blame for "Zoot Suit Riot," the irritating theme song for the mercifully brief swing revival of the late '90s. It turns out, though, they're not *really* retro hipsters; they're schizophrenic freaks. *Soul Caddy* offers some lingering swing, but it's filled out with stabs at guitar-driven punk, '50s-style soul, bouncy ska-pop, Fishbone-style funk, and Hootie-happy roots-rock. In the end the album is a lot like a musical version of *Sanford and Son:* tons of junk that doesn't really work, and less amusing on repeated listenings.—*D.P.*

Superdrag

In the Valley of Dying Stars (Arena Rock)

More infectious than a call girl with the clap, Superdrag's latest is what pop music sounds like done right. Mostly forgotten since its 1995 hit, "Sucked Out," this Knoxville, Tenn., quartet has ditched the major-label dollars and come back with a soundtrack for driving with the top down. Reveling in fuzz-toned guitars, vibrant drumming, and the kind of melodies Dave Grohl dreams of, Superdrag cranks blistering rockers and Beatlesque ballads, making the invitation to join them down *In the Valley* hard to refuse.—*Steve Baltin*

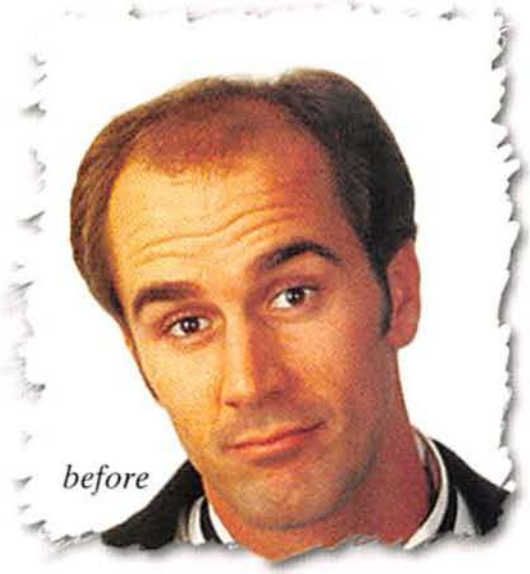
Marvelous 3

ReadySexGo (Elektra)

The Marvelous 3 are a throwback to when guys joined bands to do drugs and meet women who wouldn't otherwise throw water on them if they were on fire. With one hit already under their belts (1999's "Freak of the Week"), the sneering alt-rockers make their big rock-star move with *ReadySexGo.* At times it sounds like the unholy union of Night Ranger and the Knack, but beyond the riffing-by-numbers is a wicked sense of humor and some virally contagious guitar-pop. While this album is hardly a revelation, getting your kicks still counts for something.—*D.P.*

CD photographs, Robert Glasspaw

Life is short...



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Allison Moorer

The Hardest Part (MCA—Nashville)

On first glance Allison Moorer looks like a typical country tart. Gorgeous face, curvy hips, nice voice—you know the drill. But unlike the interminable parade of Shanias that prance out of Nashville like prom queens, Allison Moorer's got soul. In fact, her second album teems with it. Not afraid of getting her pretty hands dirty, Moorer piles heartbreak upon heartbreak, tromping all over country's tried-and-true terrain of loving and leaving without sounding like a tired cliché. The title track will invite some deserving Tammy Wynette comparisons, but it's the bone-chilling closer that'll stick with you long after the record has stopped spinning. A stark murder ballad inspired by her parents' real-life murder-suicide, it's frightening, gutsy proof that there's more to Allison Moorer than meets the eye.—*D.P.*

Green Day

Warning: (Reprise)

Warning: contains catchy, intelligent hooks that'll make you like Green Day! Their three-chord assaults had grown tiresome by the time of 1997's prom-ready jingle "Good Riddance (The Time of Your Life)." Now the scruffy punks return, harboring a newfound maturity...and at least a few new chords. The result is their most accomplished record yet. "Waiting," with its acoustic intro and fade, is both powerful and arresting, while the flamenco-flavored "Minority" evokes the Clash. Fans of *Dookie*-era Green Day will dig "Blood, Sex & Booze," but even those who dismissed their breakthrough as elementary crap will find reasons to turn this one up.—*S.B.*

Barenaked Ladies

Maroon (Reprise)

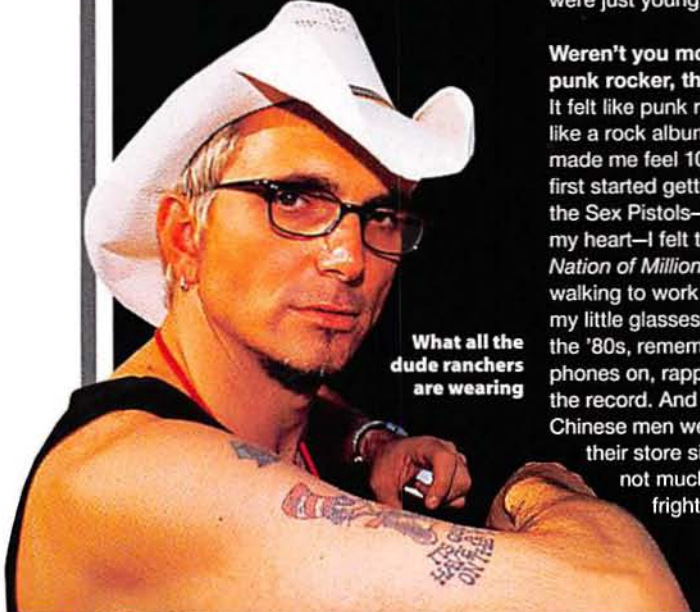
After their 1998 platinum-selling *Stunt*, with its hit "One Week" blaring out of radios every 1.3 seconds, it should be impossible for these Canadian popsters to have a successful followup. But on their sixth album, BNL have done a damn fine job. With more time given to the rock-song-with-a-dance-beat style that made "One Week" catchier than Ebola, even ready-for-radio tunes like "Falling for the First Time" hold their own on repeat play. They may not be a gel-haired boy band or a pissed-off rap-metal outfit, but with lyrics like "I could hide out under there/I just made you say 'underwear,'" it's obvious these guys are having fun just making music.—*Charles Coxe*

CD Photographs: Robert Galbraith

CLASSIC ALBUM PICK

Art Alexakis of Everclear

Public Enemy—*It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* (1988)



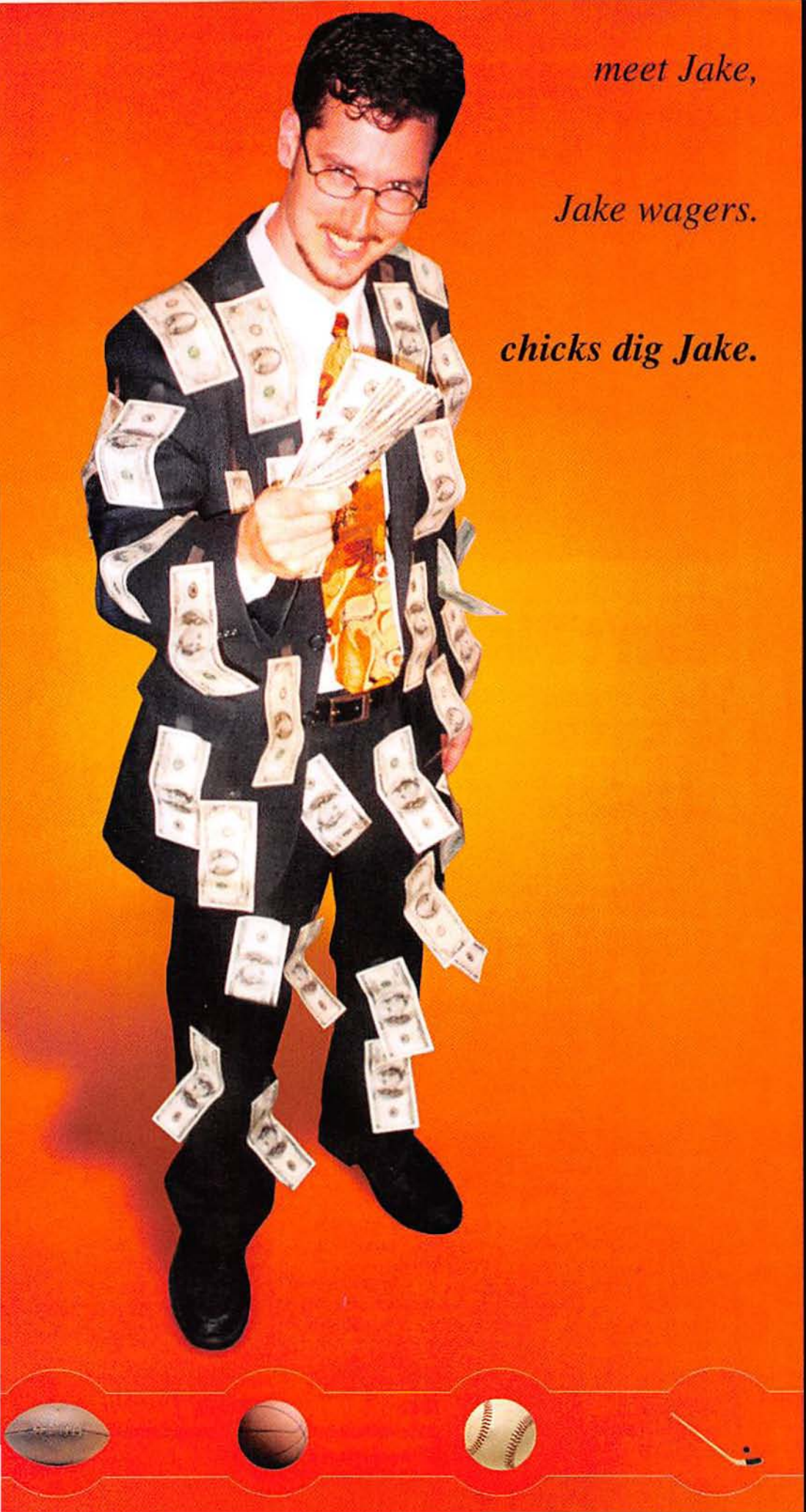
Why this record?
It's just a phenomenal album, a blueprint for all hip-hop and alternative music since. It's an angry, funky, multimedia thing, the first hip-hop record that really took an intelligent, non-Sucker MC stance. Later Public Enemy became a caricature of itself, but at that point they were just young, lean, and hungry.

Weren't you more of a garage band punk rocker, though?
It felt like punk rock, and it was arranged like a rock album. The way punk rock made me feel 10 years before, when I first started getting into the Ramones or the Sex Pistols—that adrenaline buzz in my heart—I felt the same way about *Nation of Millions*. God, I remember walking to work through North Beach in my little glasses and skinny tie—this is the '80s, remember—with my headphones on, rapping out loud along with the record. And all these little old Chinese men were out there cleaning their store sidewalks off. I'm really not much of a rapper, so I think I frightened a lot of them.

Where were you working at the time?
I was working at a huge printing company. I was a production coordinator, making pretty good money—30, 35 grand a year, which seemed like a lot of money then.

So you were a suit.
Yeah, but I hated my job. I'd stopped playing music because my first wife wanted me to. But I'd have to say *Nation of Millions* was one of those records that made me rethink myself musically.

How does it make you feel when you hear it now?
It makes me wanna kick the shit out of people. *[laughs]* It makes me pissed off. The way it's supposed to. Like all great music, it makes your ass wanna move, but it also appeals to you on an intellectual level. It hits you in your head, in your heart, and in your balls.



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Fay Wray wasn't really into Kong's goth phase

OOH...SCARY

Don't Play in the Attic

Games that go bump, zap, and kablooey in the night.

It's that time of year—when all sorts of nasty ghouls return from the grave to torment the living. So while your dopey friends split up to investigate that weird noise in the old barn, you might want to stay at home and haunt these freaky new games based on famous horror flicks.

Blair Witch Project Volume 1: Rustin Parr

(Gathering of Developers—PC)

As everyone knows by now, three college punks with shaky camcorders are no match for a forest full of evil spirits. That's why this video-game prequel to the low-budget big-screen blockbuster arms you with night vision, a spectral proximity sensor, and a 9 mm Luger (never mind that it's supposed to be 1941) as you investigate a series of grisly child murders in the Maryland backwoods. As federal agent Elsbeth Holliday, you don't let the truly spooky graphics and nut-shriveling sounds deter you from collecting clues, and you definitely don't break down in tears when you encounter malevolent poltergeists and occult scum in the dark. Instead you whip out your radiance emitter and blast 'em. Unfortunately, no bonus is awarded for wasting whiny film students along the way.

The Mummy

(Konami—Dreamcast, PlayStation, PC)

A game featuring the scanned face of Brendan Fraser? We...are...so...scared. Actually this title, based on the special-effects-laden 1999 blockbuster, is about as frightening as a very special Halloween episode of *Felicity*. You control fortune hunter Rick O'Connell as he plunders Egyptian tombs, racking up sparkly loot, dodging flesh-eating scarabs, ferreting out clues to the next level, and—oh, yeah—decimating an army of moldering undead guards intent on keeping their pyramid scheme intact. While the graphics aren't as eye-popping as the stuff in the movie (the monotonous sandstone backgrounds are right out of *Tomb Raider*), cool music and solid game play make for a fun, if kiddie-friendly, ride. So it's nothing worth writing home to Mummy about.

Evil Dead: Hail to the King

(THQ—Dreamcast, PlayStation, PC)

The Sam Raimi–directed *Evil Dead* trilogy, revered for its hyper pacing and splattery humor, gets two severed thumbs up from cult-horror-flick fans. Those attributes are maintained here, as is the hero's weapon of choice: a prosthetic chain saw to replace the possessed hand he hacked off. On a mission to collect pages from the *Book of the Dead*, Ash (voiced by *Evil Dead* star Bruce Campbell) makes hamburger of evil vermin with his saw, an ax, and a shotgun. This goes down in environments straight out of the movies, including that haunted cabin and a hillbilly slaughterhouse. New flourishes include a blood-flooded cellar and an undead Boy Scout troop. Well, step on up, campers, 'cause we want to earn our merit badges for carnage.—*Alex Porter*

"A party? But I have a 10,000-hieroglyphic term paper to write."

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This is a dramatization. Do not attempt to plug box into game console. Silly doll box not available in stores.

HEAVY METAL FAKK2

SURF REPORT

Outta Sites

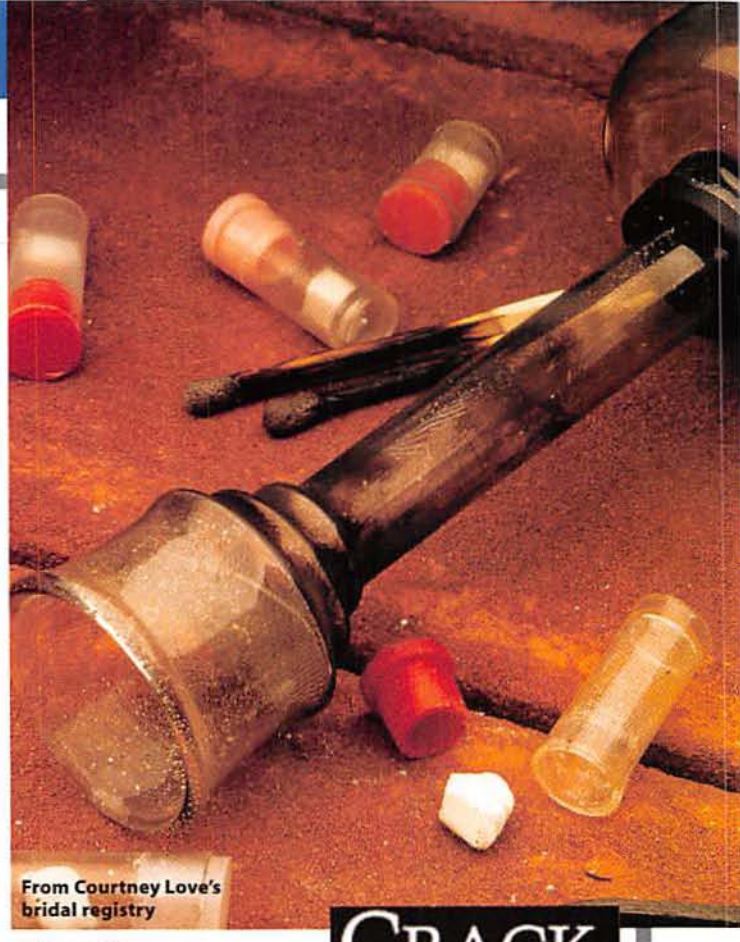
Oh, what a tangled Web they weave. We find the good stuff.

The Naked Truth

After only 16 hours of nonstop Web surfing (with nary a bathroom break), you finally tracked down a nekkid pic of Jennifer Love Hewitt. But how can you be sure it's authentic—not just Love's innocently smiling head pasted on some far less inhibited hottie's spread-eagled chassis? Fortunately the Fake Detective and his band of amateur sleuths are on the case, exhaustively examining just about every nude celeb photo on the Net (and we thought we had tough jobs) and checking whether it's the real McCoy or the work of a clever Photoshop artist. Not only are nearly 300 fakes exposed, but we get before-and-after proof to see for ourselves that, despite Internet claims, that isn't really Gillian Anderson posing with assorted members of the animal kingdom. (www.lairofluxlucre.com/detective)

Call-us Interruptus

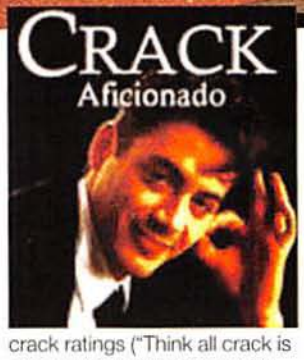
On Satan's short list of evil human inventions: the electric chair, the atomic bomb, and, worst of all, the cell phone. Consider...Your movie-viewing experience has never been ruined by the doofus next to you detonating a thermonuclear warhead. And while you've never followed through on your desire to smash that phone in a blind rage or shove it up its owner's fundament, the Phone Bashers have resolved to do just that (the smashing, not the anal insertion). Costumed as cartoony phones, this brave duo accosts unsuspecting cell offenders on the street, then stomps their offending apparatus into bits before their disbelieving eyes. Lucky for us the Bashers bring along that other nefarious gadget, the camcorder, to capture the whole thing for our amusement. (www.phonebashing.com)



From Courtney Love's bridal registry

got crack?

Crack, like cigars, used to be looked down upon by polite society, but with its wide acceptance by the rich and famous, the zany drug is finally getting its proper respect. The satirical Web rag *Crack Aficionado* is there to cover the trend. Sure, there are obligatory profiles on celebrity baseheads Robert Downey, Jr., and Marion Barry ("the man who brought crack from the back alley to the front office"). But what really kept us up all night (and all day, and all the next night) were helpful features like "Turn Your Crack House into a Crack Home,"



crack ratings ("Think all crack is created equal? What are you smoking?"), and even a database of dealers. Oh, why did we pawn our computer for another rock? (www.thethirdrail.com/crack)—*Shane Mooney*

NET GAIN

"I'm game!"

Download This

Cool crap you can use!

Rodent Rampage

Sure, hunting bears, rhinos, and other big game is a thrill, but there's something to be said for the sheer joy of wantonly slaughtering defenseless li'l varmints, too. That's exactly what we get with the Prairie Dog Hunt game. Pick your ammo, time limit, and difficulty level, then set your sights on the elusive desert rodent. When he pops his head out, you pop his head off, littering the landscape with critter carnage. It's excellent practice for the inevitable Chihuahua takeover of the planet. (www.divsoft.com/pdhprosu.exe)

Yes, they're fake

Animated Ogling

You could place a personal ad for a gorgeous redhead girlfriend who loves to see you slouched over your computer, or you could download Tahni, the Desktop Animated Supermodel. How can you tell she's a model? She never eats. But she does snowboard and scuba-dive across your screen—often dressed in a sensible thong bikini instead of in annoyingly puffy designer togs. Like your last supermodel girlfriend, she occasionally disappears. Unlike your last supermodel girlfriend, Tahni comes back. (www.oska.com/tahni.pht?id=616987)

BIG BUCKS

Make a million

Maximum SITE OF THE MONTH

Online guide to common-sense saving and investing. Armchair members share their success stories on how they got rich quick. Will either give you inspiration or make you sick with envy.

www.armchair-millionaire.com

Also, check out...

www.talktoamillionaire.com

Rich chat...for poor slobs.

www.millionaire.com

Auction site... if you need to ask you can't afford it.

www.makeamillion.com

The fast track... for slow thinkers.

THE BIZARRE

Beam me up...

Something very strange is happening at Parascope. UFO and alien sightings, conspiracy theories, covert operations, gruesome gallery and the downright weird. Fuel your paranoia...right here, right now!

www.parascope.com

Also, check out...

www.lateraltech.com/alienlinks/

Alien abductions and sittings online.

www.trudang.com/autopsy.html

Fraud or truth - alien autopsy.

http://mcadams.pose.mu.edu/home.htm

Conspiracy theories to make you shudder.

DATING GAME

Fatal attraction

Got any 'friends' who could do with a virtual girlfriend? Especially a needy, clingy one who sends endless desperate, but strangely personal, emails? And what's the score with the boyfriend who never there? If you have a pet rabbit, stay away. Far away. Caroline is so perky she makes Ally McBeal appear normal.

www.onlinecaroline.com

BAD BOYS

The lame game

Ever stumbled across a URL which is just so bad it makes you want to gape/cringe/laugh out loud and email all your pals? This site has collected the web's most pathetic saddo sites, neatly categorized into sections including design, girls, goths, trekkies and wannabees.

www.losers.org

Recommended site: Log-On, have FUN

MAXIM ONLINE

Find more at: www.maximonline.com

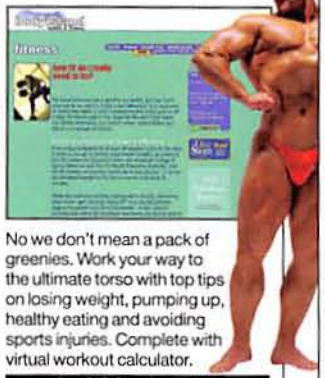
FOLD HERE

Maxim Web Guide

Your indispensable guide to what, where and who on the web

HEALTH & FITNESS

Get that six-pack



No we don't mean a pack of greenies. Work your way to the ultimate torso with top tips on losing weight, pumping up, healthy eating and avoiding sports injuries. Complete with virtual workout calculator.

www.bodyisland.com/fitness

BOOZE

Drinks on me, on-line

Make like Tom Cruise with the help of Bacardi 'cos the world's best rum is now online. Tips and advice on bartending and mixing cocktails, but sadly not on landing babes. Tight-fisted geeks can even mix a virtual cocktail and email it a friend.

www.bacardi.com

THE BIZARRE

Knock 'em down!

Oh, Jenny we love you, but sometimes even goddesses need to be brought down to earth. Visit this bizarre site to see giant 'heros' of the moden world cut down to size.

www.absurdgallery.com

HOW TO...

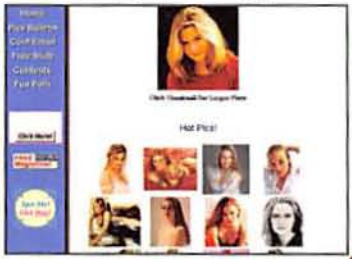
Use it and abuse it...

Did you know that Finlandia vodka removes tell-tale lipstick marks from shirt collars? Or that Johnson's baby powder is a good ant repellant? Oh, yeah, Coca Cola is great for cleaning the john too. Go check out wacky uses of a host of household items.

www.wackyuses.com

ENTERTAINMENT

Star gazing!



This site features loads of hot pics of your fave babes including Alicia Silverstone, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Salma Hayek, Sharon Stone, Jennifer Aniston, Liz Hurley and many more.

www.dreamscape.com/throb/celebrities

Also, check out...

www.celebrity1000.com

Featuring loads of stars from music, TV and film. Check out the celebs of the week, view a gallery of pics and vote for your top star.

Alicia couldn't make it, so...

FASHION

Cool Brittania

Cool gear from across the pond for men and boys only. Features adventure wear, outdoor stuff, sports gear and loads more.

www.brittania.com/mensbasics

Also, check out

www.fashionmall.com

Mammoth site offering great discounts.

www.fashionbot.com

Virtual personal shopper.

www.shoppinmoon.com

Fast moving clearance site, huge discounts.

www.fashionicon.com

Latest trends from street style to room design.

For sports shopping check out...

www.beoutdoors.com

Shut down the computer and go get some air, everything from fishing to flying.

www.fogdog.com

Very comprehensive, customizable uniforms and volume discounts.

ONLINE GAMING

Rock on!

Is it a game? Is it a lifestyle? Who knows? There is something deeply addictive about this site... Enter an internet-based world of complex puzzle-solving by purchasing a coded Stone. (Spookily there is someone out there with a stone that matches yours, and it could be Keanu Reeves!) Play for a mysterious prize.

www.thestone.net

Also, check out

www.magewar.com

Enter the fabled world of Archmage – kill everything, rule the world.

BORING BUT ESSENTIAL

Search me!

A nifty professional search engine which, "gives you access to infinite knowledge" on the web. Karnak eliminates time-consuming searches and dead links and will email you search updates. You can give Karnak upto six subject areas, which it will continually search for information on. Much loved by lazy reporters.

www.karnak.com

Also, check out

www.browsers.com

Compare and download browsers.

www.cnet.com

Tucows: best for add-ons, plug-ins.

BOXING

Biff, biff, boff

Boxing fans will be knocked out by this red-hot site. Packed with information on the up'n'coming fights, latest news on fighter's form and the people's vote. Plus loads of merchandise on sale.

www.boxing.com

Also, check out...

www.mvp.com

For the largest collection of Everlast boxing equipment on-line, at great prices!

HOW TO...

Perform better

How to... treat a dog bite, catch a bird, treat a flatulent baby, perform the Heimlich manoeuvre and help a hangover. This site is packed with loads of useful (and useless) tips on 'how to.'

www.learn2.com

Also, check out...

www.cybertip.net

Little 'helpful' hints on life, emailed to you every day.

www.recordholders.org/en/

Guinness Book of World Record Breakers online.

DAMN STRANGE...

The Chap

Oh, I say, how quintessentially English! Totally uncategorizable, this site can only be experienced, not described. Pip pip!

www.artfink.demon.co.uk/chap

Also, check out...

www.teleportacia.org/swap/

Sick of your life? Then swap it at the Identity Swap Database.

GIFTS FOR HER

Go on, we dare you

'No, really it's what I've always wanted... now stop drooling!'

Wanna ogle at a bevy of nubile young women dressed in the skimpiest of erotic underwear? Then you've come to the right place. And if your old lady catches you at it you can tell her you were buying her some sexy undies for Valentines Day or Thanksgiving.

www.agentprovocateur.com

Also, check out...

www.lingerie.com

Stockings and garters and thongs, oh my! Need we say more?

HUMOUR

Pipe (on) line

It's always nice to receive a interesting gift from a friend. With the VirtualCrack email service you can give your friends the impression you know lots about exotic chemistry without ever doing anything as dumb as touching the stuff or breaking the law. VirtualCrack, just say 'yes'...

www.virtualcrack.com

Also, check out...

www.drugs.indiana.edu

Dictionary of drug terminology, sound cool, stay clean.

TRIVIA

Brains or brawn?

Join the self discovery workshop to find out just how much you have up top. Take the online IQ test – if you're a sandwich short of a picnic you can practice first – and then get a complete intelligence profile.

www.iqtest.com

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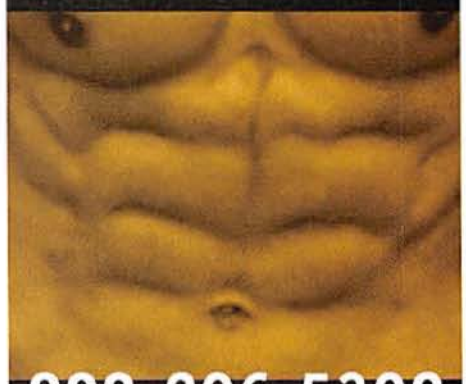

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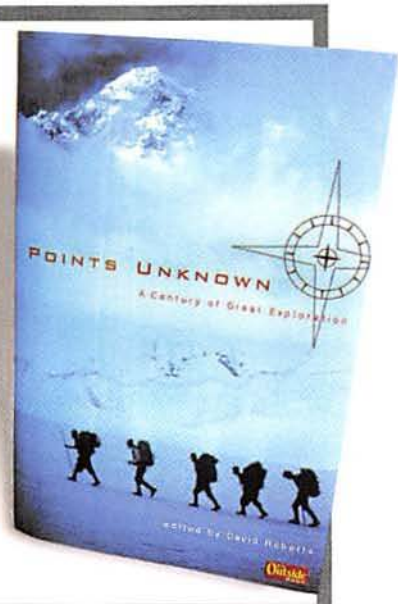
Points Unknown: A Century of Great Exploration

Edited by David Roberts (W.W. Norton & Company, $29.95)



Call it adventurous interruptus: Just when you're getting sucked into this collection of great 20th-century exploration writing, you're pulled out and shoved into the next installment. Still, if you want to revisit the classics or get an introduction to some of *Into Thin Air*'s ancestors, this is a good place to start. From Tom Wolfe's description of Chuck Yeager breaking the sound barrier to Eric Hansen's account of Borneo natives dancing like eroticized Tina Turners to the final diary entry of doomed Arctic explorer Robert Falcon Scott ("It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more"), this stuff reads like dispatches from the edge. Divided into three sections—"Obsessions," "Idylls," "Ordeals"—it captures all the different moods of adventure writing. So if you're looking for the thrill of discovery without losing your johnson to frostbite, bury your nose in this.—*Steven Lee Beeber*

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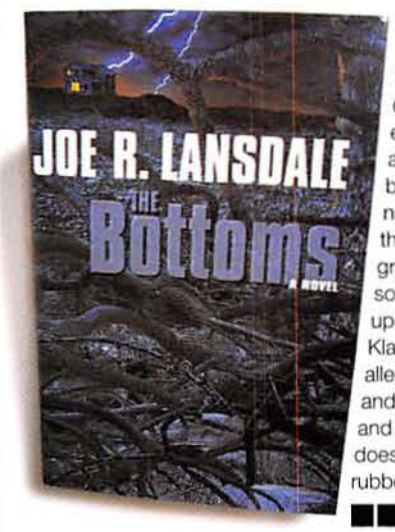
The Bottoms

By Joe R. Lansdale (Mysterious Press, $24.95)

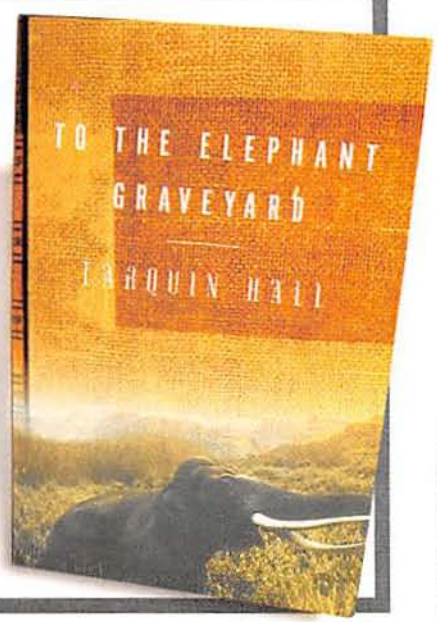


Ever wonder what an X-rated version of *The Andy Griffith Show* might look like? Here it is. In Depression-era east Texas, black prostitutes are being murdered, and it's up to the town constable (who doubles as the barber) to track down the killer. With his Opie-like son narrating, we witness perversions probably truer-to-life than anything depicted in Mayberry. Mutilated corpses, gruesome lynchings, and a war story about a psycho soldier who rapes German fighters on the battlefield take up the first 100 pages. As the body count rises and the Klan steps in to "protect" white womanhood from the alleged killer, things start to get *really* ugly. At once moving and grotesque, the story wavers between sentimentality and accident-on-the-highway lurid interest. Ultimately it doesn't matter if you figure out who the killer is early. The rubbernecking ride to get there is enough.—*S.L.B.*

■■■■□

To the Elephant Graveyard

By Tarquin Hall (Atlantic Monthly Press, $24)



Ever wonder what happens when a seven-ton elephant goes on a rampage and tramples more than 40 people? Intrepid journalist Tarquin Hall has seen it, and it ain't pretty. This sometimes gory, sometimes animal-hugging true-life adventure goes straight to the heart of India's elephant culture. By braving jungles as well as terrorists, smug diplomats, and religious wackos, Hall takes us on a 1998 search for a rogue pachyderm with a penchant for squashing cruel trainers and goring innocent drunken farmers (ouch!). Along the way we get pummeled with tons of lore about a mythical elephant graveyard, a place where old Dumbos go to keel over. Unfortunately, Hall never finds it. The real bang comes when the hunting party closes in on the rogue, putting themselves in jeopardy of being the next blood-and-gristle pancakes. Complete with great photos, this book beats reality TV any day.—*Brian Rosenkrans*

■■■□□

Photographs, Robert Glasgow

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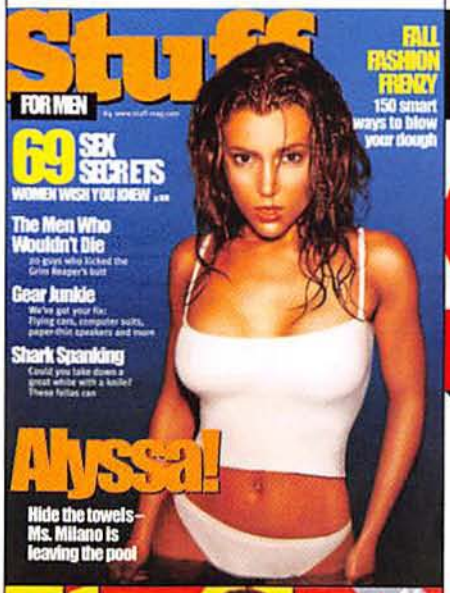
FROM THE PUBLISHERS OF MAXIM

GET MORE GREAT

Stuff FOR MEN



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Bomb Voyage!
Earth's Wildest Parties!
WET N' WILD!
Natasha Henstridge, caught on Stuff's ShowerCam

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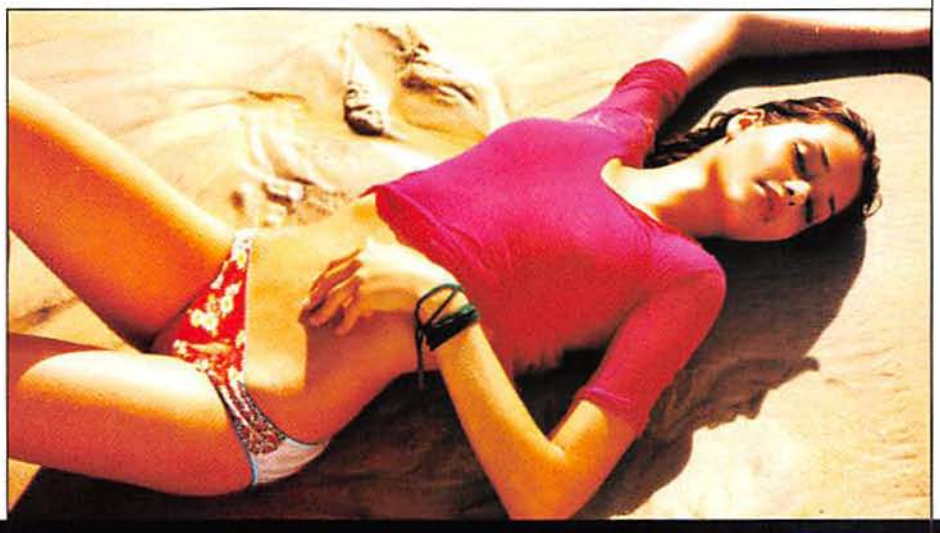

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Grab Bag

Hey, you never know—you might die tomorrow. So why not bust out the plastic and wreak some havoc? See you in the poorhouse. Or the funeral home.

By Dan Lazin

Photographs by Robert Glasgow

OFFICIAL NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE BELGIAN POOL BALLS ($200)

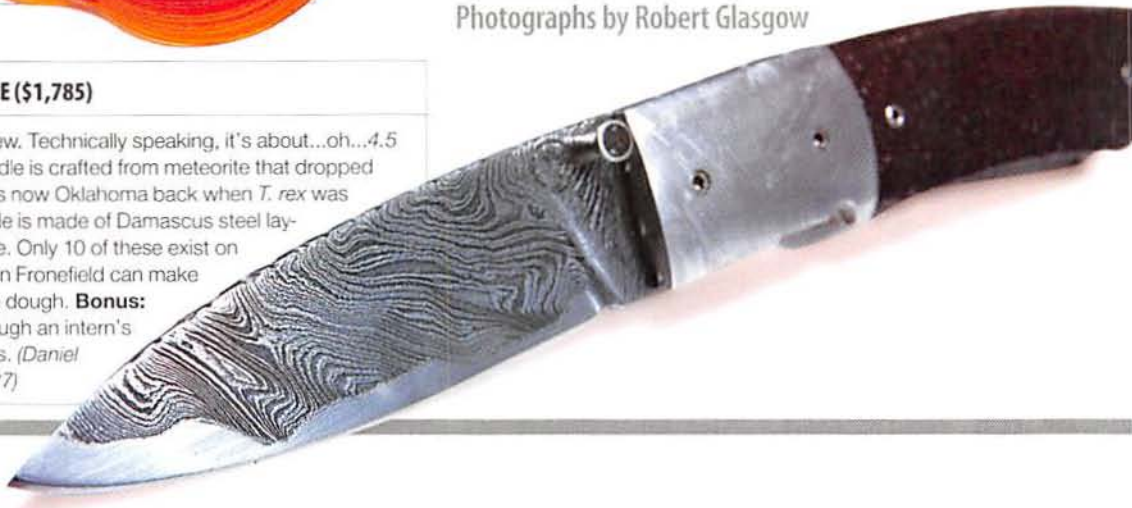
So you didn't have the balls to make it to the NFL, eh? Here's the next-best thing: top-quality pool balls from Belgium with your choice of all 31 pro-team logos. Made of phenolic resin (as opposed to polymers), these balls'll last five times longer than most (that's five times longer than your mortal pool-hustling ass). A set comes with a psychedelic bull's-eye eightball, a cue ball with the NFL's emblem, and two teams of seven balls apiece. Beer guy not included. **Bonus:** They make great stadium projectiles if your team loses the *real* game. *(Mueller Sporting Goods, 800-627-8888)*

TDK STACK ($30)

Sure, you can buy a couple of CDs for $30. Or you can spend the same cash on this plastic thingumabob, which comes with 15 blank CDs you can use to write, download, or pirate a stack of tunes, video games, and interactive porn with your computer or a CD recorder. We chose to use the blanks as deadly Frisbees and store our audio CDs in this fist-size dust-free library. **Bonus:** It's color-coordinated for easy listening (red = rap, blue = metal, green = Paul Shaffer bootlegs, etc.). *(TDK, 800-835-8273)*

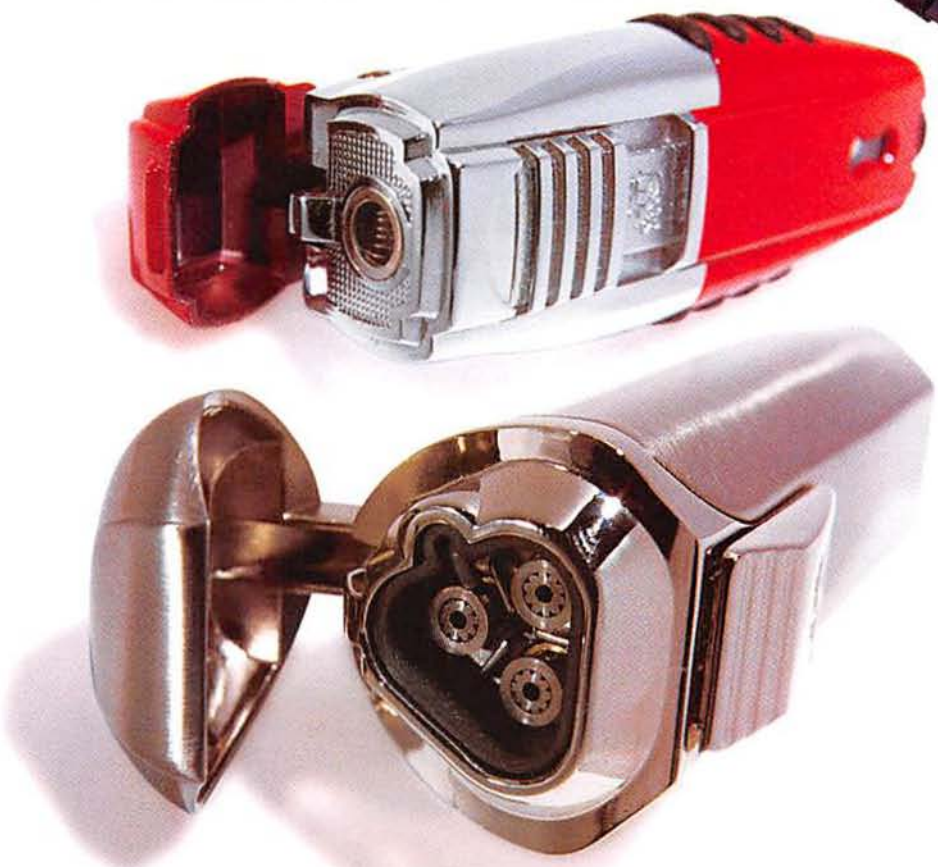
MIDNIGHT FOLDER KNIFE ($1,785)

This knife isn't exactly new. Technically speaking, it's about...oh...*4.5 billion years old*! The handle is crafted from meteorite that dropped from the sky onto what is now Oklahoma back when *T. rex* was all the rage, and the blade is made of Damascus steel layered with more meteorite. Only 10 of these exist on this planet, but crafty Dan Fronefield can make you one if you've got the dough. **Bonus:** This blade can slice through an intern's finger like butter. Trust us. *(Daniel Fronefield, 256-536-7827)*



SHARPER IMAGE ZYTOOL MULTI-TOOL WITH RECORDER ($60)

Lost your keys? Just clap your hands and this nifty 3½ oz key chain's Key Seeker will beep annoyingly so you can locate 'em in seconds. Need someone to take dictation while you're driving? This gadget can store 20 seconds of voice recording ("Note to self: Red means 'go'...wait...um..."). Ever find yourself screwing in the back seat? This tool has three screwdrivers—guaranteed to fit any job. It also has an LED flashlight, a ruler, a timer, and a file. **Bonus:** Unlike your girlfriend, the Zytool will only repeat the directions you tell it. *(Sharper Image, 800-344-4444)*

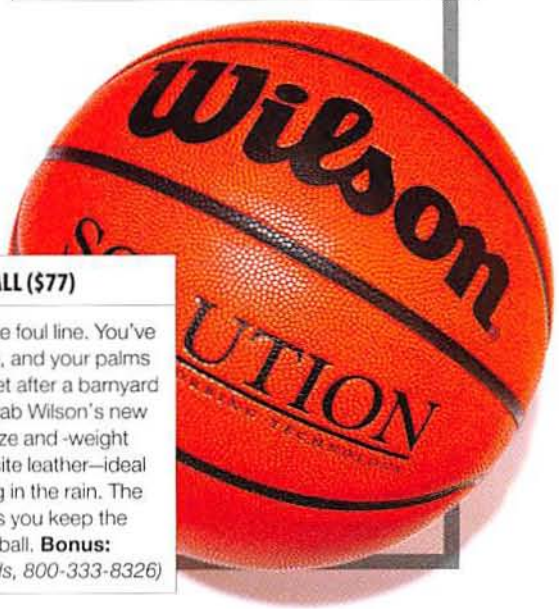


SWATCH SKIN BEAT WATCH ($70)

With a name like Skin Beat, you'd think it'd have something to do with, well, conga drumming. Sorry to disappoint—it's just the thinnest plastic watch on the planet (three 20ths of an inch!). This slim ticker also features Internet Time, a new Swatch function that eliminates hours and minutes in favor of 1,000 time-zoneless "beats." The slightly lame, Esperanto-ish idea: Time is the same everywhere, man. **Bonus:** It can be slipped under any door to help a trapped, starving roommate keep track of his final hours. *(Swatch, 800-879-2824)*

COLIBRI ATL AND TRIFECTA LIGHTERS ($90 AND $100)

Need to torch some evidence during a downpour? The ATL (all-terrain lighter) has a refillable butane Force V spark system that'll light anywhere using a tiny mallet and a piece of quartz (no flint or battery to burn out on you). It also has a knife, a compass, and a bottle opener. Don't need the hardware? Check out the Trifecta, which has a three-prong flame that'll blaze a Cuban in the middle of a tornado. Terrific with cigars too. **Bonus:** The Trifecta set a staffer's entire desk on fire in seconds. *(Colibri, 888-265-4274)*



WILSON SOLUTION BASKETBALL ($77)

Two seconds left. You're at the foul line. You've got a sixer riding on the game, and your palms are sweatier than a porn starlet after a barnyard scene. Need to get a grip? Grab Wilson's new Solution, the first regulation-size and -weight b-ball with absorbent composite leather—ideal for sweaty players and playing in the rain. The advantage is yours, as long as you keep the opposition from touching the ball. **Bonus:** Swish! *(Wilson Sporting Goods, 800-333-8326)*

Whaddaya know? It *does* grow on trees!

THE LONGEST YARD

Blown Away

Sure, any leaf blower can handle your boring yard work. But which one can tackle five cases of crushed beer cans and some greased-up blow-up dolls? By Myatt Murphy

If you're like us, your autumn Sundays go something like this: You wake up, guzzle some Advil, and look out your window to find your lawn buried in the dross of your Saturday night festivities. Beer cans. Comatose Elvis impersonators. Dead chimps. Being responsible adults, of course, we always clean up before settling down in front of the game. But this season we had a brilliant idea: Why waste the morning wading through debris with a pooper-scooper when we could use a high-tech leaf blower to do the job in minutes? Sure, these garage staples work great with leaves. But which ones can handle the big stuff? To separate the models that blow from the ones that suck, we did what any bunch of good Americans would do: We threw a party! Then we pulled out five of the latest monsters and tested which could blow five cases of empty beer cans from our lawn 50 yards away onto our neighbor's in the fastest time. Then we did the same with a 2.5-pound melon and five blow-up dolls. Finally we tossed $500 in singles around so we could time how long it takes to gather them in a nice handy pile. When we were done we gave our weeping neighbor the finger and tallied the results.

That's the *last* time we let Mom house-sit!

JOHN DEERE BP50 ($430)

The blowdown: Designed for commercial landscapers by the leading name in the biz, the backpack-style BP50 is like having a DC-10 engine strapped to your ass, complete with a bazooka-inspired pistol-throttle and a gas tank big enough to fuel a '76 Monte Carlo cross-country. Any questions?

Specs: Gas powered, 19.4 lbs, 185 mph air velocity, 69 decibels

Looks like: An M-60 designed by L.L. Bean

Start-up: Like a virgin, this thing fired up with a single yank.

Beer cans: "Whipping up an aluminum tornado was, well, a breeze," said our tester. But the nozzle's "John Holmesian rigidity" proved difficult to handle. Stopwatch: two minutes, 37 seconds

Melon: Everyone's favorite fruit (besides Liberace, of course) shot out of the gate like a racehorse with its ass on fire, leaving our tester panting behind. He caught up and earned this blower the gold, finishing the job in just 32 seconds.

Blow-up dolls: Humiliating the competition with its power, this unit sent our clan of buck-naked Dorothys back to Kansas in 62 seconds, earning the BP50 another gold!

Cash: "At light throttle this monstrous blower handled bills like a Vegas cashier, gathering the wad in two minutes and 19 seconds," said our drooling tester, who didn't get to keep a dime.

Overall: Talk about a terrific blow job. This beast has such raw power and great throttle control, you'll chuckle thinking of new ways to test its wind.

Photographs, Charlesmanuels.com (test); Robert Giaspow (still life)

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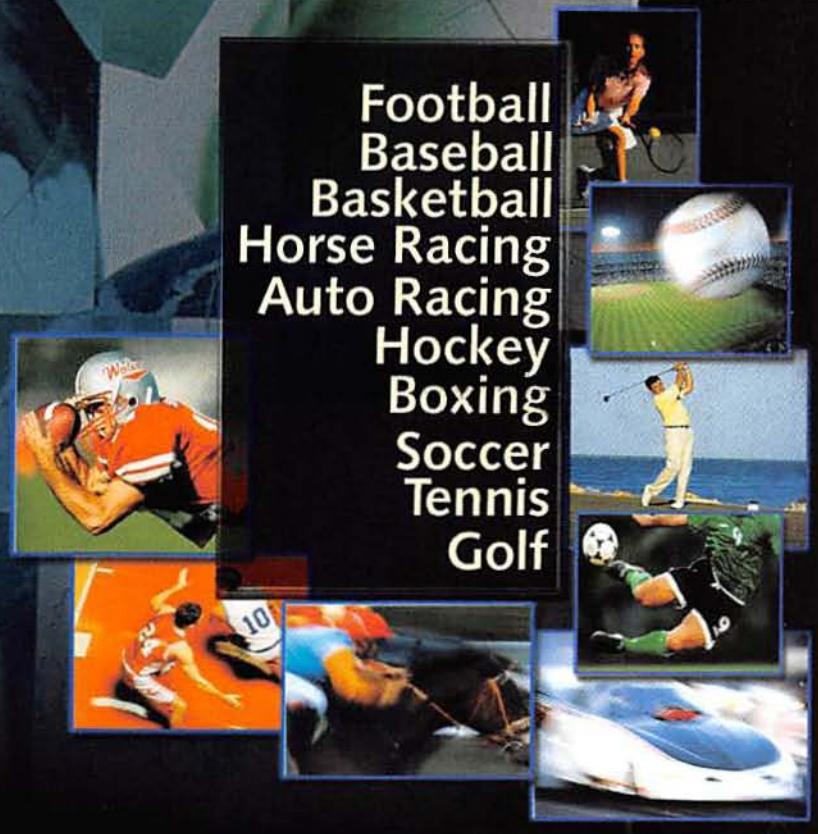

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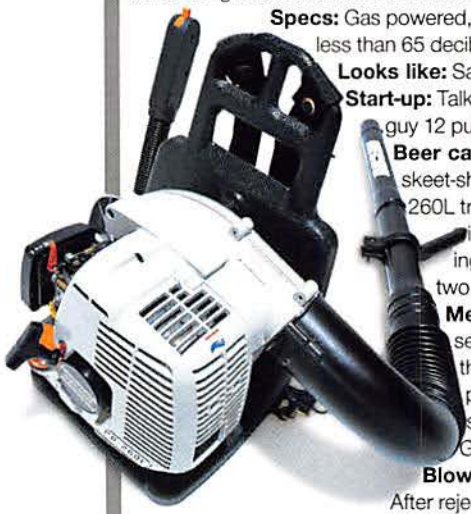
ECHO PB-260L PROLITE ($300)

The blowdown: A heavy-duty blower in a lightweight backpack design, Echo's PB-260L is geared for pros and anal suburbanites alike. It's got a left-handed side throttle and a super-quiet engine.



Specs: Gas powered, 14.5 lbs, 155 mph air velocity, less than 65 decibels

Looks like: Satan's paintball gun

Start-up: Talk about a jerk-off. It took our guy 12 pulls to get this blower going.

Beer cans: "With all the precision of a skeet-shooting Ray Charles," the PB-260L transformed a lawn full of cans into a friggin' typhoon of thrashing tin, completing the task in two minutes and 50 seconds.

Melon: Time: one minute and 44 seconds. Said our guy: "It was the worst display of man versus fruit since Gallagher."

Blow-up dolls: After rejecting the PB-260L's advances for a few seconds, the inflated love toys thrashed in the wind as if they were convulsing in ecstasy, blowing past the finish line in one minute, 45 seconds.

Cash: "You can bank on this blower," said our guy, who blew this payday in just under four minutes.

Overall: Sure, the Echo looks impressive. And it proved the most comfortable. But in the end the action simply didn't blow us quite hard enough.

Our intern gets his first blow job

STIHL BG 85 ($200)

The blowdown: You gotta love a company that made the first portable chain saw, even if it *is* based in Germany. So it's no surprise that this blower has some cool features: cruise control, a soft handle for less vibration, and a heavy-duty vacuum option (use your imagination).

Specs: Gas powered, 8.8 lbs, 183 mph air velocity, 70 decibels

Looks like: Don King's hair dryer

Start-up: The BG 85 was hit-or-miss. "Like an overweight girlfriend," said our tester, "it took between three and eight tugs to turn this baby over."

Beer cans: The BG 85's maneuverability and dead-on precision blew the garbage off our lawn in two minutes and 30 seconds—first place. (We later tried it on a Jehovah's Witness with equal success.)

Melon: Despite requiring an arm-wrenching restart, this blower caressed our melon in 37 seconds, so the juice started to leak.

Blow-up dolls: After flirting with the love dolls for a while, an airstream finally found its way between one's legs, popping her up off the ground like a Scud rocket. "I then used it like a cue ball to smack the others onto the neighbor's lawn in just 70 seconds," said our guy. "It wasn't a blowing; it was a beating."

Cash: "If I could gather money this fast, I wouldn't be doing this crap," said our man, who pooled the cash in three minutes and 48 seconds.

Overall: While it doesn't have quite the sheer power of the John Deere, this baby's a true menace to anything not tied down (not recommended for guys with toupees or comb-overs).

TORO SUPER BLOWER VAC ($60)

The blowdown: Toro boasts that "you can't buy a more powerful handheld blower—gas or electric." And it costs merely a quarter of what competing models are going for. Sounds shifty, right?

Specs: Electric powered, 6.7 lbs, 210 mph air velocity, 70 decibels

Looks like: A Dustbuster with elephantiasis

Start-up: Instantaneous. Thanks to the wonders of electricity, the only pulling required is dragging that annoying extension cord everywhere.

Beer cans: Like a porn-film rookie, this blower was all power and no accuracy, spraying cans to the outer fringes of the yard instead of dead ahead. Cleanup time: three minutes and 20 seconds

Melon: When a farsighted tester turned our last test melon into a waffle by stepping on it (what a melon-arse!), we thought we'd have to forfeit. But the Super Blower heaved the deformed fruit end over end like a square wheel to a surprising one-minute-10-second finish.

Blow-up dolls: "The Tommy Lee of leaf blowers, this model not only slapped our women over the finish line in record time, it didn't bother with liftoff," said our guy. "Instead it simply scraped their bods across the hard ground in 67 seconds." Disturbing...

Cash: Unlike the others, this blower has no throttle. "A little subtlety would've helped us out," said our guy. "Like my very, um, lovely wife, this thing blew cash all over the place." Stopwatch: four minutes, 43 seconds

Overall: Downers: being cord-confined and resembling something that belongs in your mom's cleaning closet. Plus side: You can't beat the dirt-cheap price and impressive performance.

"Psst—you got a sister?"

TANAKA THB-2510 ($199)

The blowdown: Tanaka prides itself on being a low-emission specialist (so you'll have leaves to blow in 10 years). This model doubles as a vacuum, which is nice. But why is it designed for lefties?

Specs: Gas powered, 7.9 lbs, 134 mph air velocity, 69 decibels

Looks like: Jeffrey Dahmer's cerebral wet-vac

Start-up: A slow starter, this thing got yanked like the Baltimore Os' pitching staff (seven to nine times per start).

Beer cans: This baby "ripped through our field of soldiers like John Wayne in *The Longest Day*—two minutes, 43 seconds," said our tester.

Melon: Clock: one minute, 19 seconds. With more power at the edges of its nozzle, this blower gave our melon a sidespin that could pick off a 7–10 split. Our tester wasted much time corralling it back in a straight line.

Blow-up dolls: The Tanaka bounced these dolls like lottery balls off our lawn in one minute, 35 seconds—sexy, but hardly Olympic time.

Cash: After gathering the 500 singles in just two minutes and 44 seconds, our tester tried to make off with the cash. So we used the THB-2510 to blow his teeth down his throat (see below).

Overall: What this blower lacks in power and buzz control (it handles like an eight-pound vibrator—tough on the fingertips), it makes up for in style. We've been carrying it around town just for kicks.

FINAL VERDICT

JOHN DEERE BP50	5
ECHO PB-260L PROLITE	3
STIHL BG 85	4
TORO SUPER BLOWER VAC	3
TANAKA THB-2510	4

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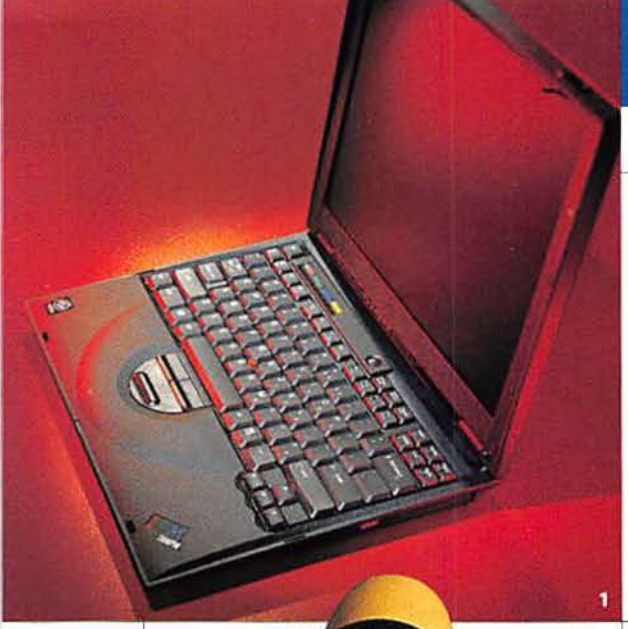

1

1. SEXIEST LAP DANCER

IBM i-Series ThinkPad 1200 laptop ($1,649)

First impression: You wanna run your dirty little fingers all over it, don't ya? **Real deal:** Who opened the windows at IBM? Their recent hardware releases are their sexiest yet. Case in point: the new i-Series notebook. This slim new beauty is the original ThinkPad's sexy younger sister, finally come of age. In addition to a student-friendly starting price, it's got one-touch Web access, 64 MB of RAM (upgradable to 192 MB), Windows 98 software, and a 13.3-inch active-matrix color screen that's crisper than Tommy Chong. Those bastard Mac users (ourselves, for example) will all want a turn. Bonus: Dig the schmuck-proof built-in system tech support, sure to get you outta any jam. (www.ibm.com)

2. FARTHEST-SIGHTED

Tasco Celestron NexStar 114 telescope ($549)

First impression: "Cool...x-ray vision!" **Real deal:** If you're looking to check out that heavenly body in the window across the street, this lens won't help you (we know...we tried). But if you wanna eyeball the wonders of the universe, this spaz-proof 15.5-pound portable 'scope is for you. Chuck it in the trunk, get out of town, and set it up wherever you make camp. Then dial in your location and any of 4,000 celestial sights–the NexStar automatically zeros in. (www.celestron.com)

Amish Porn

Across the planet, mad scientists and pocket-protected engineers are fast at work inventing gadgets to make your life louder, lazier, and crazier. Wanna invest in the latest? These gizmos are the biggest high-tech news since the butter churn.

By John Walsh

2

3. FIRST TO SNAP

Aiptek PenCam Trio ($89)

First impression: "Drop your pants and bend over, please..." **Real deal:** Next time the cops try to kick the crap out of you for jaywalking, be prepared: Whip out this highlighter-size digital camera and film 40-second video clips or 80 high-resolution still shots. Then you can download the goods onto your computer, edit it with the software that comes in the box, and E-mail a movie to your local congressman. You can also use this sucker as a PC camera for video conferencing. It does wonders for phone sex! (www.aiptek.com)

3

4. THE FASTEST BEAT

Aiwa Armband radio with exercise monitor ($60)

First impression: "You get a free pair of tights with that thing?" **Real deal:** Get off your ass and run, you slob. We sent a tester out with this armband radio–exercise monitor (he was later spotted in sweats at the bar around the corner). "The Aiwa's superlightweight [6.7 ounces] on your arm, so it doesn't get in the way of your drinking pit stops," he told us. "And it keeps track of how many calories you're burning. I actually gained 300!" Yeah, pal, we noticed. (www.aiwa.com)

5. THE PHATTEST SAMPLE

Yamaha Keys sampling keyboard ($400)

First impression: Captain and Tennille have gone goth! **Real deal:** So you're convinced there's a Trent Reznor somewhere deep inside you. Um, that didn't come out right... Oh, you know what we mean. This idiot-friendly, affordable instrument is a fully loaded keyboard and sample-machine in one. Sample up to 6½ seconds of just about anything (up to six samples at a time). Then you can concoct an entire beer-belch sonata. Talent not included. (www.yamaha.com)

7. WEATHER WEENIES' WETTEST DREAM

Swiss Army Startech ($225)

First impression: Uh, neat. A watch. **Real deal:** The Swiss Army insists on calling this item an instrument, not a watch. We don't want to start some international incident (those Swiss get pretty aggro sometimes), so we'll just play along. In addition to a stopwatch and dual-zone alarm (program time zones so you can go to sleep in the States and wake up punctually in Tahiti), this dead sexy brushed aluminum *instrument* features an altimeter, thermometer, and barometer, all with digital read-out—so you can sweep girls off their feet with your impressive knowledge of the weather. It won't be available in the U.S. until November 15, so just sit tight, Admiral Peary. (www.swissarmy.com)

8. EASIEST MAIL BONDING

Cidco MailStation E-Mail Appliance ($100)

First impression: Looks like one of those... what were they called? Typewriters? **Real deal:** Grandma's VCR has been blinking "12:00 A.M." for 17 years—you think she's going to learn to use E-mail? If you want her to stay in touch, just plug this T-bone-steak-size gadget into her phone line, power it up AC or DC (two AAs), and walk her through some directions that even a retarded Luddite could understand. (If she can't figure out how to use the standard keyboard and 6-by-2.5-inch monitor, it's a lost cause.) Soon you'll be hearing all about her garden, her golf game ("Fore!"), what that silly rascal Regis Philbin said this morning... Wait! This was supposed to be a good idea. Oh, well. She'll be dead soon. (www.cidco.com)

Photographs, Robert Glasgow; Satoshi (color stylist); Andrew Kist (Amish guy); stylist, Jennifer Schwartz; hair, Reanne White for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano; makeup, Joe Simon for ARTISTS for Timothy Priano

5

7

8

6. FIRST-DEGREE BURN

Pioneer DVR-2000 DVD Recorder/Player ($3,000)

First impression: Texas' new electric-chair amp. **Real deal:** With Pioneer's player-recorder, you can watch *Caddyshack*—for the 90th friggin' time! Then you can dip into your library of proctology home movies that you've burned onto DVD from your camcorder to achieve pristine image quality. Pioneer isn't the only name in this game, but its recorder's the most versatile, playing audio CDs *and* burning DVD-ROMs without a hiccup. (www.pioneerelectronics.com)

6

4

9. COOLEST HOME BASS

Harman Kardon SoundSticks ($199)

First impression: Fun with baseball bats...right in the stereo store! **Real deal:** Sure, these new injection-molded plastic SoundSticks are the coolest-looking computer speakers around, and they're no bigger than an iMac. But looks aren't everything. We rigged 'em up to a staffer's desktop and jammed Charles Manson's "People Say I'm No Good." "The 20-watt subwoofer [middle] delivered bottom end as smooth as Cindy Crawford's as it funneled so much bass onto my desk, I thought my monitor would shatter," he said. "And the 10-watt satellites screamed perfect midrange, especially during my afternoon video-game marathon." Hey, we're working hard for you folks. (www.harman-multimedia.com)

9

10

10. BEST CONNECTION

Motorola Talkabout T900 Personal Interactive Communicator ($189)

First impression: "Paging Dr. Rosenpenis..." **Real deal:** There are times—funerals, say—when cell phones just aren't appropriate. Nowadays you can grieve respectfully and still stay connected. Other pocket-size text-messaging pager–cell phones do what the Talkabout does, but not at this price. And sure, the Advil-size keys are a pain in the rectum, but the menu of standard replies does ease the frustration—"Yes," "No," "Will arrive in 5/10/15 minutes," and "Blow me" (OK, we made up that last one). Optional info services like news, weather, and sports updates are handy when the eulogy runs long. (www.motorola.com)

11. HOTTEST WATER SPORTS

Ocean Reef Neptune II Full Face Mask ($560)

First impression: "Thanks, but we're not hiring any new robot assassins right now. Try *GQ*!" **Real deal:** So you're uncomfortable having big black rubber things jammed into your mouth? Ocean Reef feels your pain. Its new Neptune System dive mask lets you breathe naturally through your nose and mouth as if you were above water. And since there's no mouthpiece, you can talk to fellow divers with the optional ultrasonic squawk box—a mike system that enables you to tell your buddies that you just crapped your wet suit when you go eye to eye with a giant squid. And don't sweat—you won't miss a thing. The lens allows an unobstructed 180-degree view. (www.oceanreefgroup.com)

11

12. FATTEST BEAM

Essential Gear Photon Micro-Light II flashlight ($20)

First impression: "Nice key chain... Batman." **Real deal:** It's easy to dismiss something so tiny (the size and weight of a quarter, with a lithium coin cell battery). But the Photon II can bitch-slap most big-ass flashlights out there. We took it to Central Park for a midnight spy-on-the-whores-and-johns mission; we could see each other's beams from half a mile away. And the Photon II comes in different shades: red for signaling, yellow for map reading, etc. (www.essentialgear.com)

12

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13

13. BEST WAY TO GET IN TUNE

Henry Kloss/Tivoli Audio Model One tabletop radio ($99)

First impression: "Set the wayback machine, Sherman!" **Real deal:** No, it doesn't have MP3 or DVD technology, or a laser tooth whitener rigged into it. This little shoebox-size item (designed by Henry Kloss—the *K* in KLH speakers) combines classic WWII-style radio design and modern cell-phone-like guts. The result: a hip mono AM/FM radio with a retro price that yanks in stations like a certain *Maxim* staffer can yank in venereal diseases (we won't mention any names...but his nickname is Mr. Dick). On a rainy Monday evening, we were able to pull in everything from minor-league ball games in Ohio to Bible-belt talk radio. (www.tivoliaudio.com)

14

14. BEST PICTURE

Nikon Coolpix 880 digital camera ($800)

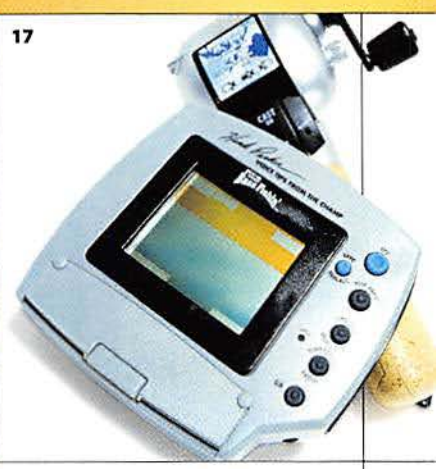
First impression: "It's a surveillance camera. *Get off the baby-sitter!*" **Real deal:** Convenient as they are for downloading images onto your computer, digital cameras just haven't been as versatile as 35 mm models—until this year. Nikon leads a strong pack of new cameras with this 3.34 megapixel, 2.5x zoom idiot-proof entry. Loaded with all the settings that a smart old point-and-shoot would have—backlight compensation, portrait mode, and two night modes—it lets dumb-asses score great snaps and allows experienced photographers to get creative. Best of all: no questioning from your local photo shop about those homemade "pictorials." Get the picture? (www.nikonusa.com)

16. MOST ANNOYING NOISE EVER!

Kryptonite Motion Sensor Alarm ($60)

First impression: "Heh, heh. Sucker left his laptop right here on his—*d'oh!*" **Real deal:** Is there anything more annoying than having your laptop stolen? Yes—the ear-splitting yowl of Kryptonite's portable motion sensor alarm. Lock the black box to your laptop or whatever the hell else you don't want stolen, set it to one of three levels of sensitivity, and would-be thieves will get a nasty 110-decibel surprise. Just remember your combination and turn it off *quickly* when the perp drops the goods, or everybody will hate you. This alarm is also great for office pranks! (We rigged it to a bathroom stall door; our Japanese food critic, Hiroki, damn near dropped a chalupa.) (www.kryptonitelock.com)

16



17

17. AN ALL-STAR CAST

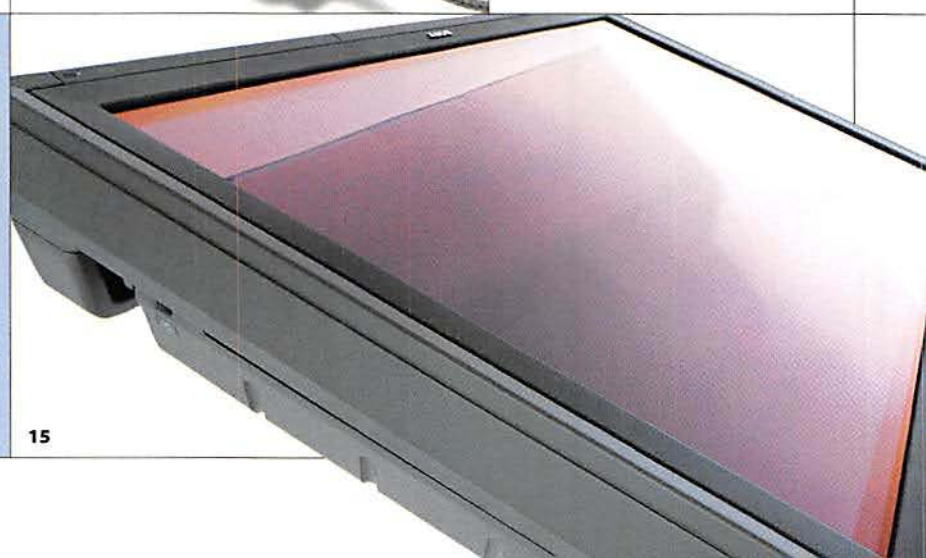
Radica Pro Bass Fishin' ($25)

First impression: "You seem to have lost some of your rod there, bub." **Real deal:** Never mind what you look like playing with it—this new bass-fishing simulator is *fun*. More sophisticated than earlier versions, it determines how far your hook should go from the strength of your cast. You also get a variety of tugs (some easy, some hard—that's a bigger fish you're not catching!), and tips from champ fisherman Hank Parker. Now you can get loaded and reel 'em in, right in the comfort of your cubicle! (www.radicagames.com)

15. BEST EXCUSE FOR RENTING PORNOGRAPHY

Sony PFM510A2WU flat-screen TV ($15,999)

First impression: *Holy shit,* that's a big TV. **Real deal:** Sure, we all know that flat-screen tubes have revolutionized the couch marathon. So we got a few review units, took a load off (so *that's* why this issue was so damn late), and settled on the Sony. Why? It's got all the regular features: on-screen menu settings in six languages, three sets each of audio and video input, remote, etc. It also has a 42-inch screen, and it's only 6¾ inches in depth (so, like Mick Jagger, it'll mount anywhere). The real catch: The 1,024 x 1,024 pixel high-definition resolution simply can't be beat. (Watching *Ronin's* seven-minute car-chase scene on this sucker is like being in the front seat.) (www.sel.sony.com)



15

GO BIG OR GO HOME

BARRETT CHRISTY: 40 PTS

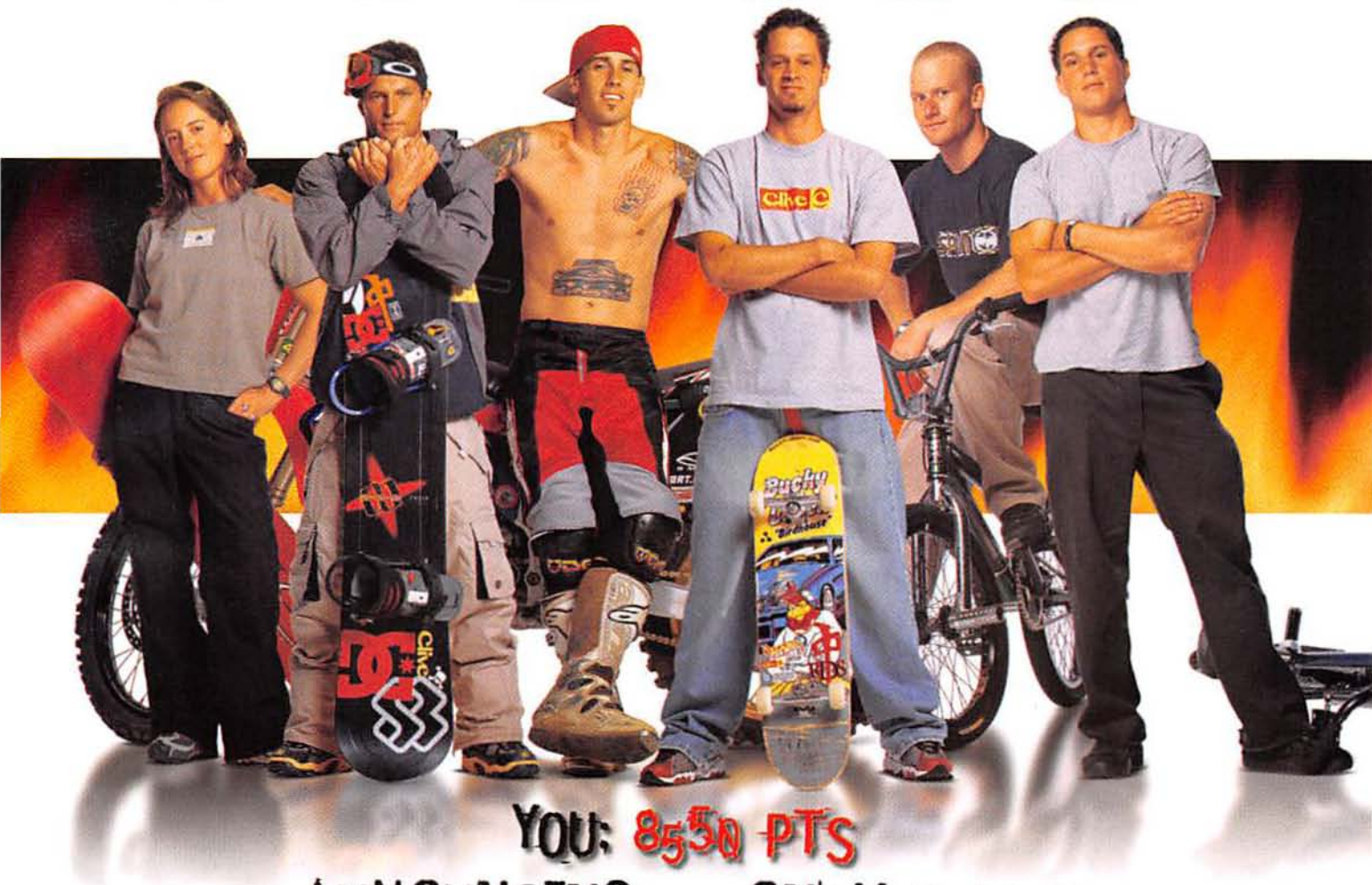
TODD RICHARDS: 80 PTS

CAREY "HART ATTACK" HART: 95 PTS

BUCKY LASEK: 60 PTS

"FLYIN" RYAN NYQUIST: 25 PTS

DAVE "MIRACLE BOY" MIRRA: 130 PTS



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INTERACT

GAMESHARK

Performance

18

21

18. THE MOST JOY FROM YOUR STICK

Eleven Engineering Airplay wireless game controller ($40)

First impression: Video games for mimes! **Real deal:** You're powering through hour 23 of your Tekken marathon when your girlfriend decides you need to pay attention to her. (Yeah, just like that!) So she plants herself smack in front of the TV, blocking the signal from your wireless game controller. Game over! Or is it? Not if you're using an Airplay radio controller for PlayStation and PlayStation 2. Unlike infrared joysticks, which depend on line-of-sight to the receiver, Airplay's wireless radio wave signal can pass through walls, pets, or people—from up to 30 feet away. It's no good against hissy fits, though. Sorry. (www.airplayer.net)

20. LEAST IRRITATING TRAVELING COMPANION

Sony DVP-FX1 Portable DVD player ($1,599)

First impression: "Duh, this laptop ain't got no keyboard. I've been robbed!" **Real deal:** Why opt for this portable DVD player when there are so many to choose from? Sony has squeezed a bigger LCD screen (seven inches) into a smaller unit (at just 7½ by 5⅛ inches, this thing can easily fit down your pants...just watch out for security guards). And the 16:9 aspect ratio allows you to watch films in their original wide-screen format. Since it looks like a mini-laptop, we were able to watch movies at our desks with headphones on all day while pretending to work. But with a four-hour battery that lets you enjoy campsite *Evil Dead* double features, you'll wanna take this show on the road. (www.sel.sony.com)

21. THE NICEST BOX

Apple Power Mac G4 Cube processor ($1,799)

First impression: The George Foreman Grill 2010! **Real deal:** The ideal computer is like the ideal girlfriend: fast, slim, sexy, and quiet. Apple's new 8-by-8-inch G4 Cube covers all your bases. It's got enough memory to run Pakistan's nuke program (64MB of RAM), is speedier than a crack ho (450MHz), and it works at barely a whisper (it doesn't need a fan to cool it off). Bonus: the new Apple Pro Mouse, which picks up movement at a rate of 1,500 times per second. (www.apple.com)

19

19. SMALLEST LUXURIES

Bang & Olufsen Ergonomic Phones ($160)

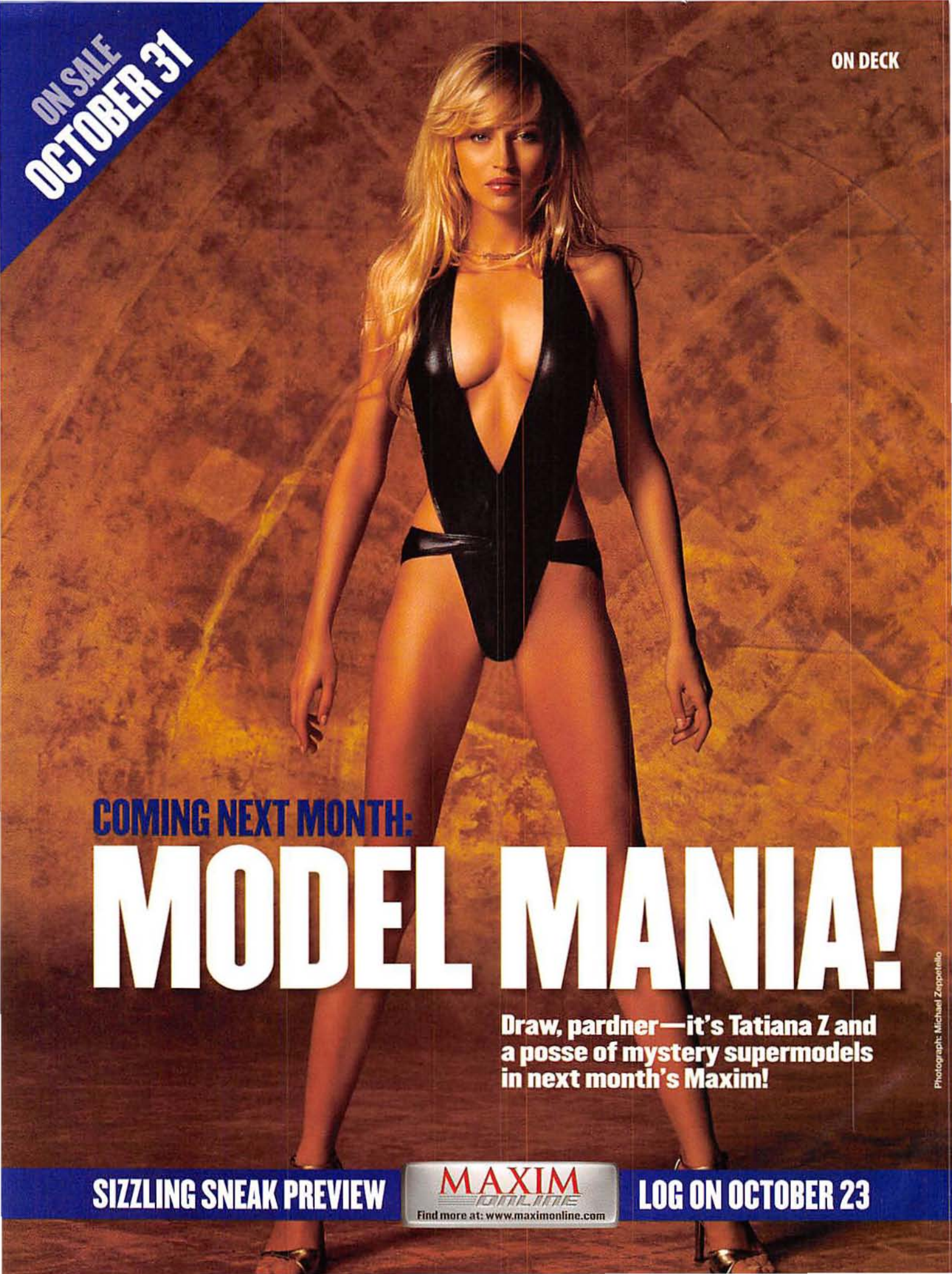
First impression: Frank Lloyd Wright's hearing aid. **Real deal:** Listen up. When you think of Bang & Olufsen stereo equipment, you think high-rise condos, rich low lighting, and nightcaps with leggy models named Svetlana. But these sexy new earphones take the luxe B&O experience out of the living room and onto your head. Screamed a staffer with Mudhoney CD in hand: "Just heavy enough to feel expensive, these rubber-and-aluminum phones rest on your ears like a well-fitted pair of specs. You get surprisingly muscle-toned bass from the tiny buds and plenty of ass-kicking, distortion-free volume. What? Did you say, 'Get back to work'? I'm sorry, I can't hear you." (www.bang-olufsen.com)

20

5:25P.M. Lawrenceburg, Kentucky.
The extreme games begin.

Not the latest thing. The genuine thing.

THE FINEST KENTUCKY BOURBON. MADE IN LAWRENCEBURG.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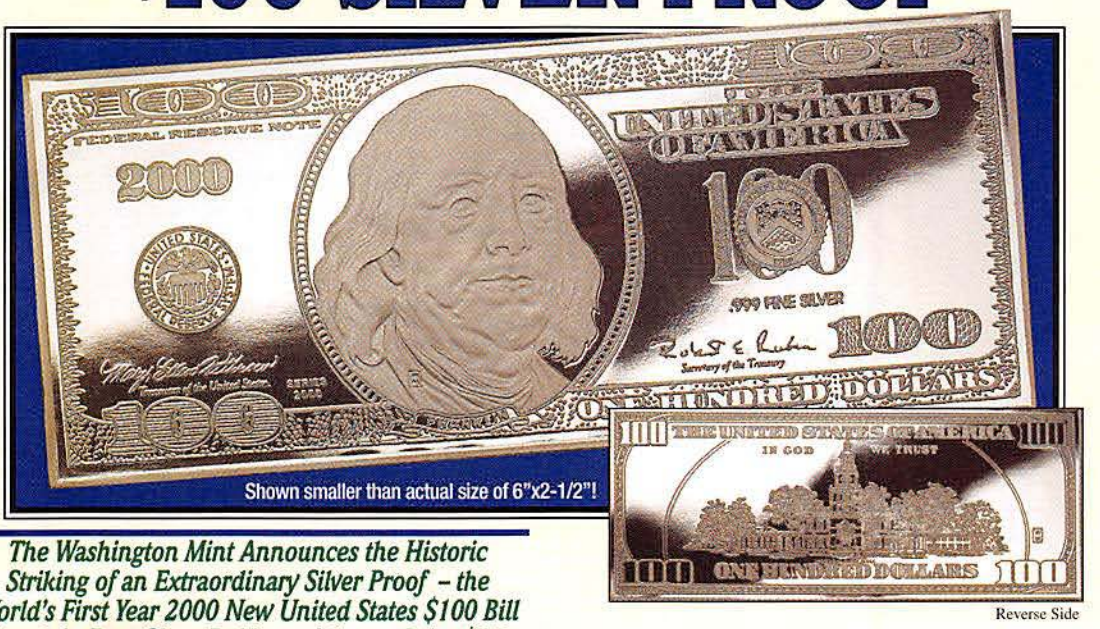
WORLD'S FIRST YEAR 2000 $100 SILVER PROOF



Reverse Side

The Washington Mint Announces the Historic Striking of an Extraordinary Silver Proof – the World's First Year 2000 New United States $100 Bill Struck in Pure Silver Bullion – Advance Price $99

The Washington Mint announces the limited advance minting of a milestone in silver proofs – the WORLD'S FIRST $100 Silver Proof of the new millennium.

This extraordinary piece of pure silver bullion has a surface area that exceeds 30 square inches, and it contains more than FOUR OUNCES OF PURE SILVER BULLION.

And NOW, during a limited advance strike period, the VERY FIRST Year 2000 $100 Silver Proof is available at a special discount price – only $99!

FIRST OF THE MILLENNIUM

The Year 2000 Quarter-Pound Silver Proof is an exquisite adaptation of the United States Treasury's $100 Federal Reserve Note -- the first new $100 bill design in 70 years. The historic 2000 Silver Proof is an artistic masterpiece that will always be treasured as the *first of the 21st century* and the *first of the millennium*.

Best of all, this stunning Silver Proof is even more beautiful than the original, because it's struck in *precious silver bullion!*

UNPRECEDENTED WEIGHT

The Quarter-Pound Silver Proof combines unprecedented weight with extraordinary dimension – it is a landmark in proof minting.

The specifications for this colossal medallic proof are unparalleled. Each one:

- **Is Individually Struck from Pure .999 Silver Bullion**
- **Weighs Over One Quarter-Pound (4 troy ounces)**
- **Has a Surface Area That Exceeds 30 Square Inches**
- **Contains 124.41 Grams (1,920 grains) of Pure Silver**
- **Is Individually Registered and Comes With a Numbered Certificate of Authenticity**
- **Is Fully Encapsulated to Protect its Mirror-Finish**
- **Includes a Deluxe Velvet Presentation Case**

ADVANCE STRIKE DISCOUNT

The price for the 2000 Quarter-Pound Silver Proof will be set at $125 per proof.

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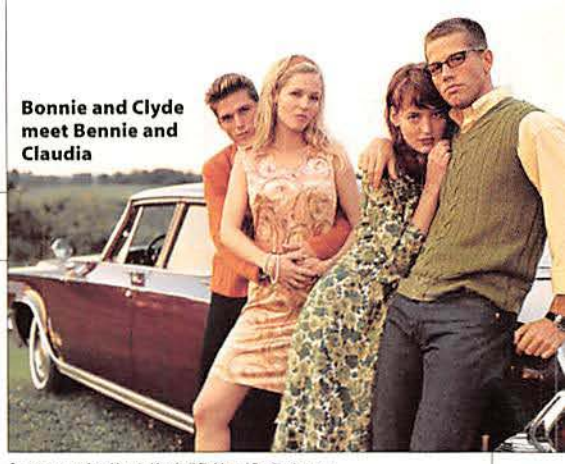

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DOUBLE FEATURE

Pages 180–181: (from left) Sweater, $595, and shirt, $225, by John Varvatos, at select Barneys New York and Neiman Marcus stores, and John Varvatos store, NYC. Jeans, $48, by Guess?, at Macy's; or call (800) 39-GUESS. Boots, $425, by Fratelli Rosetti, at Fratelli Rosetti stores in Chicago and NYC. Vest, $245, by M.A.D. Men, at Allure, Philadelphia; and A.K. Rikks, Grand Rapids; or call (888) 318-7973. Shirt, $280, by Lorenzini, at Louis Boston; Ultimo, Chicago; and Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco. Jeans, $54, by Levi's Jeans; call (800) USA-LEVI; or visit www.levi.com. Everest watch, $400, by Hamilton; visit www.hamiltonwatch.com. Glasses, $275, by Clayton Franklin, at Optical Shop of Aspen; or call (800) 647-2345; or visit www.osainternational.com. Watch, $400, by Hamilton; visit www.hamiltonwatch.com.

Page 182: (from left) Sweater, $695, by Brunello Cucinelli, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC. Shirt, $185, by Gigli, at Jamie, Nashville. Cardigan, $595, by Avon Celli, at Davide Cenci, NYC. Shirt, $280, by Lorenzini, at Louis Boston; Ultimo, Chicago; and Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco. Jeans, $54, by Levi's Jeans; call (800) USA-LEVI; or visit www.levi.com. Glasses, $240, by L.A. Eyeworks; call (800) 348-3337; or visit www.laeyeworks.com.

Page 184: Sweater, $825, and trousers, $295, by Marc Jacobs, at Marc Jacobs, NYC. Shirt, $150, by Davide Cenci, at Davide Cenci, NYC. Watch, $595, by Hamilton; visit www.hamiltonwatch.com.

Page 185: Sweater, $1,350, by Ralph Lauren Purple Label; cotton shirt, $65, and corduroy pants, $70, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, all at Polo Ralph Lauren stores.

Page 186: (from left) Vest, $225, shirt, $175, and trousers, $523, all by Sandy Dalal, at Barneys New York, NYC and L.A.; Louis Boston; and Stanley Korshak, Dallas. Sweater, $407, by gentryportofino, at Button Down, San Francisco; and Andover Shop, Cambridge, MA. Shirt, $185, by Gigli, at Jamie, Nashville. Pants, $225, by Gianfranco Ferre Jeans, at Gianfranco Ferre boutique, Bal Harbour.

Page 188: Vest, $350, by Burberry London, at Burberry stores and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call (800) 284-8480. Pants, $165, by Burberry London, at Barneys New York, NYC; Camouflage, NYC; and Rolo, San Francisco; or call (800) 284-8480. Shirt, $75, by Henry Cotton's, at Henry Cotton's stores, Costa Mesa and San Francisco; and Bloomingdale's.

CLOTHING ALLOWANCE

Page 192–193: (clockwise from left) Turtleneck, $128, and pants, $138, both by French Connection, at select French Connection stores; or call (888) 741-FCUK. Boots, $284, by Jean Baptiste, at Tootsi Plohound, NYC; and Freelance, L.A. Sweater, $68, by J. Crew, at J. Crew stores or in J. Crew catalog; or call (800) 562-0258. T-shirt, $12, by Tommy Hilfiger; call (800) 798-8858. Jacket, $253, by New Man, at New Man stores; or call (888) 479-9900. Pants, $70, by Slates; call (800) SLATES-1; or visit www.slates.com. Sweater, $375, by Theory, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores and Barneys New York stores. Jeans, $54, by Levi's jeans; or visit www.levi.com. Turtleneck, $39, by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco stores; or call (888) 580- 5084. Pants, $115, by 4YOU, at Sola Men, Boston; Raggs, New Haven, CT; and Tuesdays, Hartford, CT. Boots, $345, by Jean Baptiste, at Tootsi Plohound, NYC; and Freelance, L.A. Sweater, $98, jacket, $265, and pants, $69, all by Nautica Jeans Company, at select Macy's, Marshall Field, and Burdine's stores.

Page 194–195: (clockwise from left) Sweater, $45, by Visitor, at Macy's; Dayton Hudson; and Gatsby, NYC. Pants, $70, by Slates; call (800) SLATES-1; or visit www.slates.com. Shoes, $90, by Cyclonic, at Barneys New York, NYC; DDC Lab, NYC; Rollo, San Francisco; and American Rag Cie, L.A.; or call (877) 292-5664. Vest, $88, by Guess ?, at Guess? stores; or call (800) 39-GUESS. Turtleneck, $62, by Nautica Jeans Company, at select Macy's, Marshall Field, and Burdine's stores. Pants, $60, by Ben Sherman, at Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom; or (212) 840-8000. Jacket, $64, and shirt, $29, by American Eagle Outfitters; call A-EAGLE5, or visit. Pants, $68, by Dockers; call (800) DOCKERS; or visit www.dockers.com. Belt, $45, by 4YOU, at Sola Men, Boston; Raggs, New Haven, CT; and Tuesdays, Hartford, CT. Shoes, $90, by Cyclonic, at Barneys New York, NYC; DDC Lab, NYC; Rollo, San Francisco; and American Rag Cie, L.A.; or call (877) 292-5664. Sweater, $89, and pants, $150, by DKNY, at DKNY stores in NYC and L.A. Shoes, $90, by CAT Footwear; visit www.catfootwear.com. Shirt, $195, by Tommy Jeans, at select department stores; or call (800) 798-8858. Tank top, $14, by Calvin Klein Underwear, at select Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Burdine's stores. Pants, $130, by French Connection, at select French Connection stores; or call (888) 741-FCUK.

Page 196: Jacket, $29, sweater, $29, and shirt, $19, all by H&M, at H&M, NYC.

Page 198: (clockwise from top left) Sweater, $45, and pants, $85, both by Chereskin, at Macy's, Rich's, and men's specialty stores; or visit www.chereskin.com. Cap, $19.50, by Gap, at Gap stores; or call (800) GAP-STYLE; or visit www.gap.com. Turtleneck, $46, and jeans, $46, both by Unionbay; visit www.unionbay.com. Turtleneck, $48, by Eddie Bauer; visit www.eddiebauer.com. Vest, $22, and shirt, $24, both by Old Navy, at Old Navy; or call (800) OLD-NAVY; or visit www.oldnavy.com. Pants, $98, by DKNY, at DKNY, NYC and L.A. Vest, $36, by FlipBox, at Urban Outfitters and Canal Jeans; or visit www.hamptonindustries.com. T-shirt, $16, by Op; visit www.opmag.com. Pants, $29, by H&M, at H&M, NYC. Sneakers, $45, by New Balance; call (800) 253-SHOE; or visit www.newbalance.com.

SOFT STEP

Page 200: Shoe, $225, by Cole Haan; call (800) 201-8001.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 202: Jackets: Harley-Davidson, $195; visit www.harley-davidson.com. A|X Armani Exchange, $350, at A|X Armani Exchange stores; or visit www.armaniexchange.com. Schott, $395; visit www.schottnyc.com.

PHOTO CREDITS

p.15: space: AP Photos **p.18:** beaver: Photodisc; Waco: Corbis Sygma **p.22:** Martin: Lawrence Maranol London Features **p.28:** ostrich: Theo Allofs/Tony Stone; rooster: Witold Krasoowski/Network/SABA **p.38-39:** opera: Benno Fotostudio/Vison Fotostudio AG-Vergenz Festival **p.40:** pumpkin: Photodisc; Cruise: Photofest; Reese: Neal Peters Collection; Eminem: Steve Granitz/Retna; Nugent: Retna; Nicholson: Everett Collection **p.42:** Colonel: Photofest; Mickey: Everett Collection; Eisenhower: FPG; toy: CSA Archive/Photonica **p.46:** pumpkin: Photodisc; Clinton: Ron Edmonds/AP Photos; stripper: Liaison Agency; Yaegar: NASA/Science Photo Library/PhotoResearchers; caterpillar: Mountain Times; Leary: D. Kirkland/Corbis Sygma; Washington: IPOL; devil: FotoFantasies **p.53:** sneeze: Allan McPhail/Tony Stone **p.54:** Penn, from top: Everett Collection, FotoFantasies, Kobal Collection (x2), Neal Peters Collection, FotoFantasies, Neal Peters Collection, Kobal Collection; Cates, from top, MPTV, Everett Collection (x2), Neal Peters Collection, Everett Collection, FotoFantasies; Cage, from top, Neal Peters Collection, Everett Collection (x2), Kobal Collection, Neal Peters Collection, Everett Collection, Neal Peters Collection (x2); Leigh, from top, MPTV, Kobal Collection, Everett Collection, Neal Peters Collection (x2), Everett Collection (x2), FotoFantasies; Reinhold, from top, Everett Collection, FotoFantasies, Everett Collection, Kobal Collection, Everett Collection, Neal Peters Collection, Everett Collection **p.56:** beavers: Superstock; beaver: Photodisc **p.57:** Spielberg: Celebrity Photo; Howard: Stephanie Fefer/Kobal Collection; Powers: Neal Peters Collection; Farley: Kobal Collection; Carvey: Everett Collection; magnifying glass: Photodisc **p.58:** Allen: Neal Peters Collection; glasses: Corbis Royalty Free **p.60:** Cheech & Chong: Photofest; McDonald: Reuters; Conger: Agence France Presse; Storm: MPTV; Houston: Scoop Syndication; Goodman: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; Fleiss: Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; McCaughey: B. Kraft/Corbis Sygma; Spicoli: Everett Collection; Gates: Newsmakers/Jeff Christensen **p.62:** clockwise, from top left, Regis: Neal Peters Collection; Tommy Lee: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; Regis: Diane Cohen/Sipa; Bruce Lee: Neal Peters Collection; Leelee: Everett Collection; Regis: Neal Peters Collection; Regis: Gregory Pace/Corbis Sygma; Robert E. Lee: Corbis **p.64:** Hulton Getty/Tony Stone **p.72:** landmines, from top: Michel Piquemal/Saola/Liaison Agency; Thomas Haley/Sipa Press; Van Dyck: Everett Collection **p.73:** sushi: Dietar Blum/Liaison Agency; money: Roy Hersch/The Stock Market; traders: Alan Klehr/Tony Stone; stacks: Steve Bronstein/Image Bank **p.80:** Everett Collection **p.80:** Photonica; **p.84:** from top: Jay Silverman/Image Bank; tk **p.86:** John Lund/Tony Stone **p.88:** from top: Liaison Agency; James Pozarik/Liaison Agency; Sygma; **p.90:** top: Sygma; from left: Liaison Agency (x5); Moonies: Karin Cooper/AP Photos **p.98:** from top: Kevork Djansezian/AP Photos; Ron J. Berard/Duomo; **p.100:** from left: Solomon Chuck/Sports Illustrated; G. Paul Burnett/NYT **p.102:** from top: AP Photos; Rick Stewart/Allsport; John Bazemore/AP Photo; MLB Productions; Piazza: Chris Trotman/Duomo **p.112:** from top, MPTV; Everett Collection (x2) **p.120:** crash: Taylor-Fabricius/Liaison Agency; electric car: USA Today/NewsCom; students: Steve A. Heller **p.122:** hybrid: Reuters/Eriko Sugita/Archive Photos; flying car: Associated Press **p.126:** Ed Gifford/Masterfile **p.135:** traffic: Associated Press **p.144-145:** firemen: Albuquerque Journal **p.146:** city: Reuters; fireman: Albuquerque Journal; fire: Joe Devenney/Image Bank **p.147:** fire: Joe Devenney/Image Bank; space: Associated Press **p.148:** yard: Associated Press/Albuquerque Journal; house: Associated Press; bomb: Corbis Bettman **p.150:** fire: International Stock **p.152:** forest: Albuquerque Journal; wreckage: Liz Gilbert/Corbis Sygma; fire: Joe Devenney/Image Bank; sign: Liz Gilbert/Corbis Sygma **p.169:** Cox: Associated Press/WB **p.170:** man: Ira Montgomery/Image Bank **p.172:** DeNiro: Alex Oliveira/Rex USA; Jones: Charles W. Bush/Shooting Star; Stone: Theo Kingma/Shooting Star; Downey: Retna; Williams: Retna; Schwarzenegger: Armando Gallo/Retna **p.180:** Kobal Collection **p.207:** Hudson: Patricia De La Rosa/Visages; Dylan: Corbis Outline **p.208:** from top, Everett Collection (x4) **p.216:** crack, prairie dog: Superstock (x2) **p.210:** Wallflowers: Neal Preston/Corbis Outline; **p.211:** Art Alexakis, Michael Schreiber/Retna **p.240:** unicorn: Superstock

CLOTHING CREDITS:

p.18: gold dress, Missoni; gold earring, Jacqueline Jarrot; silver stilettos; Jimmy Choo **p.46:** orange t-shirt, Dare to Differ; black brief, Vivaintimo; gold necklace & silver bracelet, Jacqueline Jarrot; tan stilettos, Jimmy Choo **p.68:** black lace slip, La Perla, at Maxfield, LA; silver sandals, Dolce & Gabbana, NYC; silver and black leather hand beaded cuff, Stormies, available at Borealis, Mott Street, NYC; **p.69:** camouflage net and leather 2-piece, Christina Stott, available at Barneys; black leather choker, Jade Inc., at Barneys New York, NYC and LA; **p.164-165:** black top, Alexander McQueen; black bottom, Laura Urbinati; shoe, Richard Tyler; **p.167:** bikini, Gucci; coat, Barbara Bui; necklace, Ben-Amun; **p.168:** fur coat, Roberto Cavalli; black bottom, Laura Urbinati; sequin boot, Casadie; **p.171:** black tank, black pant and chain necklace, Barbara Bui; gold hoop earring Ben-Amun; **p.174:** black top, Fendi; bottom, Missoni; shoe, Frederick's of Hollywood; **p.176:** black bikini, Keiko; top, Missoni; earring, Ben-Amun

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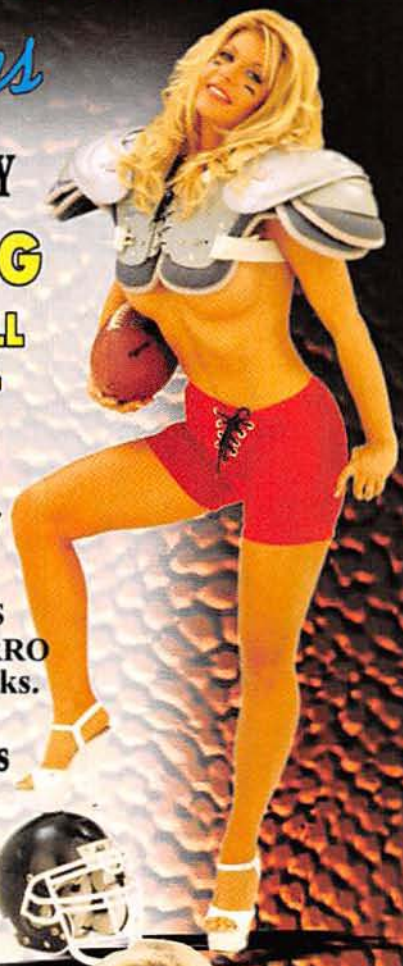

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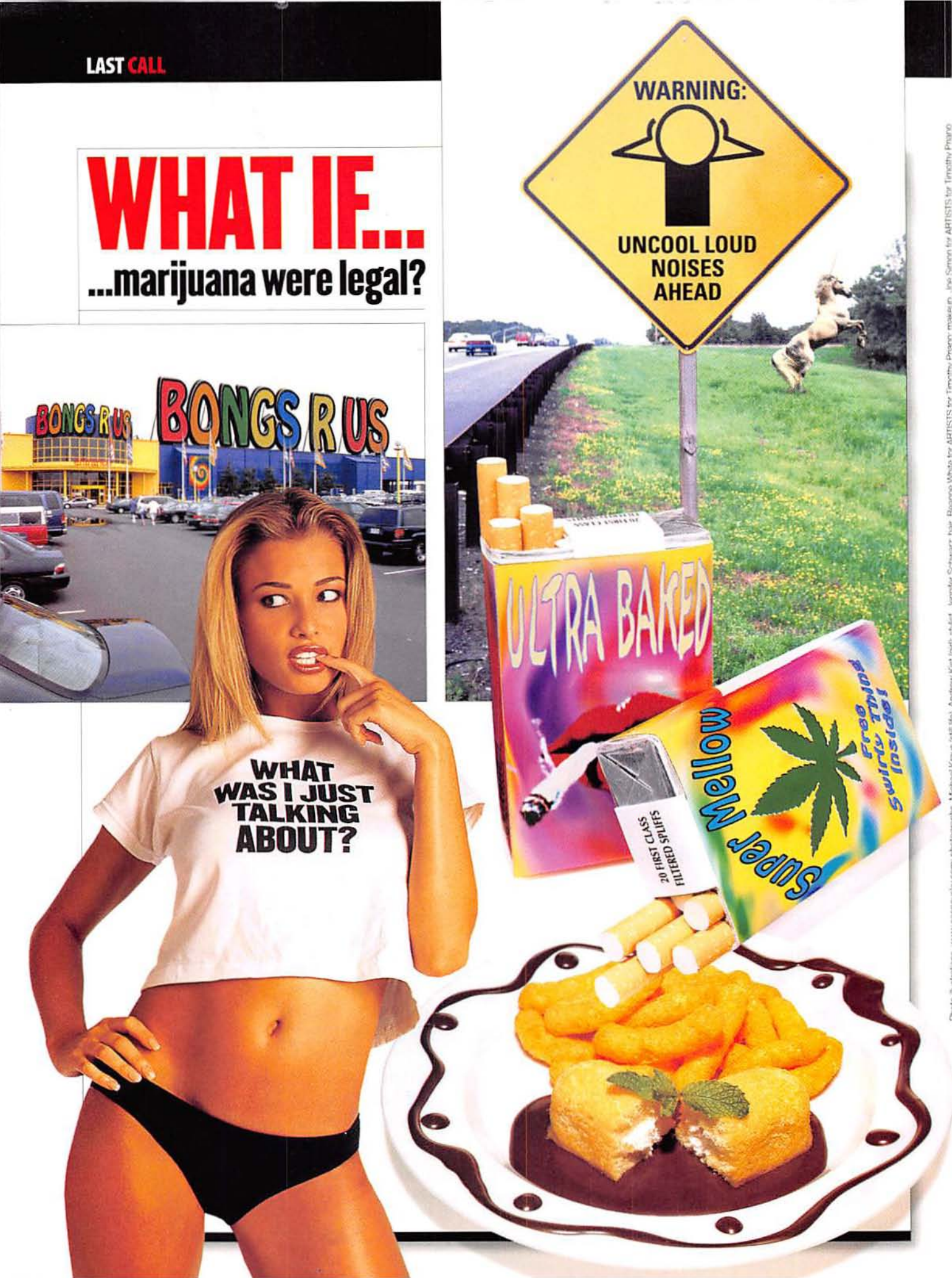

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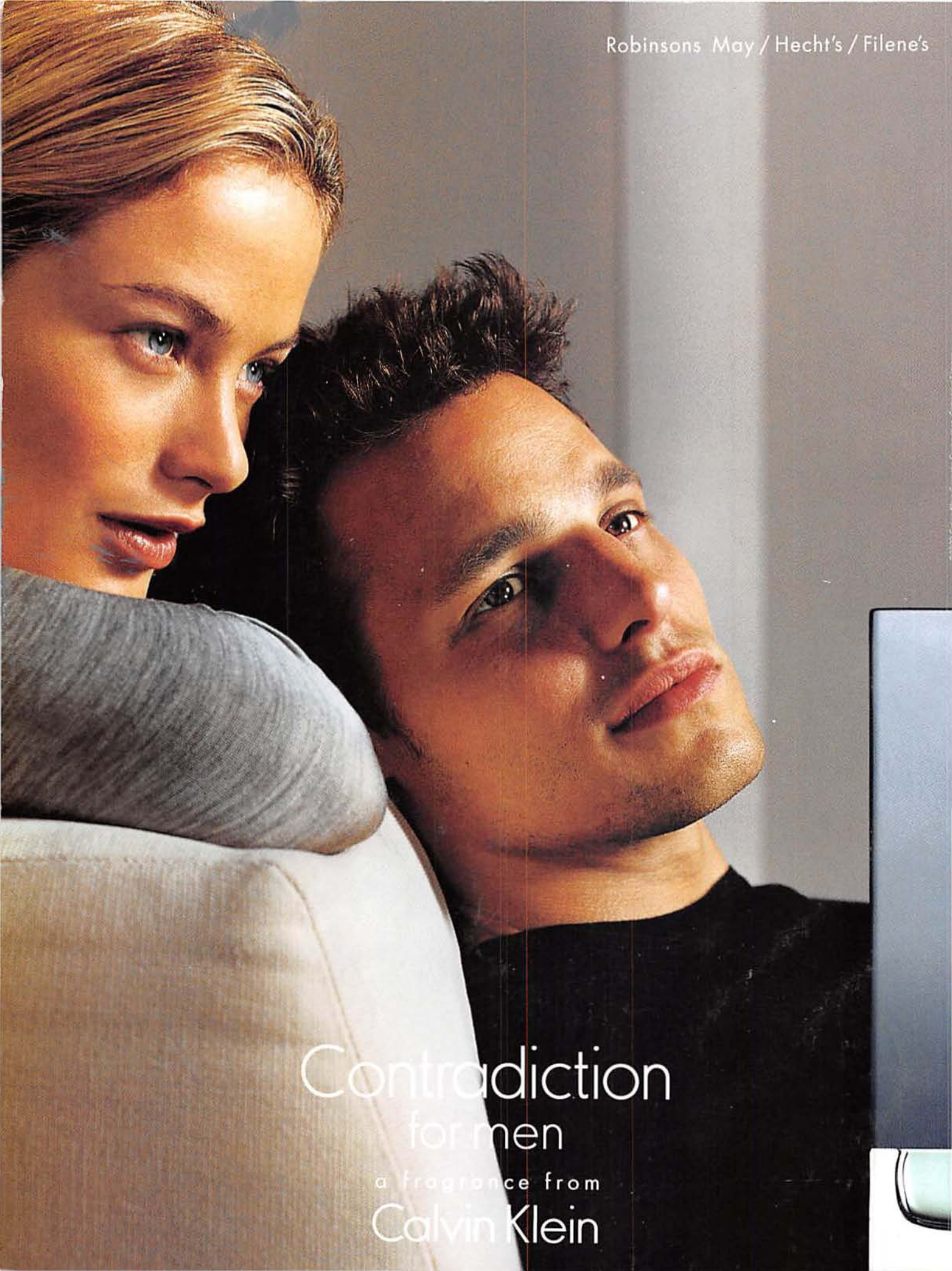
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